

DAREDEVIL



SILVER

\$100.00 PRIZE-WINNERS

ANNOUNCED
IN THIS ISSUE!

STREAK

10¢
DECEMBER
No.17

COMICS

The great, the one and only
CAPTAIN BATTLE
and his courageous young pal
HALE

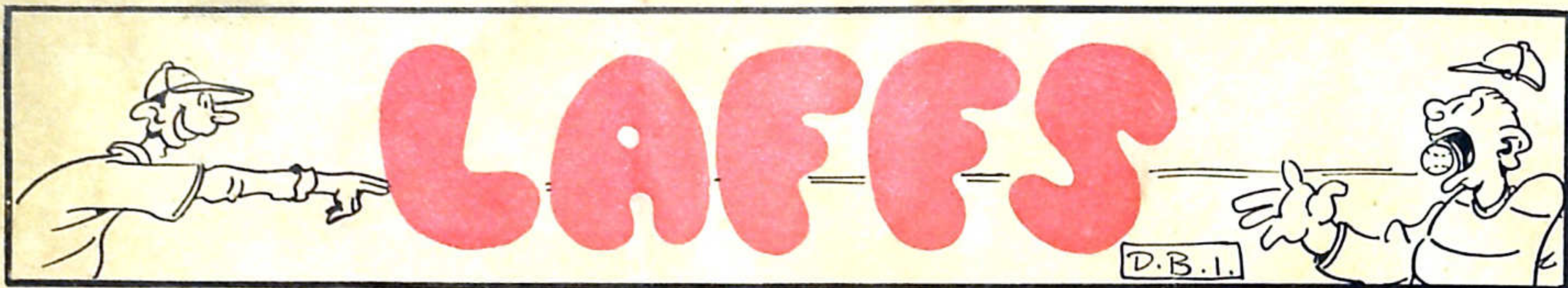
are called upon to free the nation from Nazi
plotters in a new hideous form. With unequalled
bravery, the mighty pair tear into the foeman
with flaming fury. SEE PAGE 11



★ SILVER STREAK AND METEOR ★
★ DICKIE DEAN ★ DAREDEVIL ★
★ PRESTO MARTIN ★ PIRATE PRINCE ★
★ and Others. ★ Every One a Lead Feature!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



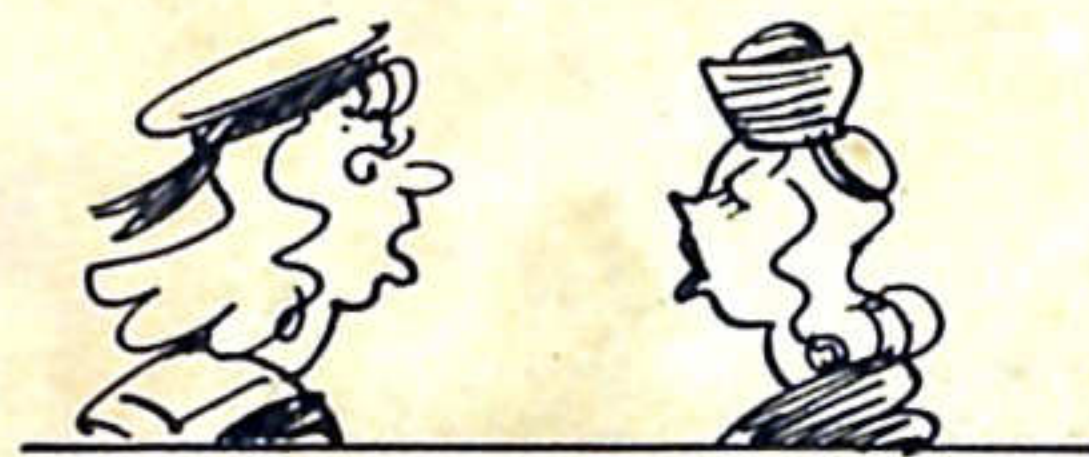
BET HE'S MARRIED!

Captain: "What's the difference between a fort and a fortress?"
 Recruit: "I guess a fortress is harder to silence, sir."



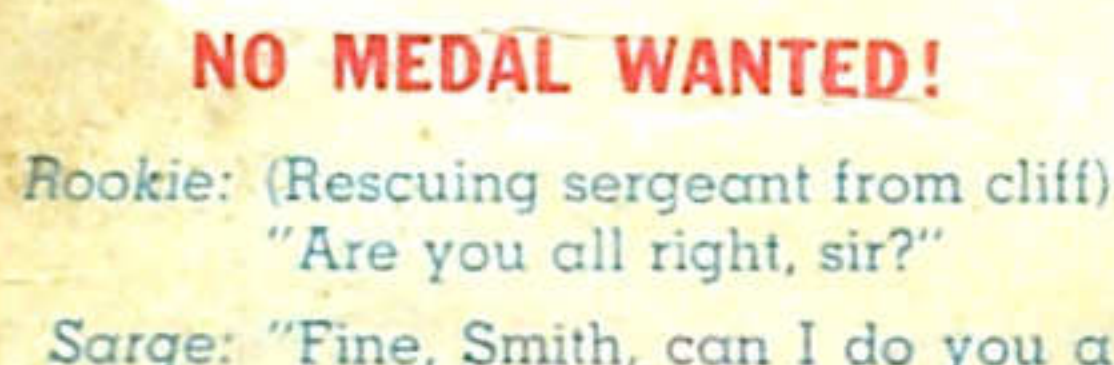
GOOD IDEA

"So that new cook of yours is lazy?"
 "Lazy! Why, this morning she put popcorn in the pancakes so they'd turn over by themselves."



THAT SHOWED HIM!

"A fresh guy stepped up to me on Main Street and kissed me."
 "Did you slap his face?"
 "Just as soon as he was finished."



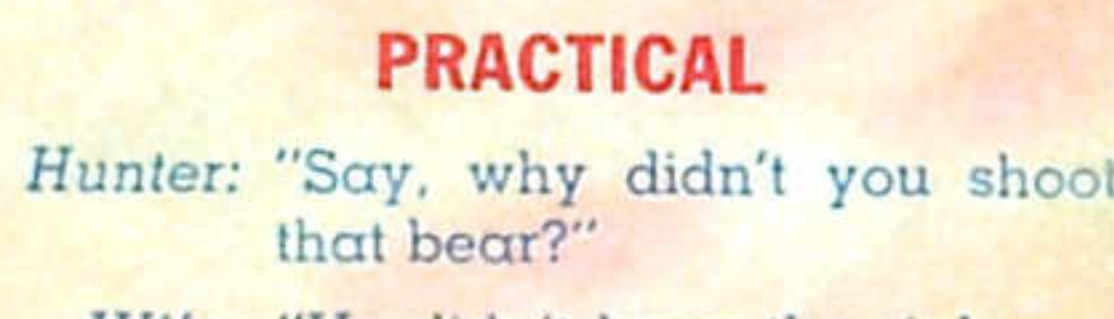
NO MEDAL WANTED!

Rookie: (Rescuing sergeant from cliff)
 "Are you all right, sir?"
 Sarge: "Fine, Smith, can I do you a favor for this?"
 Rookie: "Yes sir, just don't mention this to the men or I might wind up over the cliff, myself."



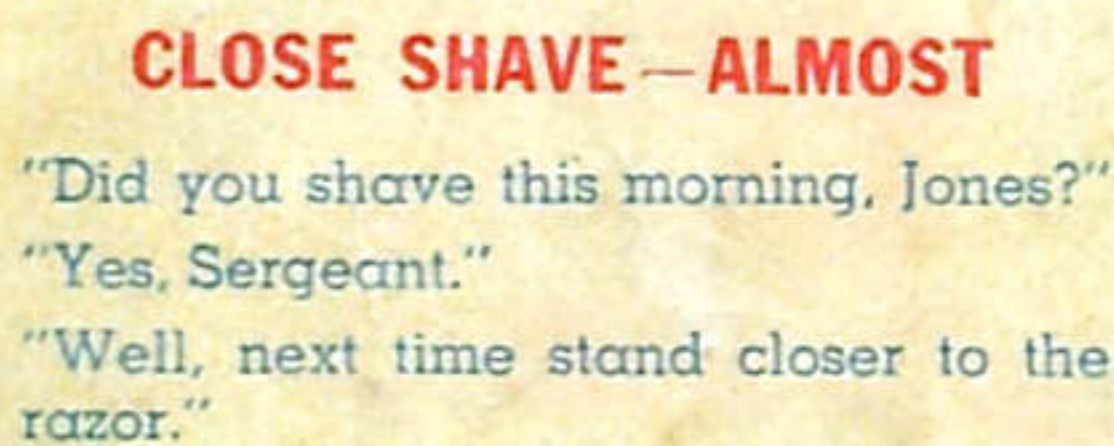
WAS HIS FACE RED!

Golfer: "What a terrible golf course!"
 Caddy: "Buddy, you ain't been on the course since your first ball."



PRACTICAL

Hunter: "Say, why didn't you shoot that bear?"
 Wife: "He didn't have the right expression for the living-room floor."



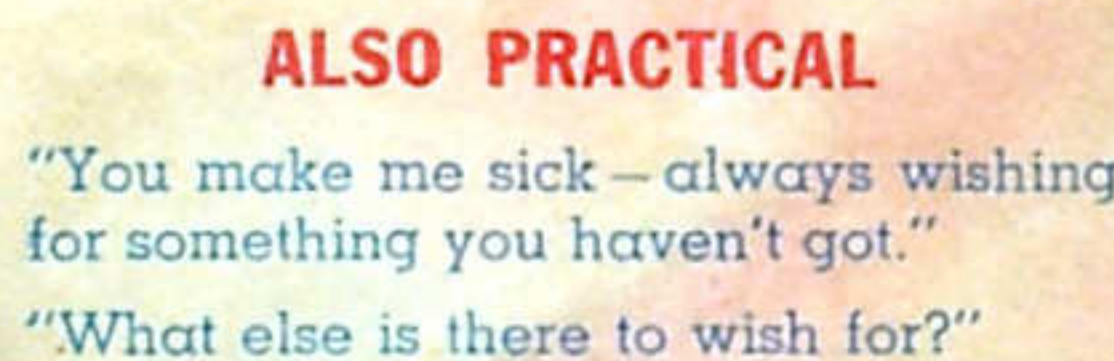
CLOSE SHAVE—ALMOST

"Did you shave this morning, Jones?"
 "Yes, Sergeant."
 "Well, next time stand closer to the razor."



INDEED VERY SAD!

"I feel sorry for poor John."
 "Why?"
 "Well, he spent six months getting rid of halitosis only to find out he was unpopular anyway."



ALSO PRACTICAL

"You make me sick—always wishing for something you haven't got."
 "What else is there to wish for?"



JUST LIKE THE MOVIES

Wife: (First inning of second game of doubleheader)
 "Let's go home, dear, this is where we came in."



WHO SAID NO?

"Oh, officer, that man following me must be drunk."
 "I guess he must be, if he's following you."



HOT IN THE PANTS

"I jest bought one of them suits with two pair uv pants."
 "Nice, ain't they?"
 "I dunno, it gets awful hot wearin' two pairs uv pants."

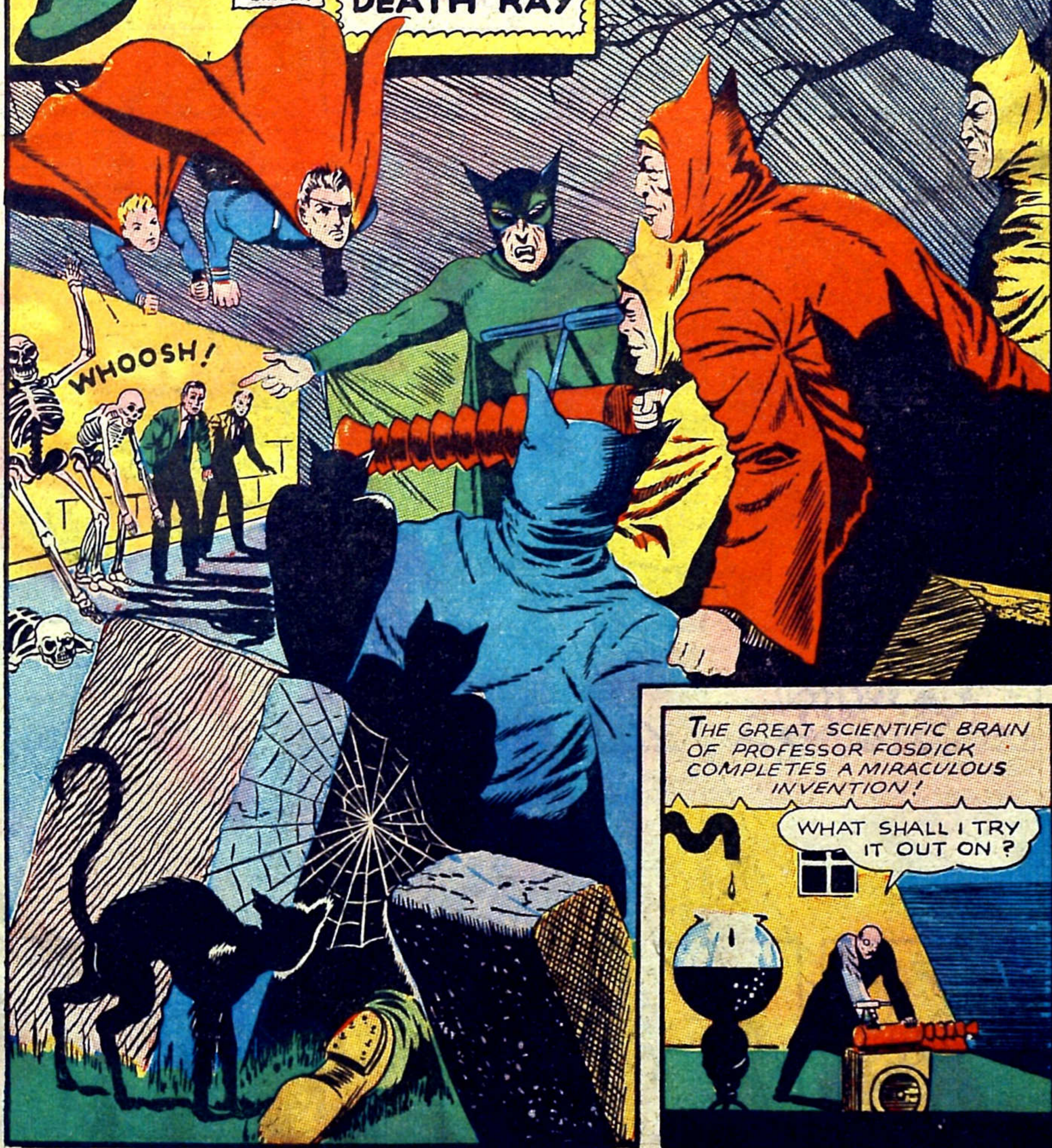


Captain Battle

By
JACK AND O
BINDER

AND THE DEATH RAY

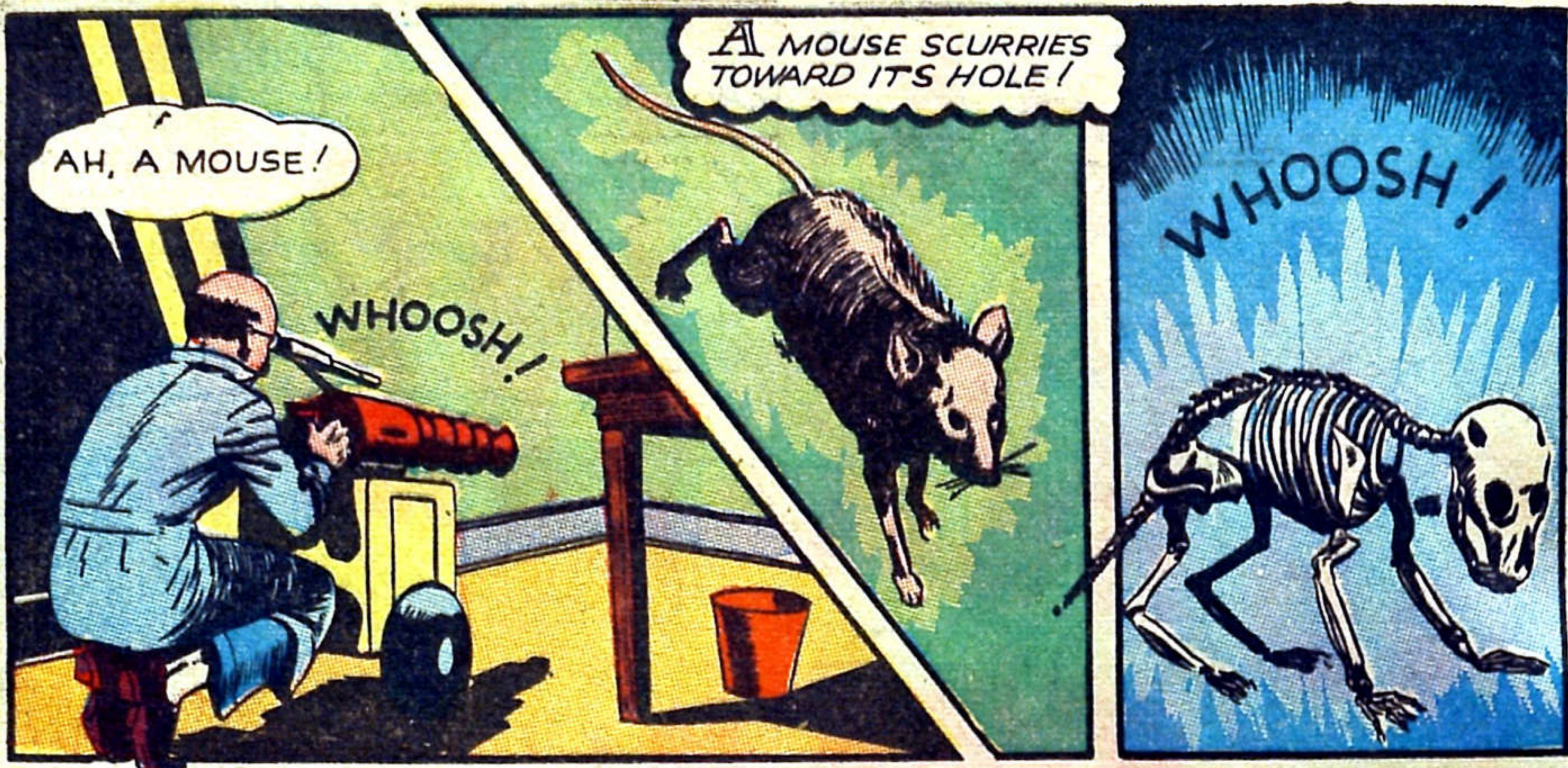
HAVE WEIRD VAMPIRE CREATURES FROM THE MEDIEVAL PAST COME TO PLAGUE AMERICA? WHAT IS THE UNCANNY DEATH THAT STRIPS FLESH FROM BONES, LEAVING ONLY A SKELETON? ONLY **CAPTAIN BATTLE** CAN SOLVE THE UNHOLY MYSTERY, WITH HIS BOY PARTNER HALE, AS THEY MEET **DR. DRACULA!**



THE GREAT SCIENTIFIC BRAIN OF PROFESSOR FOSDICK COMPLETES A MIRACULOUS INVENTION!

WHAT SHALL I TRY IT OUT ON?





AH, A MOUSE!

A MOUSE SCURRIES TOWARD ITS HOLE!

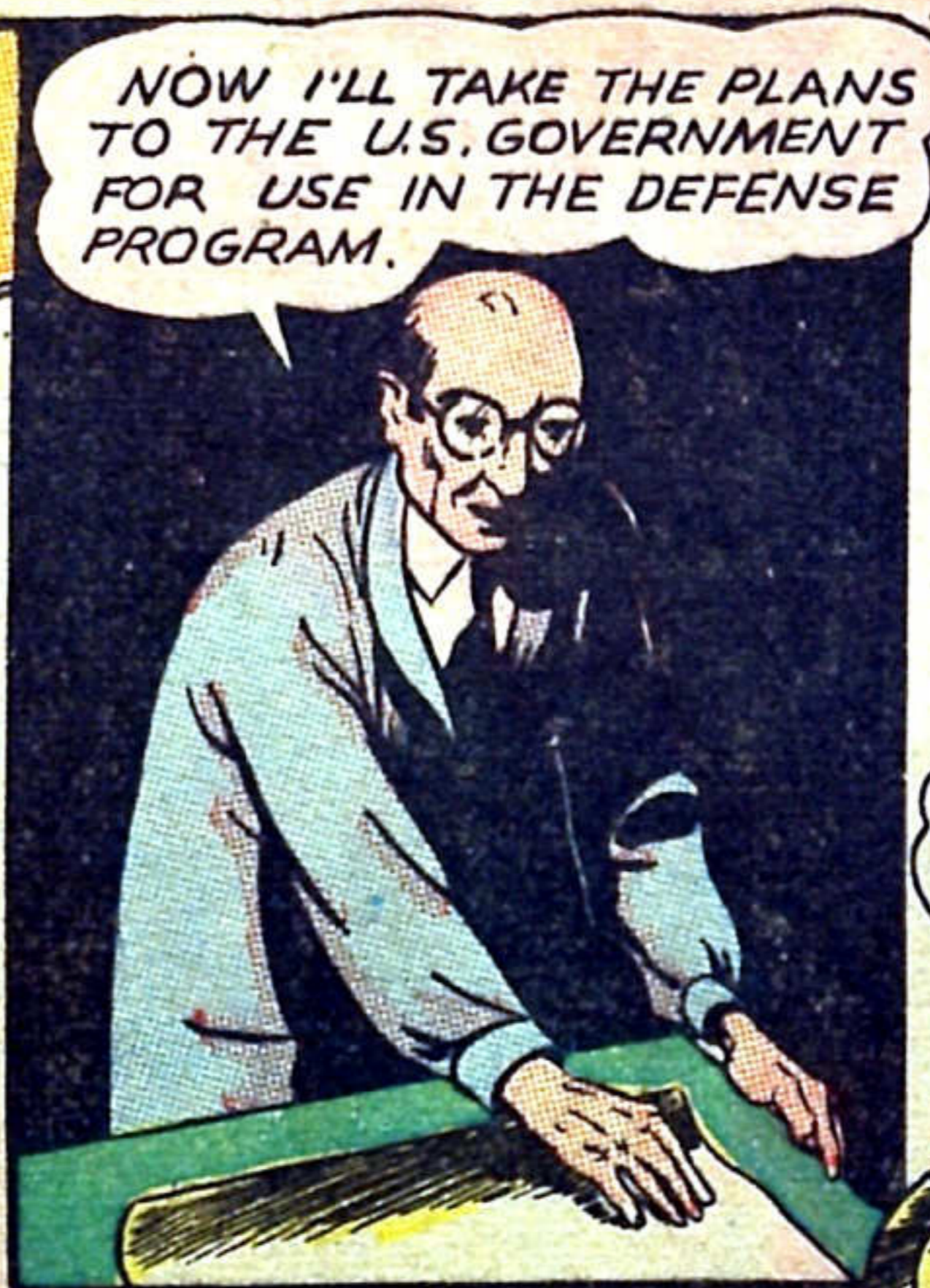
WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!



THE SCIENTIST GOES WILD AS YEARS OF EFFORT CULMINATE IN BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

HURRAY, IT WORKS! WHOOPEE!



NOW I'LL TAKE THE PLANS TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR USE IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM.



BUT SUDDENLY....

WHA...!

I'LL TAKE THOSE PLANS, PROFESSOR.

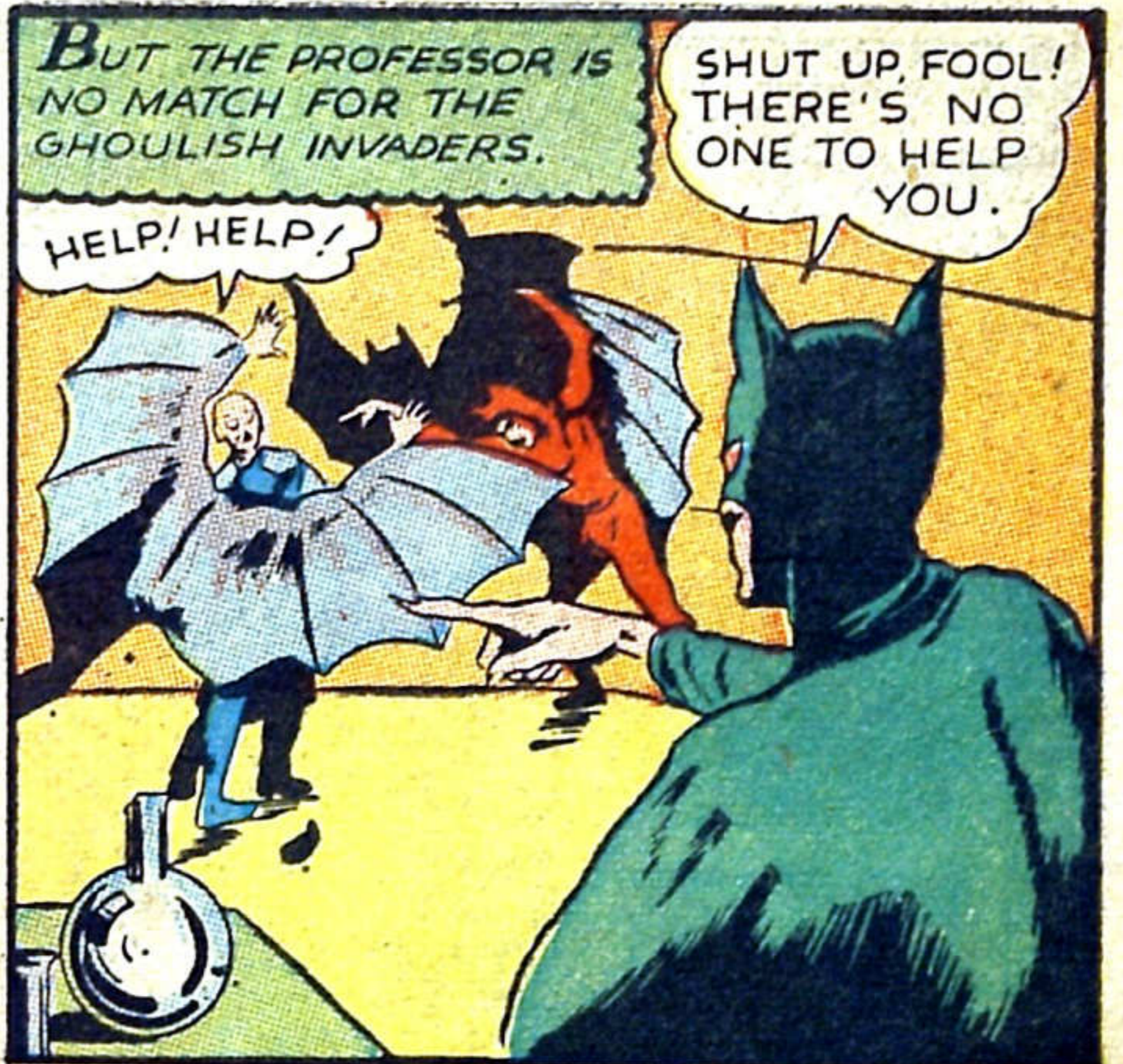


A GHOSTLY CREW HAS CREPT UP ON THE UNSUSPECTING PROFESSOR.

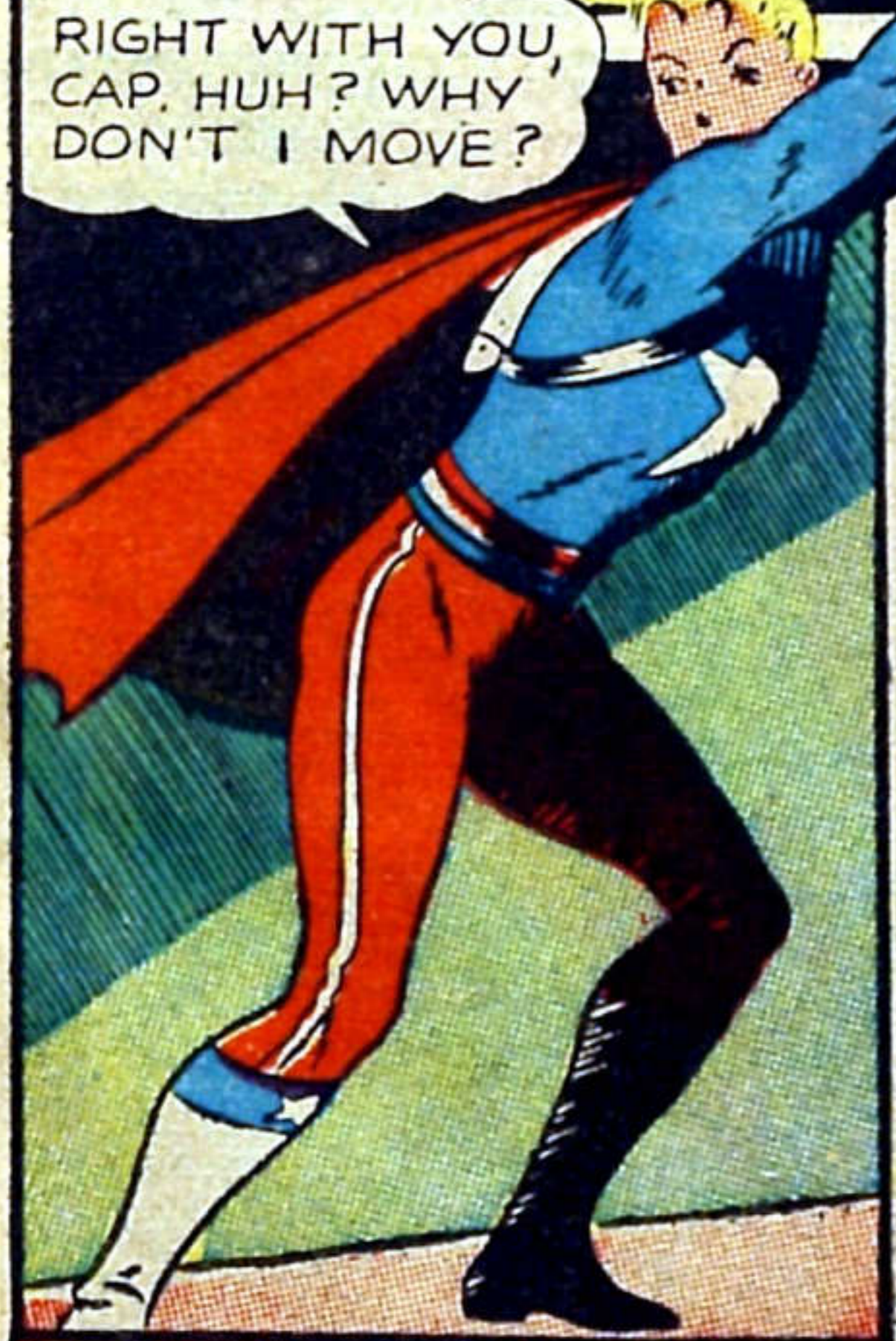
VAMPIRES! VAMPIRES AS LARGE AS MEN!

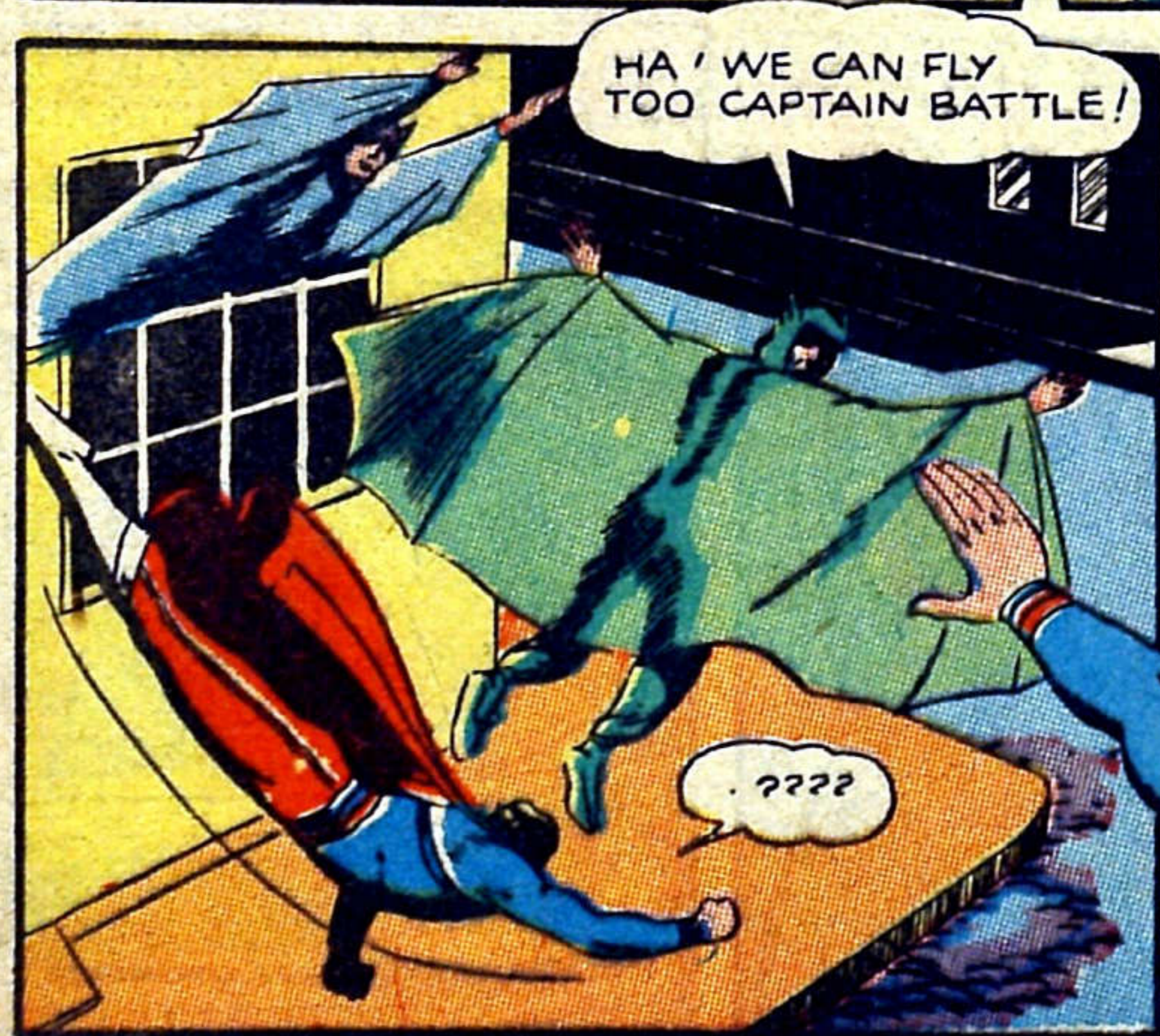
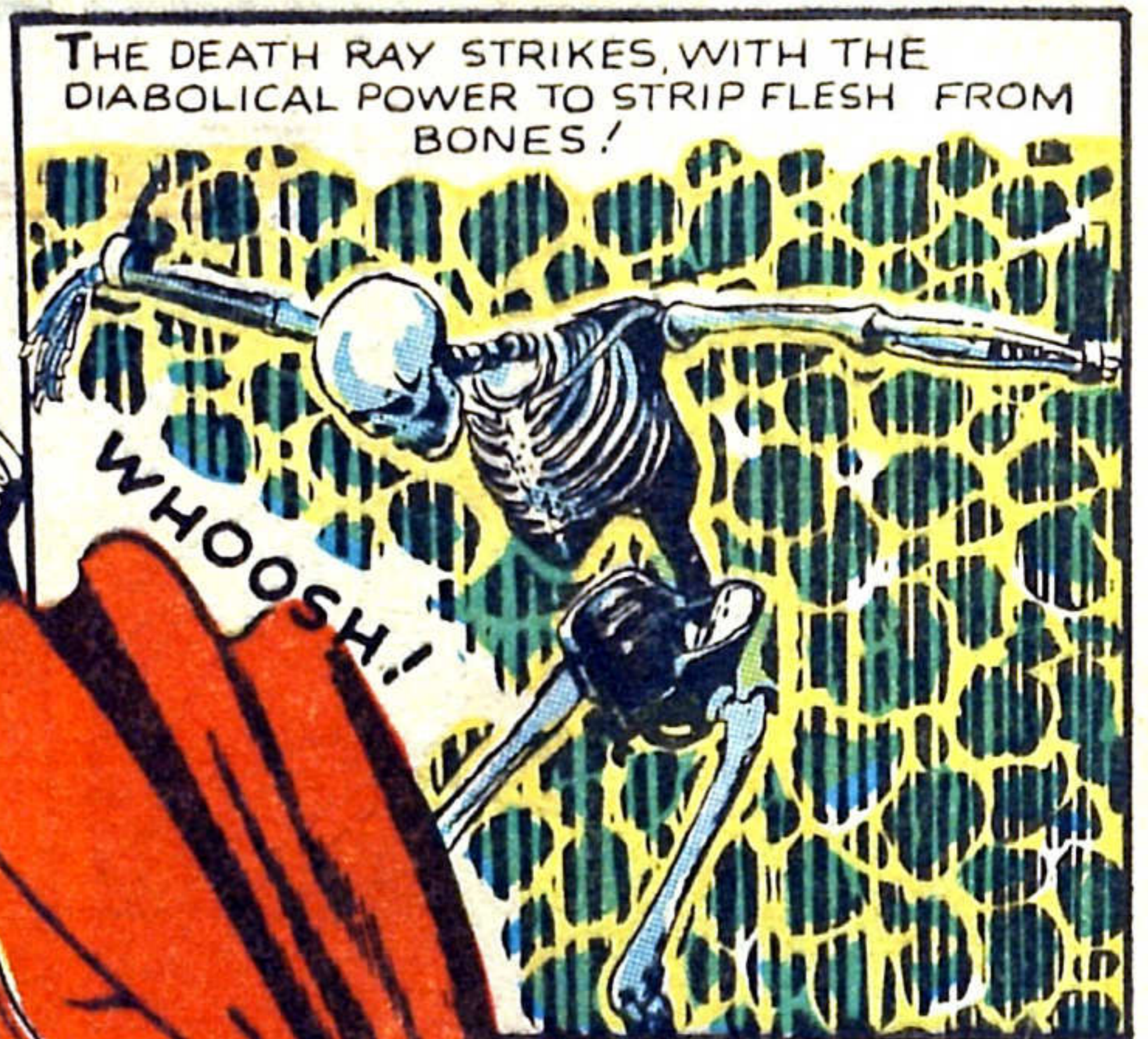
YES, PROFESSOR, AND I AM DR. DRACULA. I'VE HAD YOUR LABORATORY WATCHED FOR WEEKS, TILL YOU COMPLETED YOUR INVENTION. NOW IT'S MINE!





BUT ANOTHER ALL-SEEING EYE, THE CURVOSCOPE, FLASHES THE SCENE TO CAPTAIN BATTLE, WHO WATCHES DAY AND NIGHT FOR NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES AGAINST AMERICA.

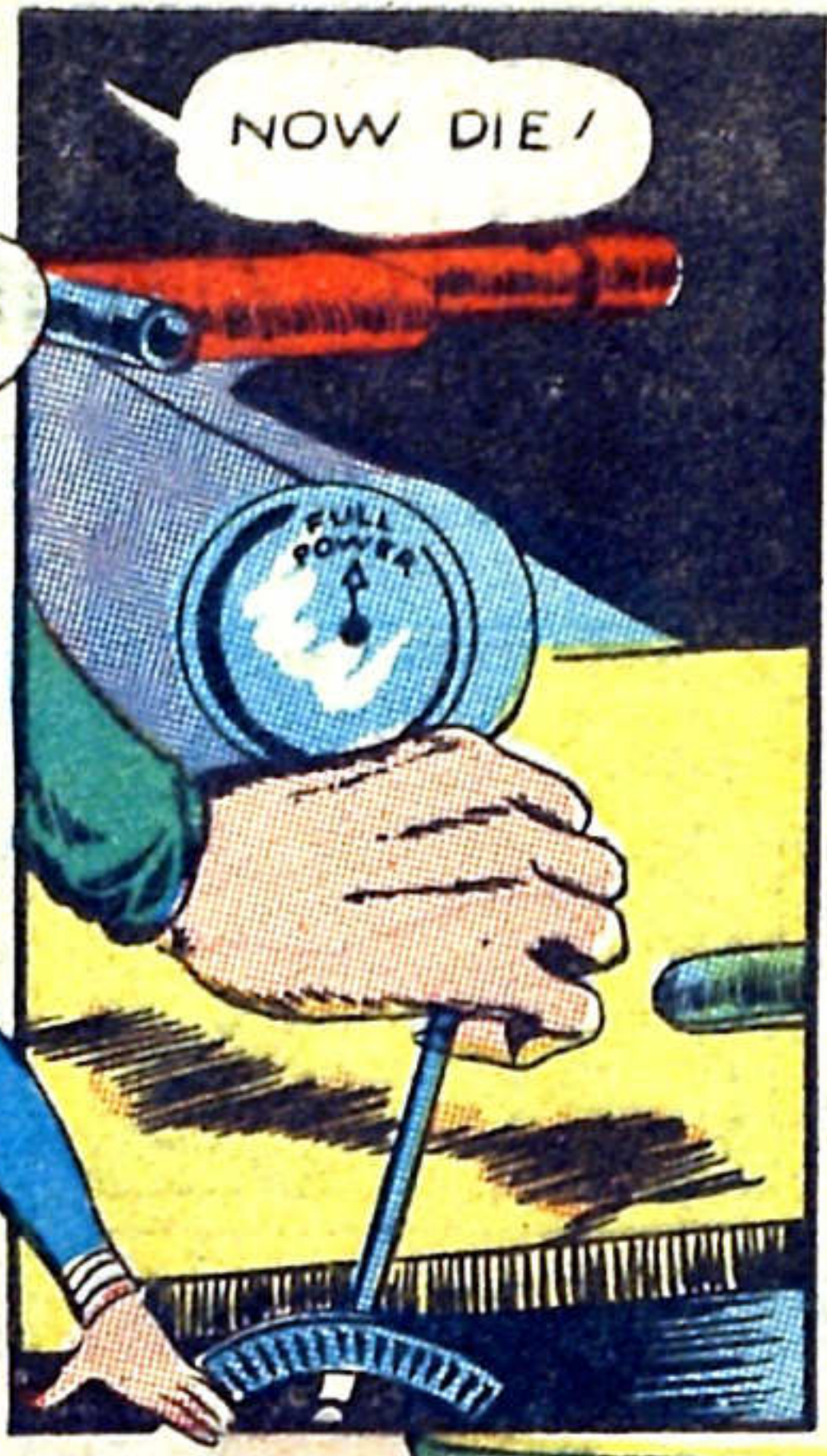
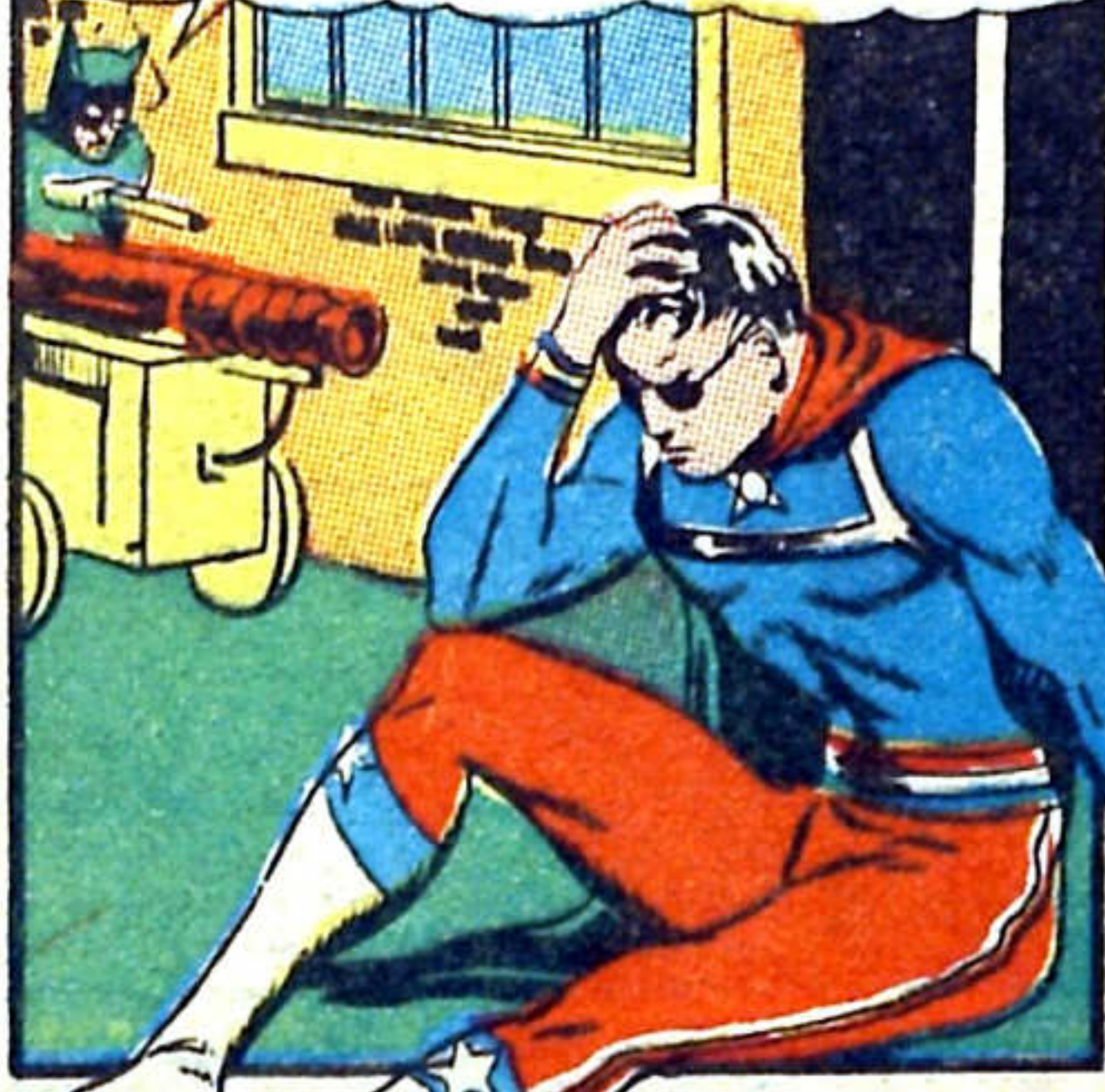




--- AND THE UNHOLY CREW CONVERGE ON THEIR ADVERSARY!

AND WHILE HE IS STUNNED, DR DRACULA ACTS WITH SINISTER SWIFTNESS!

YOU SEE, CAPTAIN BATTLE, I WAS PREPARED FOR YOU!



NOW DIE!



--BUT ANOTHER FIGURE HAS ARRIVED!

WOW! GOT HERE JUST IN TIME --- I HOPE! THIS CALLS FOR A POWER DIVE!



GOTCHA, CAP! G-GOSH, THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHOOSH!



--DR DRACULA MAKES HIS ESCAPE

CURSE THAT BOY! BUT WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE AGAINST BOTH OF THEM. HURRY, WE'LL ESCAPE BEFORE THEY CAN GIVE CHASE.



--AND WEIRD SHAPES MELT INTO THE DARK NIGHT!



I'M OKAY, HALE THANKS FOR THE RESCUE

BUT THEY GOT AWAY!



ARE THEY REALLY V-V-VAMPIRES, CAP?

SEARCH ME, HALE BUT BACK TO HILLTOP. WE'VE GOT TO SPOT THEM BEFORE THEY SEND THOSE PLANS TO EUROPE



LATER, AT THE NEVER-FAILING CURVOSCOPE..

THEY HAVE A PLANE READY TO TAKE THE PLANS AWAY!



THIS FAST TRANSATLANTIC PLANE WILL DELIVER THE PLANS IN A FEW HOURS.



THIS IS THE FASTEST MESSERSCHMITT EVER MADE NO AMERICAN SHIP CAN CATCH US

BUT LOOK!



WHAT'S FOLLOWING US?

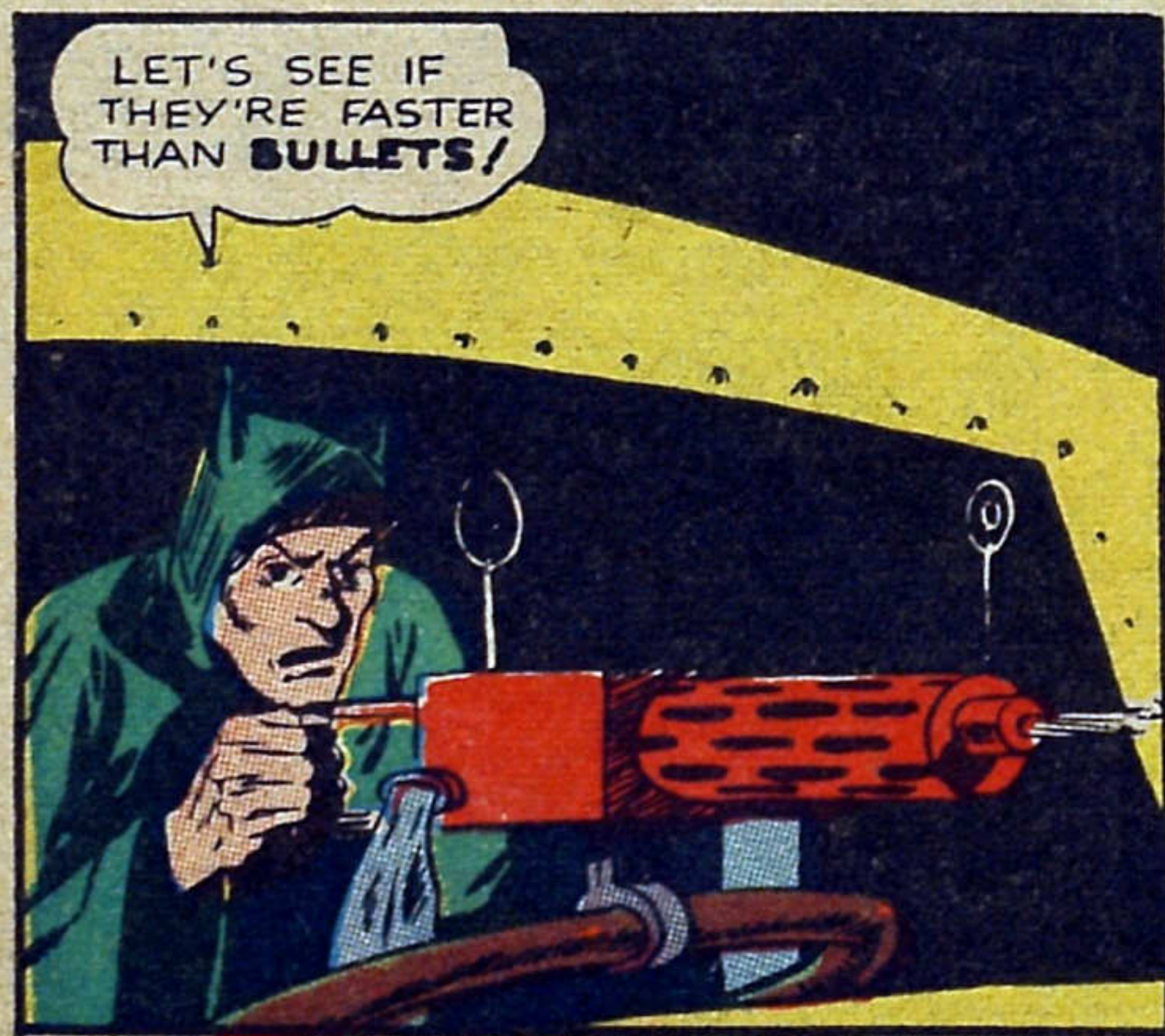
IT'S CAPTAIN BATTLE!



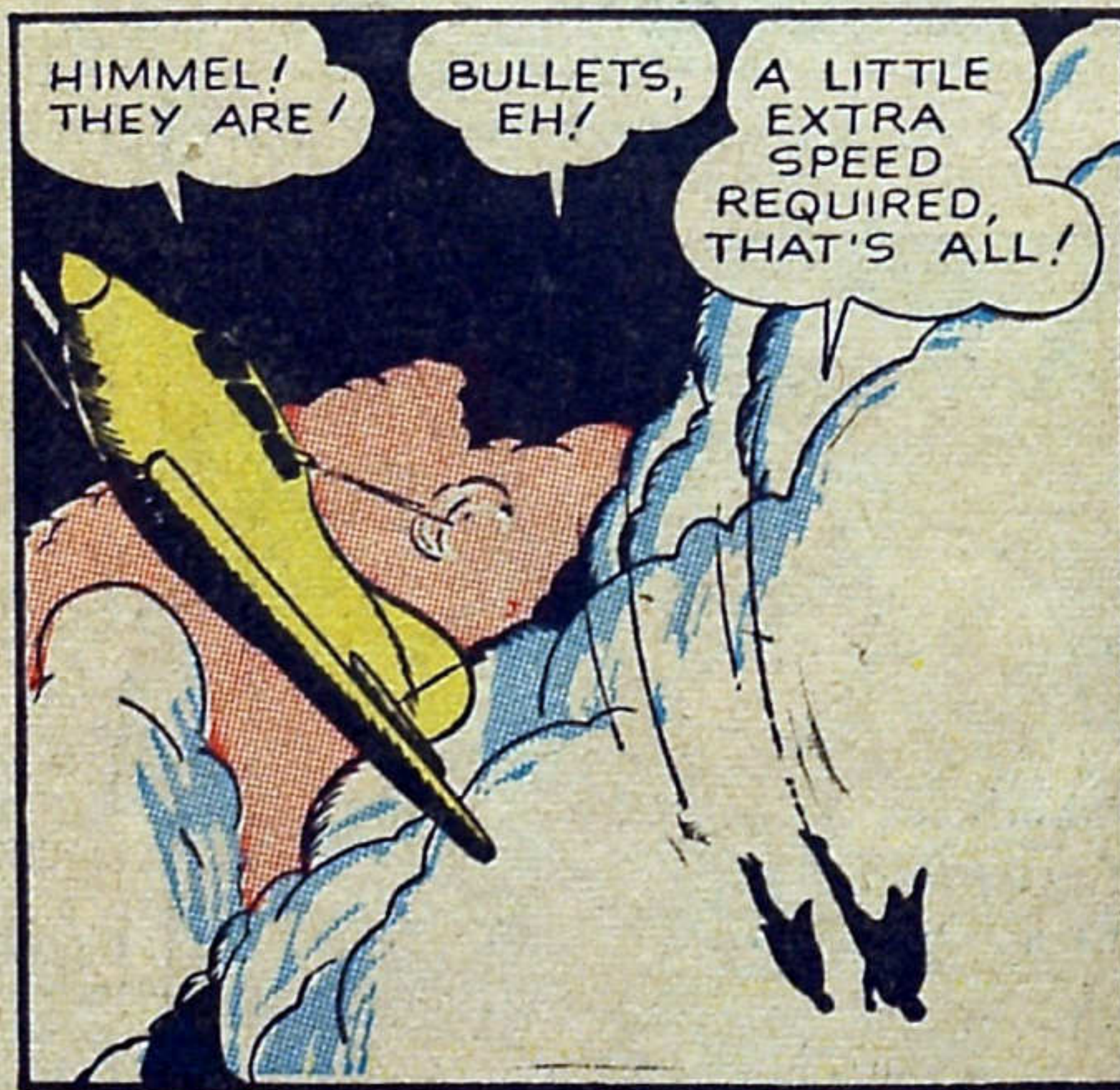
AND WITH A SPEED LITTLE SHORT OF LIGHT, THE TWO WATCH-DOGS OF AMERICA PURSUE.

AROUND THE OTHER SIDE, HALE!

RIGHT, CAP. I GET IT!



LET'S SEE IF THEY'RE FASTER THAN BULLETS!



HIMMEL! THEY ARE!

BULLETS, EH!

A LITTLE EXTRA SPEED REQUIRED, THAT'S ALL!

AND THEN THE TWIN FLYERS GO TO WORK!

AND NOW TO TAKE THIS CRATE APART!

CRAACK!

THE PASSENGERS SPILL OUT

WE STILL HAVE THE PLANS

YA! HOLD TIGHT TO THEM

YEAH, HOLD TIGHT!

WHA---?

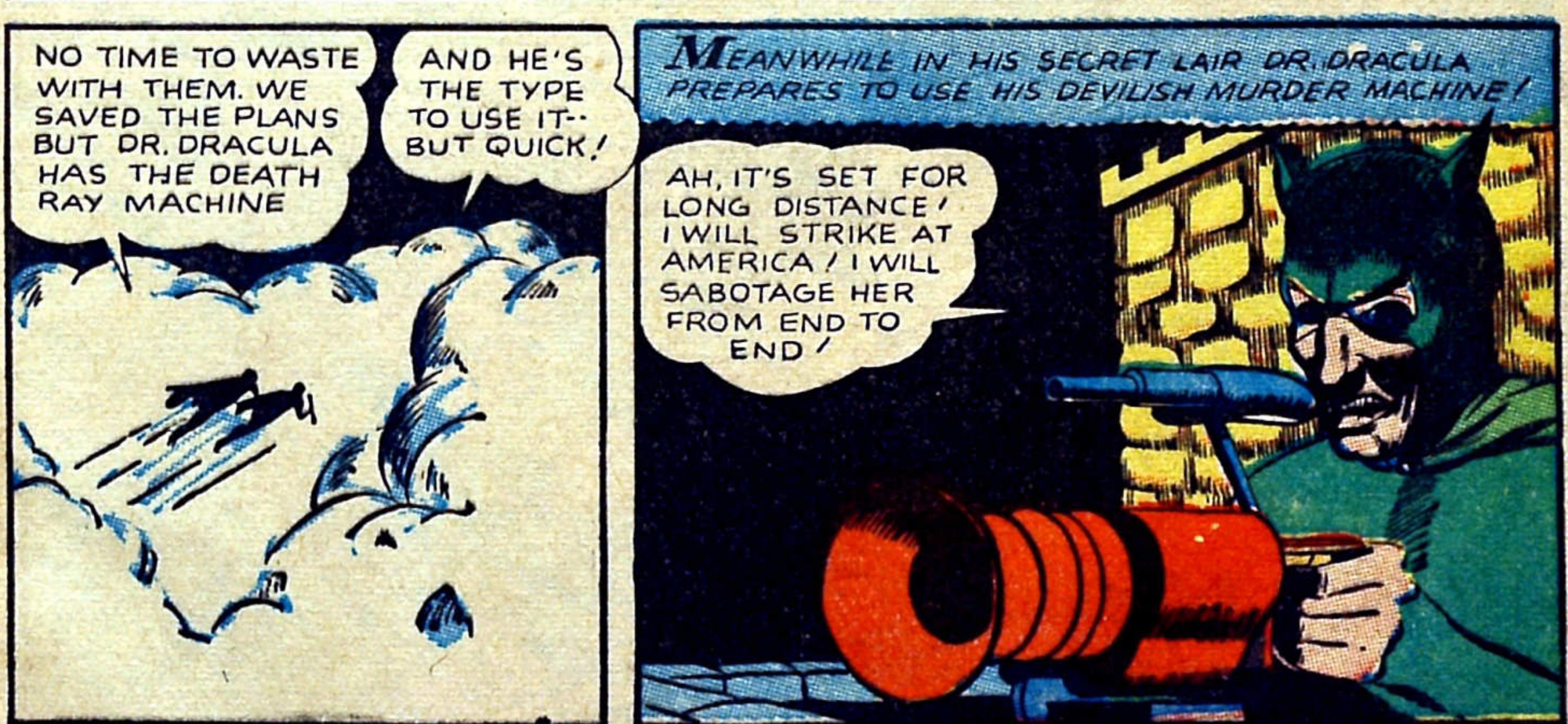
HOLD TIGHT TO THIS TOO!

NO TIME TO WASTE WITH THEM. WE SAVED THE PLANS BUT DR. DRACULA HAS THE DEATH RAY MACHINE

AND HE'S THE TYPE TO USE IT-- BUT QUICK!

MEANWHILE IN HIS SECRET LAIR DR. DRACULA PREPARES TO USE HIS DEVILISH MURDER MACHINE!

AH, IT'S SET FOR LONG DISTANCE! I WILL STRIKE AT AMERICA! I WILL SABOTAGE HER FROM END TO END!



IN A TANK FACTORY, ON NIGHT SHIFT,
BUSILY TURNING OUT ARMAMENTS FOR
THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA.....

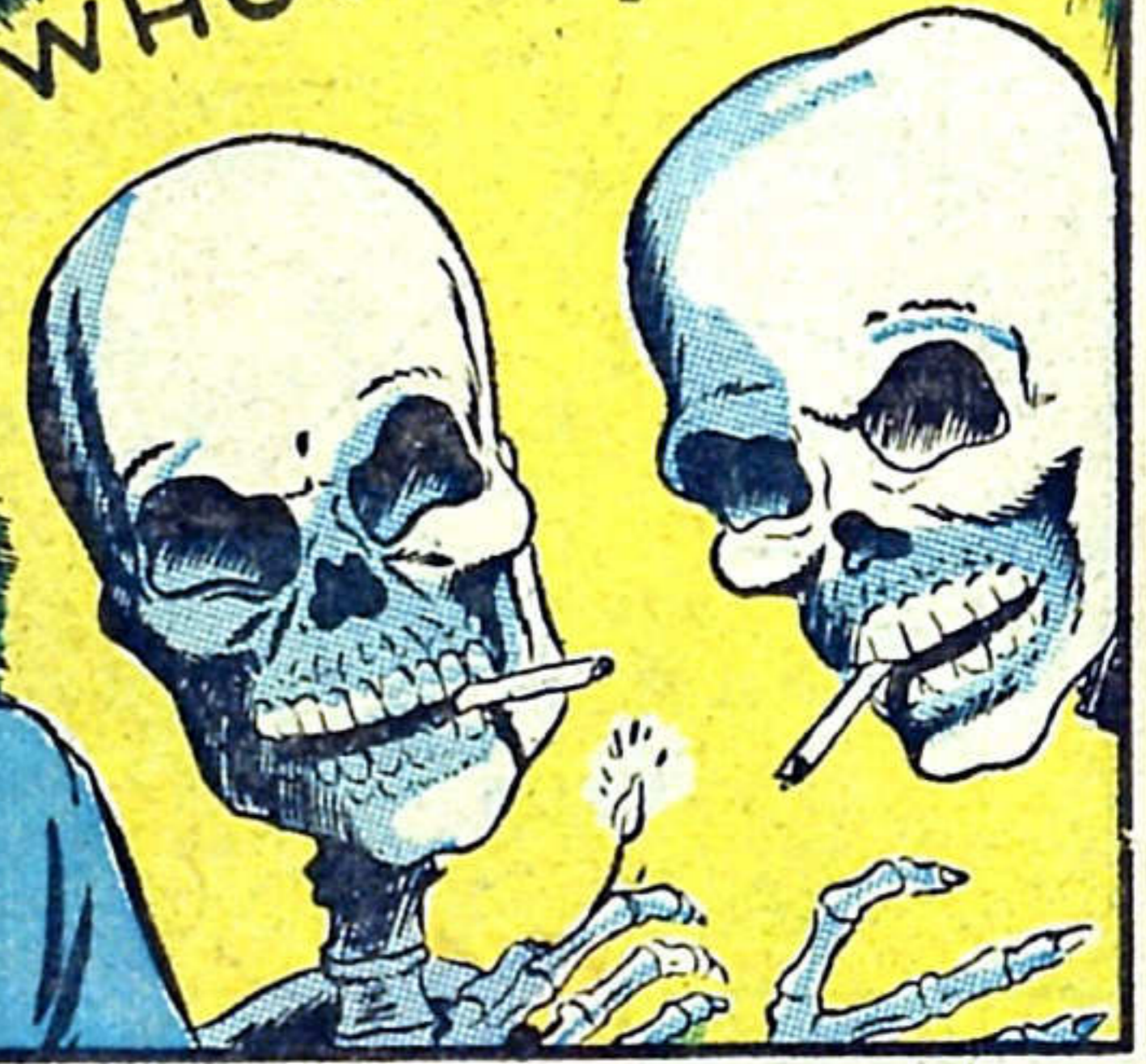
TIME FOR A PUFF
OR TWO, BILL

YEAH



AN INVISIBLE FORCE STRIKES
WITH A FAINT, SINISTER SOUND.

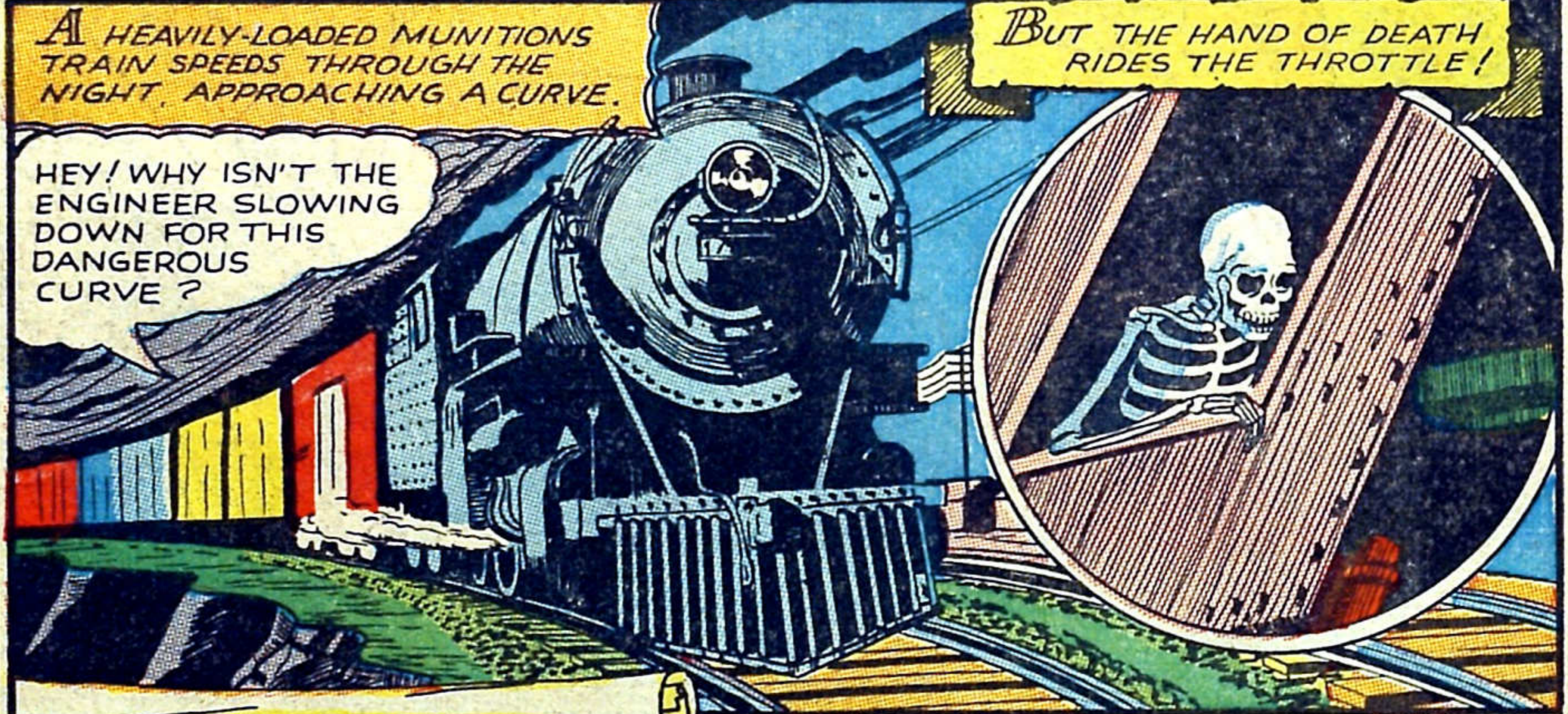
WHOOSH!



A HEAVILY-LOADED MUNITIONS
TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE
NIGHT, APPROACHING A CURVE.

BUT THE HAND OF DEATH
RIDES THE THROTTLE!

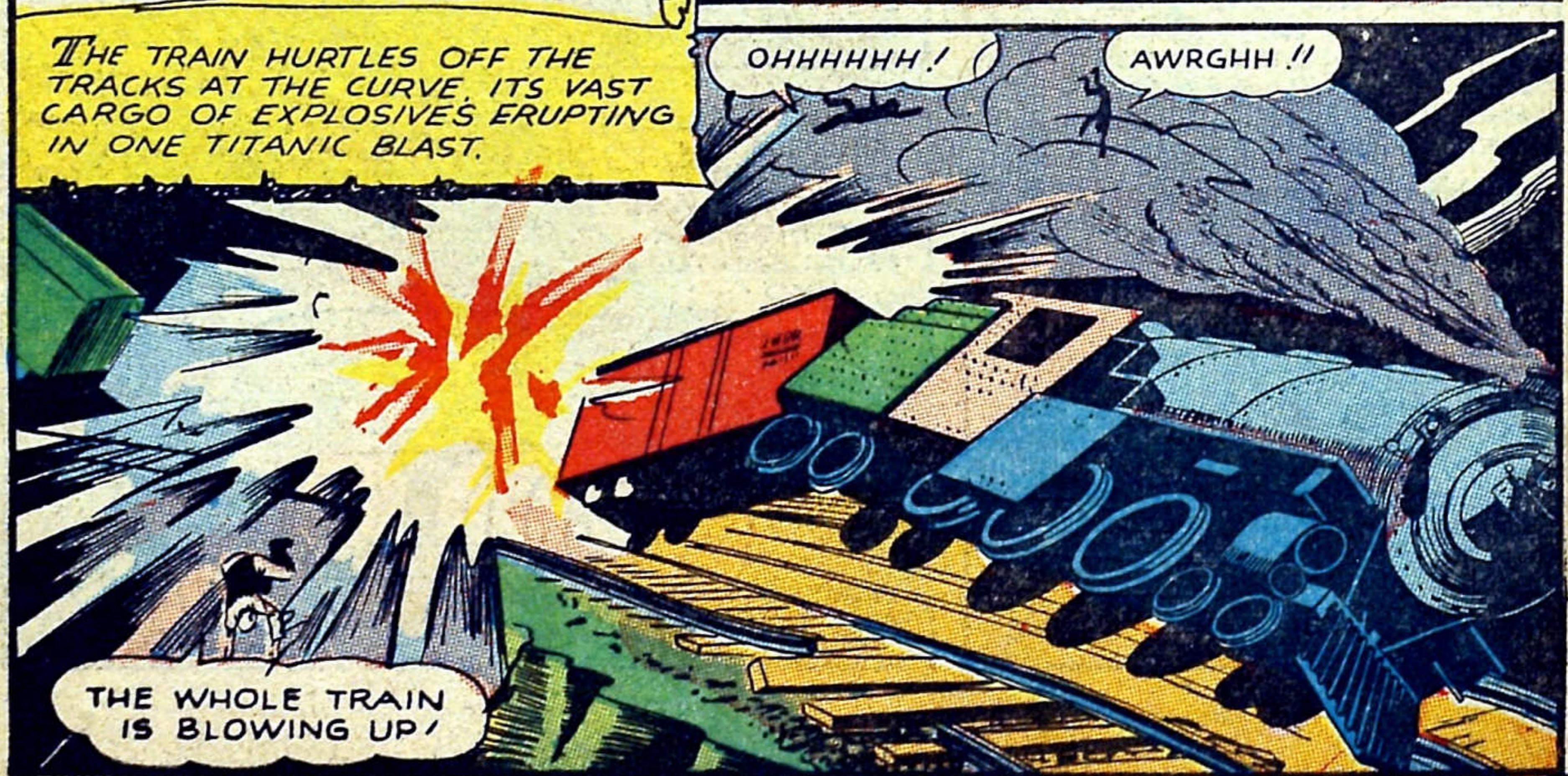
HEY! WHY ISN'T THE
ENGINEER SLOWING
DOWN FOR THIS
DANGEROUS
CURVE?



THE TRAIN HURTTLES OFF THE
TRACKS AT THE CURVE, ITS VAST
CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES ERUPTING
IN ONE TITANIC BLAST.

OHHHHH!

AWRGHH !!



THE WHOLE TRAIN
IS BLOWING UP!

SICKENED EYES WATCH AT HILLTOP LABORATORY...

WE WILL! I'M TRACING THE BEAM BACK TO ITS SOURCE...

FILLED WITH VENGEFUL RAGE, CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE RACE TO A SMALL ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A LAKE

HOLY SMOKE, IT'S---IT'S AWFUL! CAP, WE GOTTA STOP THIS SOMEHOW!

THERE IT IS! THERE'S HIS HIDE-OUT!

THERE!... THAT OLD FORT!



GOOD LORD! DR DRACULA IS AIMING THE DEATH RAY FOR THE ARMY CAMP NOW!

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

AT THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

NOW TO WIPE OUT THE FIRST OF AMERICA'S ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.

AW, SHUCKS, CAP! SAVE SOME EXCITEMENT FOR ME!

ALL'S WELL

RIGHT SOLDIER.

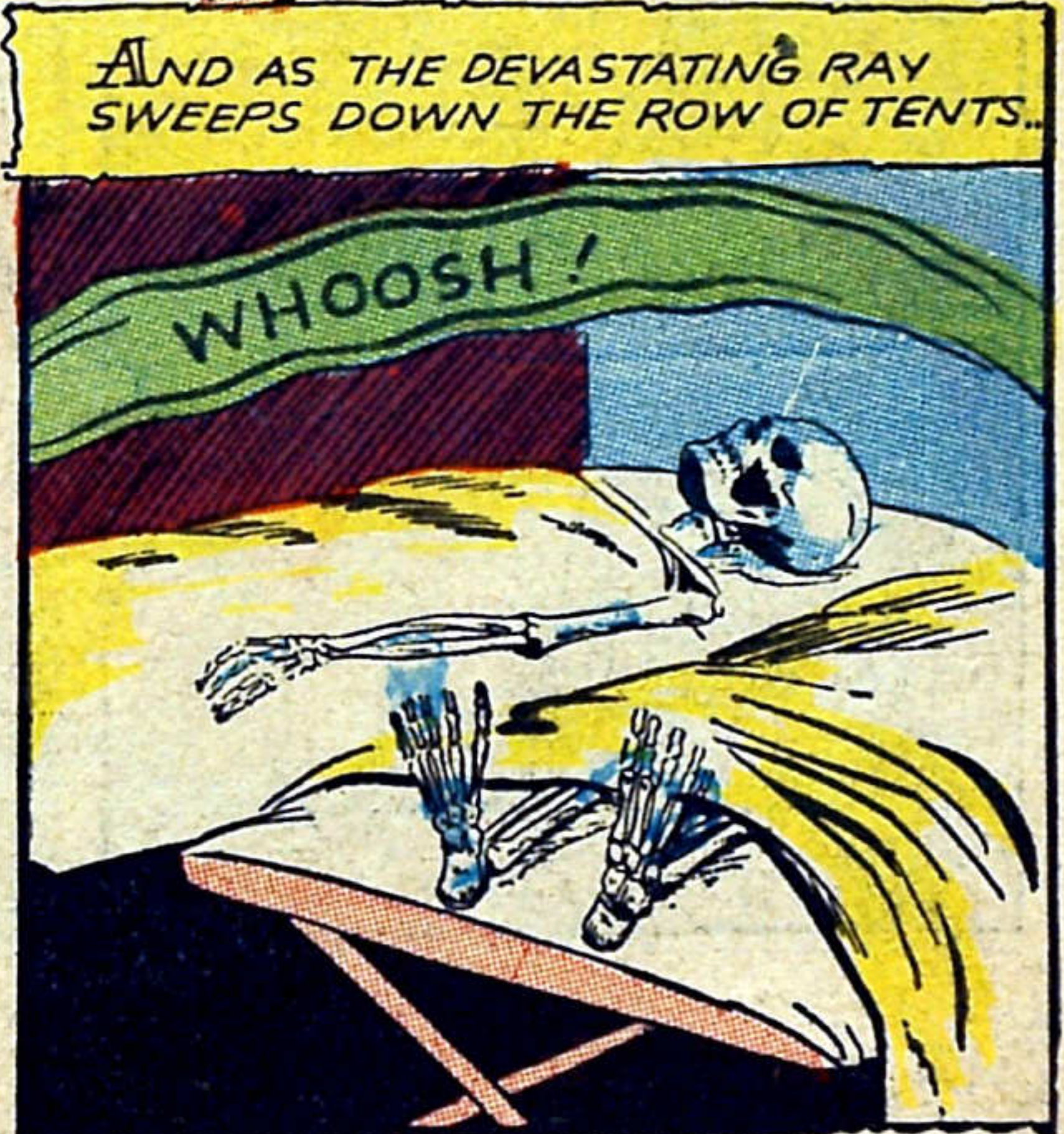
HURRY, HALE! GO AND WARN THE CAMP!

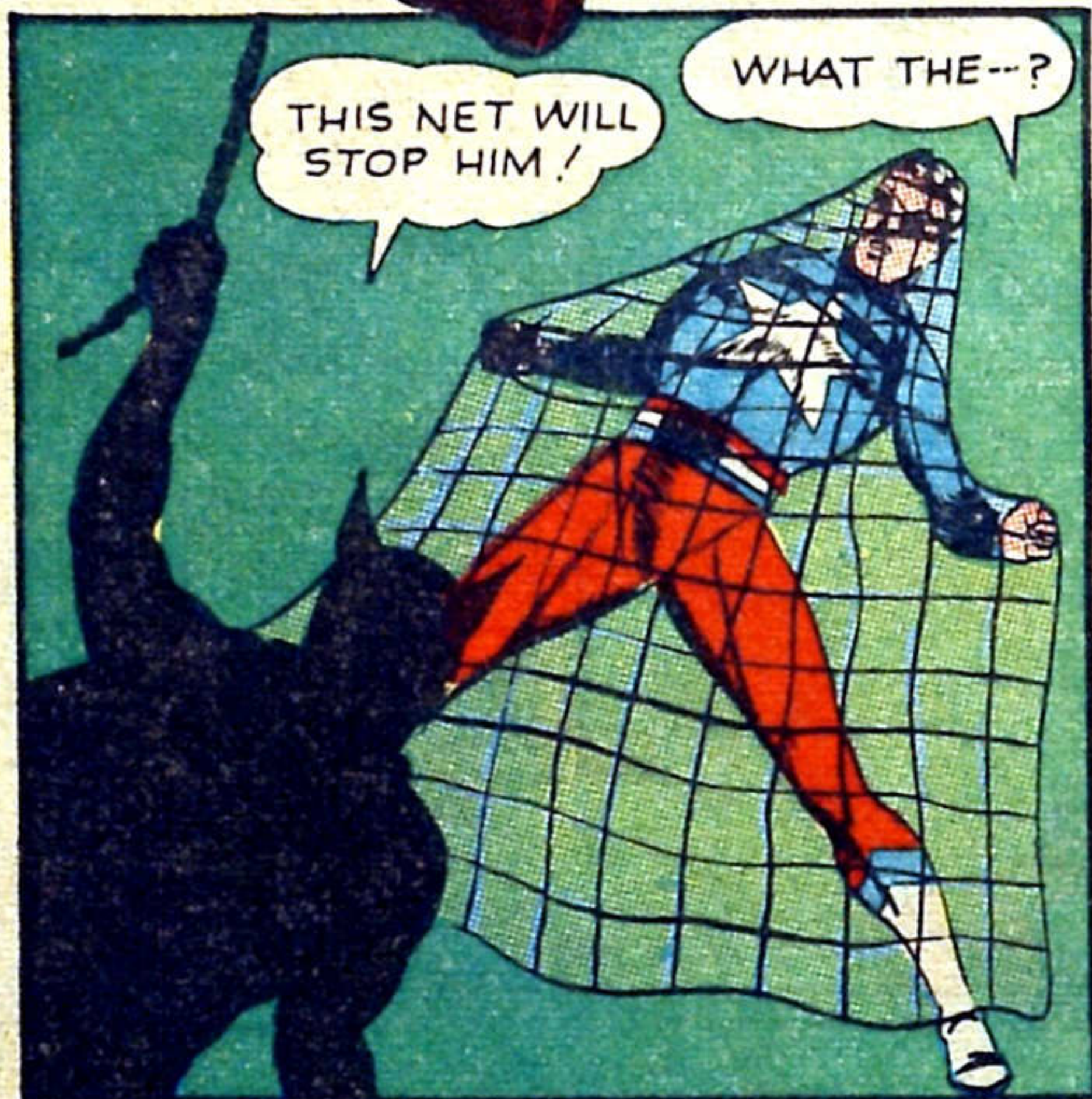


WHOOOSH!

AND AS THE DEVASTATING RAY SWEEPS DOWN THE ROW OF TENTS...

WHOOOSH!





UNDER THE DREAD THREAT, CAPTAIN BATTLE IS FORCED TO MAKE THE CALL.

HELLO! CAPTAIN BATTLE SPEAKING. CONNECT ME WITH THE ARMY CAMP....

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE.

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, HALE BATTLE! MOST OF MY MEN HAVE LEFT IN TRUCKS.

MAYBE HALE WILL SEE IT'S A TRAP!

CAPTAIN BATTLE CALLING HALE!

GOT THE WHOLE GANG EH. CAP. SWELL, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

SHUCKS, MISSED THE FIGHT! BUT AT LEAST I'LL HELP DRAG THE GANG TO JAIL.

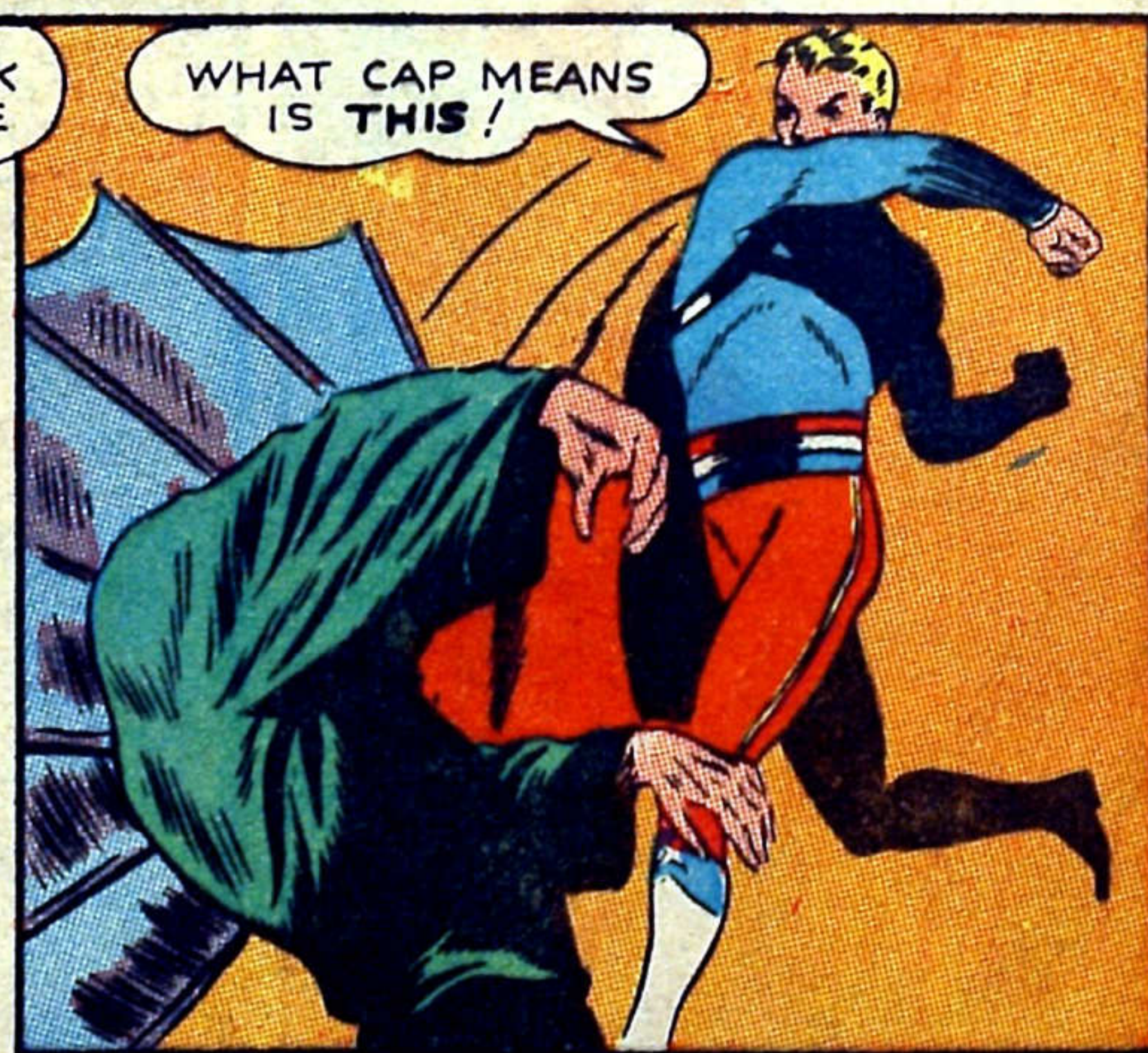
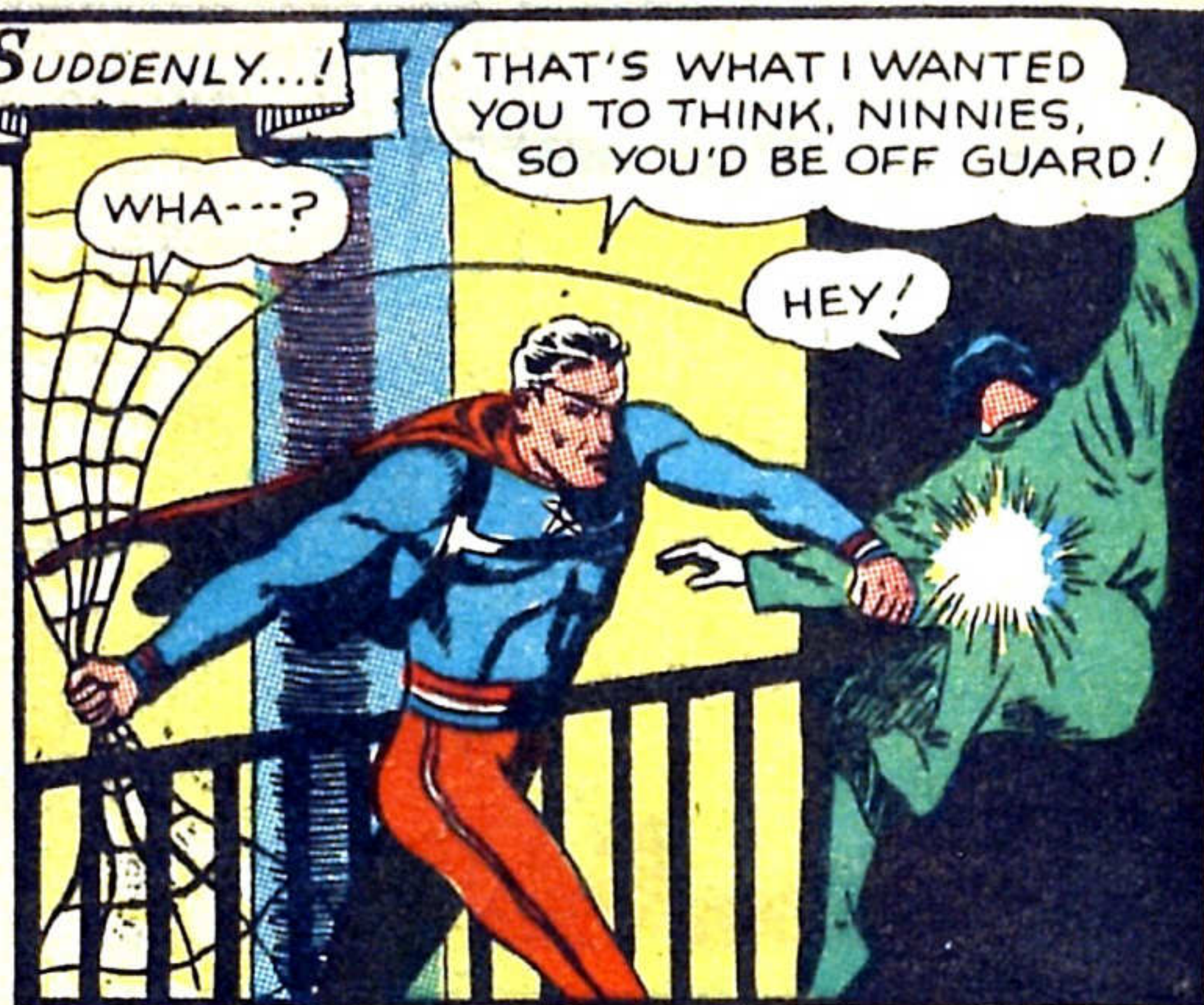
THAT'S FUNNY! NO ONE AROUND!

WHA---? HEY, LEGGO...

WE GOT HIM!

SWIFTLY, DR DRACULA PREPARES HALE'S DEATH!

YOU MAY WATCH, CAPTAIN BATTLE, AS I SNUFF OUT THE LIFE OF YOUR YOUNG PARTNER!





TAKE TO THE AIR!

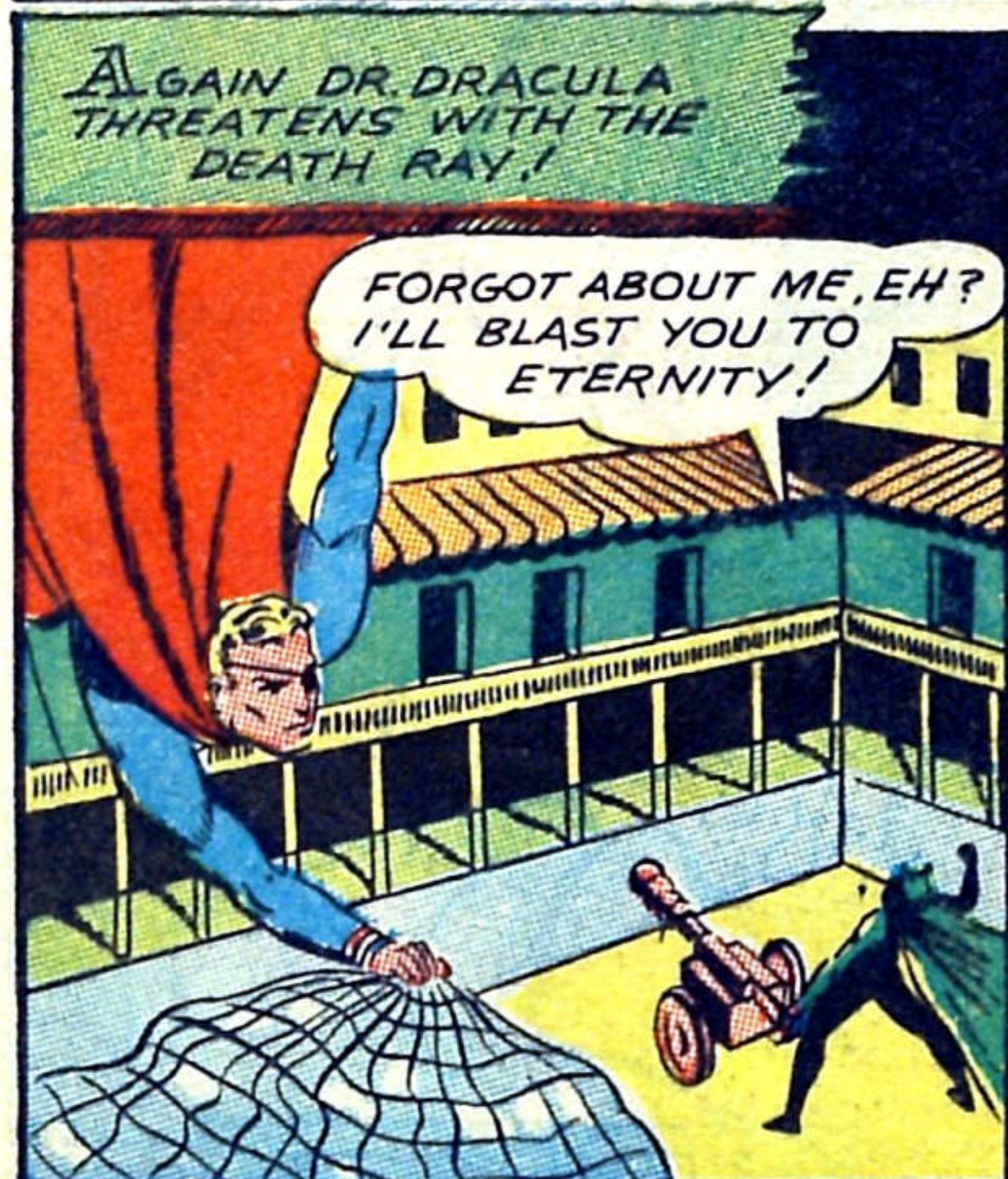
OH, AERIAL BATTLE, EH?



THIS IS WHERE WE REALLY SHINE!

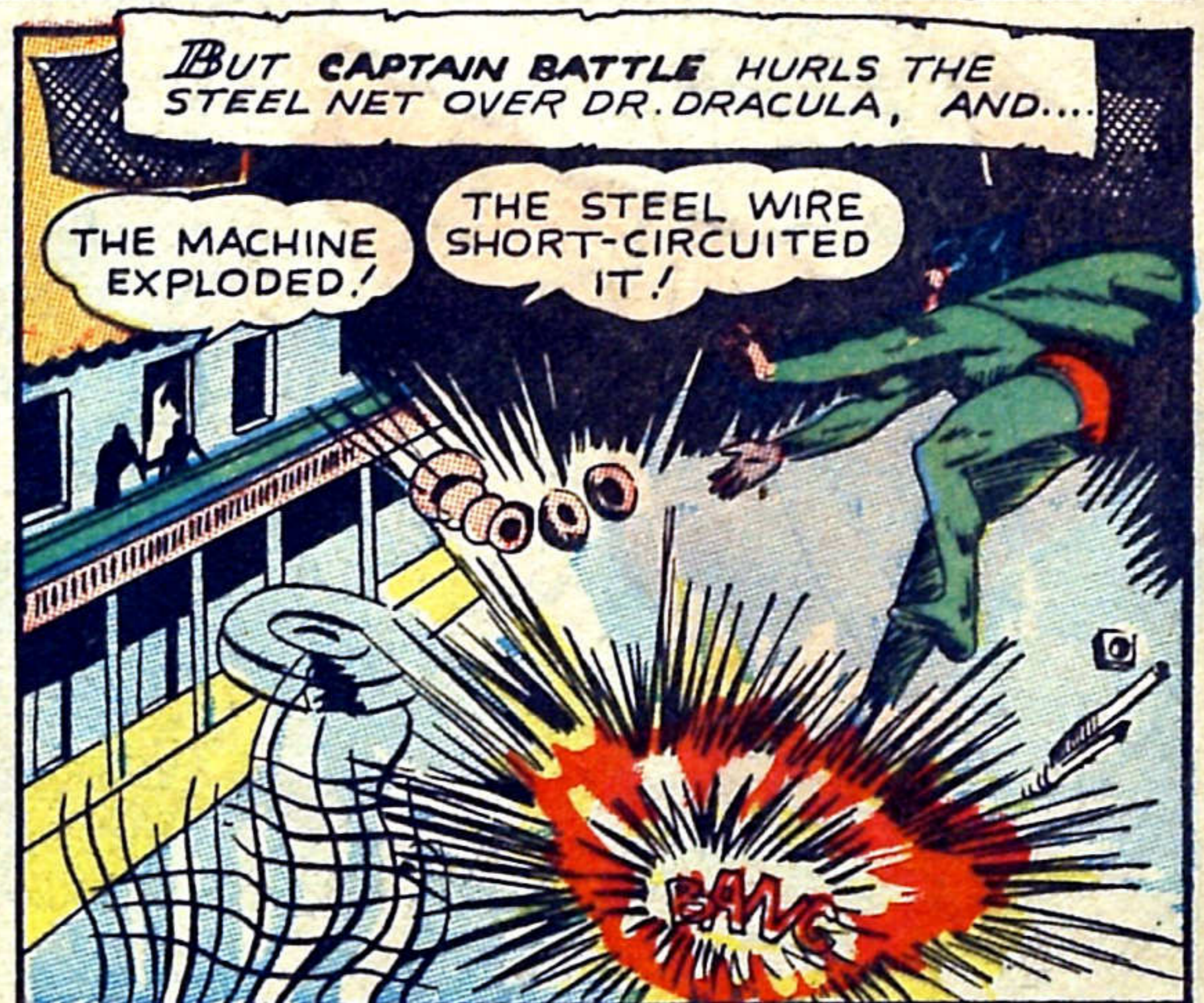


GOING SOMEWHERE, CHUM?



AGAIN DR. DRACULA THREATENS WITH THE DEATH RAY!

FORGOT ABOUT ME, EH? I'LL BLAST YOU TO ETERNITY!



BUT CAPTAIN BATTLE HURLS THE STEEL NET OVER DR. DRACULA, AND....

THE MACHINE EXPLODED!

THE STEEL WIRE SHORT-CIRCUITED IT!



THAT'S THE END OF DR. DRACULA!

AND HERE'S YOUR VAMPIRE MEN! JUST NAZI SPIES WHO WERE VERY SKILLFUL IN THE ART OF GLIDING WITH ARTIFICIAL WINGS!



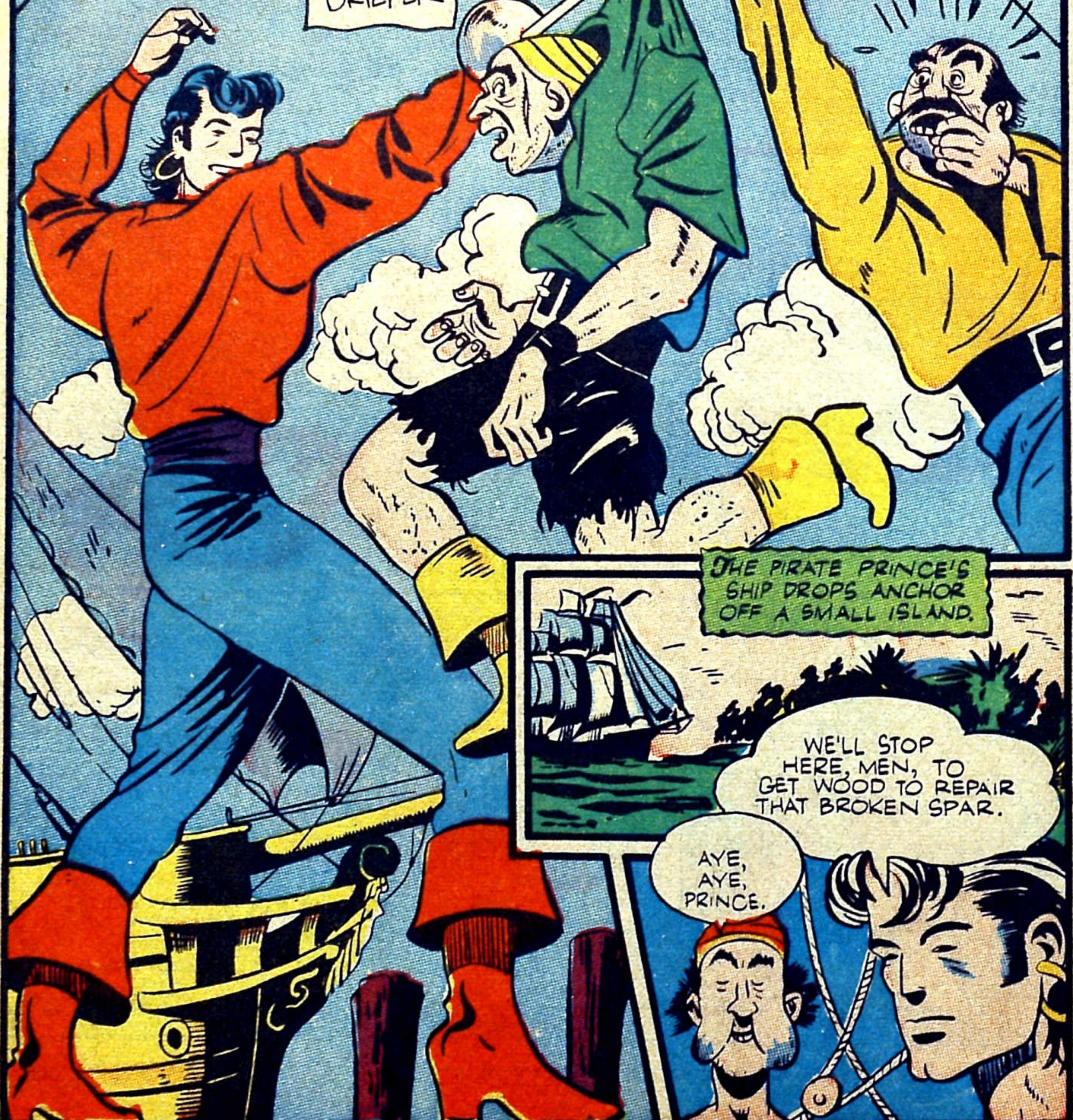
AND ONCE MORE BACK AT HILLTOP.....

HMM! NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL FOR MY SOUVENIR SHELF!

YOU WILL NEVER GUESS WHAT THE SOUVENIR WILL BE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE! NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS! IT WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY AND TINGLE YOUR SPINE FROM END TO END, AS CAPTAIN BATTLE AND HALE WAGE THEIR UNCEASING CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TERMITES OF DEMOCRACY!

THE PIRATE PRINCE

by Dick BRIEFER



THE PIRATE PRINCE'S SHIP DROPS ANCHOR OFF A SMALL ISLAND.

WE'LL STOP HERE, MEN, TO GET WOOD TO REPAIR THAT BROKEN SPAR.

AYE, AYE, PRINCE.



PRINCE AND TWO OF HIS MEN GO ASHORE TO CHOP DOWN A TREE.



HEAVE HO, M'LADS! WE'LL HAVE A NEW SPAR ERE NIGHTFALL.



BUT PEERING OUT OF THE JUNGLE AT THEM----



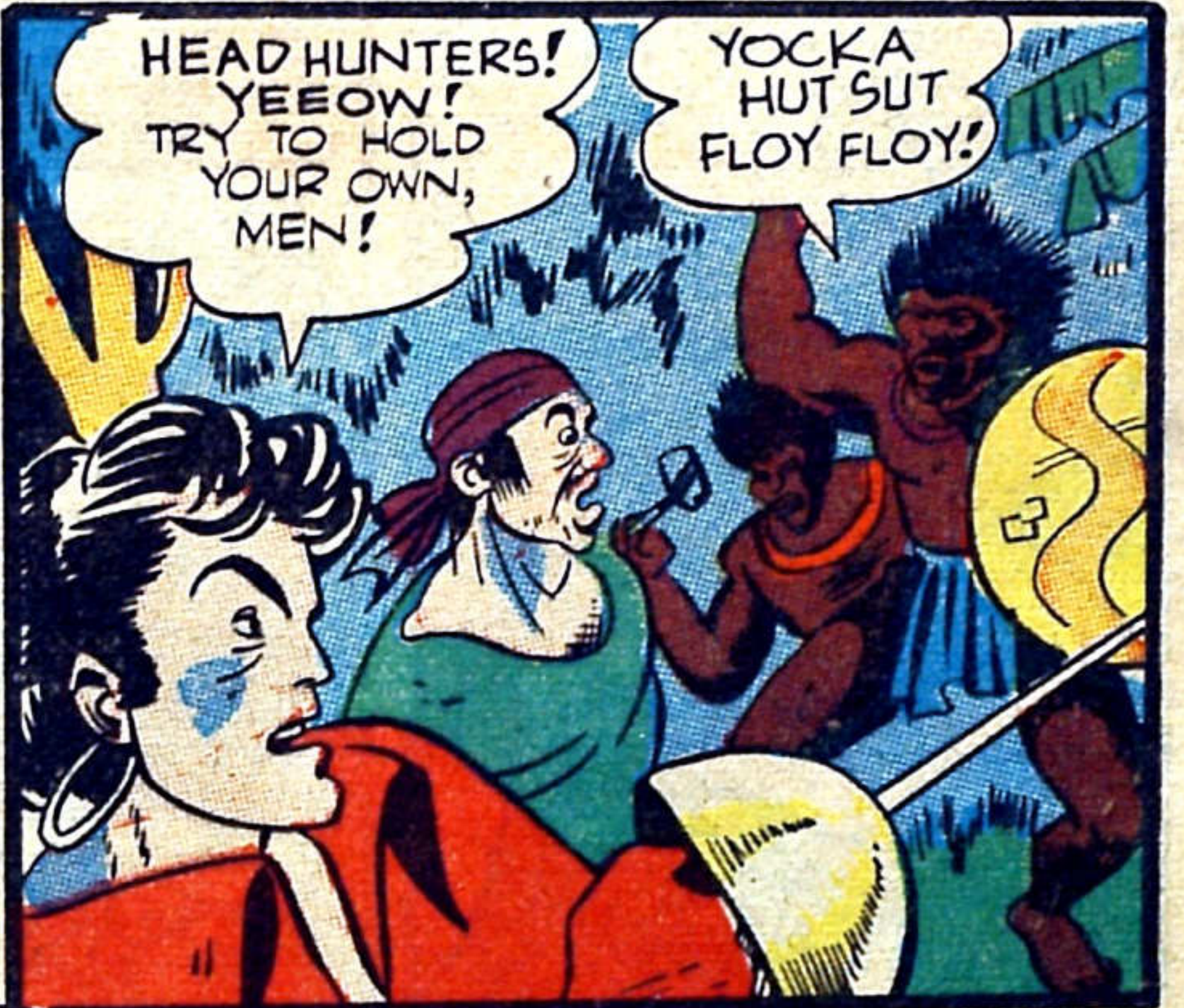
YA YA! WOCKA BOOM BA!

WOCKA BOOM BA!



HEAD HUNTERS! YEEOW! TRY TO HOLD YOUR OWN, MEN!

YOCKA HUT SUT FLOY FLOY!



THIS IS THE ONLY HEAD I HAVE AND I WANT IT FOR AWHILE.



JUST AS IT SEEMS HOPELESS FOR PRINCE, ANOTHER FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE FOLIAGE..



THE APE SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAINST THE SAVAGES!

EEERROWFF!

WOW! WHAT A PAL!



AND AFTER THEY'RE ALL DISPOSED OF...

LOOK! HE'S OUR FRIEND! THANKS, OLD MONK!

EEE... EEE... EEE... ACH!



FROM THAT DAY ON THERE IS A NEW MEMBER OF PRINCE'S SHIP.



TIME PASSES... THEN, ONE NIGHT ON SHORE...

THE FAIR LADY MARIE LIVES NEAR HERE. PERHAPS I MAY SEE HER.



FROM A BALCONY...

PIRATE PRINCE!



LADY MARIE!

OH, PRINCE-- AGAIN I AM IN TROUBLE.. THIS TIME NOTHING CAN SAVE ME!



IN AN HOUR I AM TO MARRY THE DUKE OF PYEWK. I WOULD RATHER DIE!





IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO ESCAPE! I AM LOCKED IN-- GUARDS ARE AROUND-- OH-- WOE IS ME-- IT'S A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!



I'LL HELP YOU-- SOMEHOW-- WAIT FOR ME-- AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.



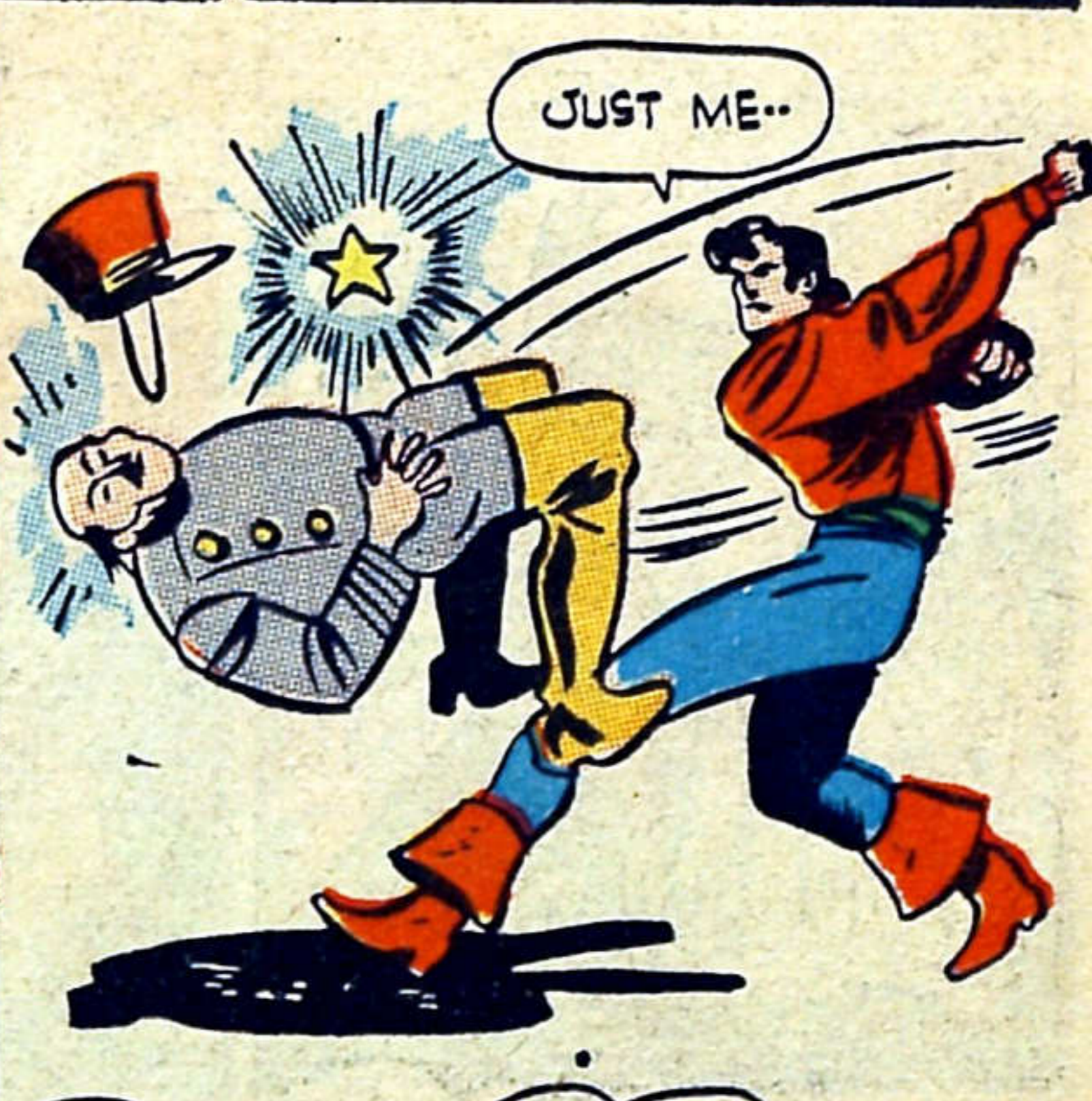
IN AN HOUR THE DUKE OF PYEWK WILL MARRY HER! HOW CAN I STOP IT? WHY, BOMBO! I KNOW HOW!!



IN A SHORT WHILE, PRINCE WALKS TOWARD MARIE'S HOUSE, A FIGURE BESIDE HIM.



HALT! WHO GOES THERE?



JUST ME--



- WITH MY LITTLE PASSWORD!



PIRATE PRINCE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

NEVER MIND NOW-- COME WITH ME!



I THOUGHT I PUT YOU TO SLEEP ON MY WAY IN!

AW-- WHAT'S THE USE?!



OH, PRINCE--HOW GALLANT YOU ARE ---- CAN YOU IMAGINE ME MARRIED TO THE DUKE OF PYEWK?



Meanwhile---

HELLO, MY LITTLE DOVE-- PYEWKY IS HERE --ARE YOU READY FOR THE CEREMONY?



MY, MY-- ALL BEDECKED IN YOUR BRIDAL GOWN. IT DOES MAKE YOU APPEAR A BIT FATTER, THOUGH-- COME, MY DEAR --THE PREACHER IS READY!

{ THE TWO WALK DOWN THE AISLE }



SHY THING-- YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD.



--AND I NOW PRONOUNCE THEE MAN AND WIFE!



I LIFT YOUR VEIL TO BESTOW MY FIRST HUSBANDLY KISS, MY FLOWER.



EERROWFF!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PRINCE --- ALL NIGHT HE'S BEEN ROLLING AROUND ON THE DECK --LAUGHING AND LAUGHING--

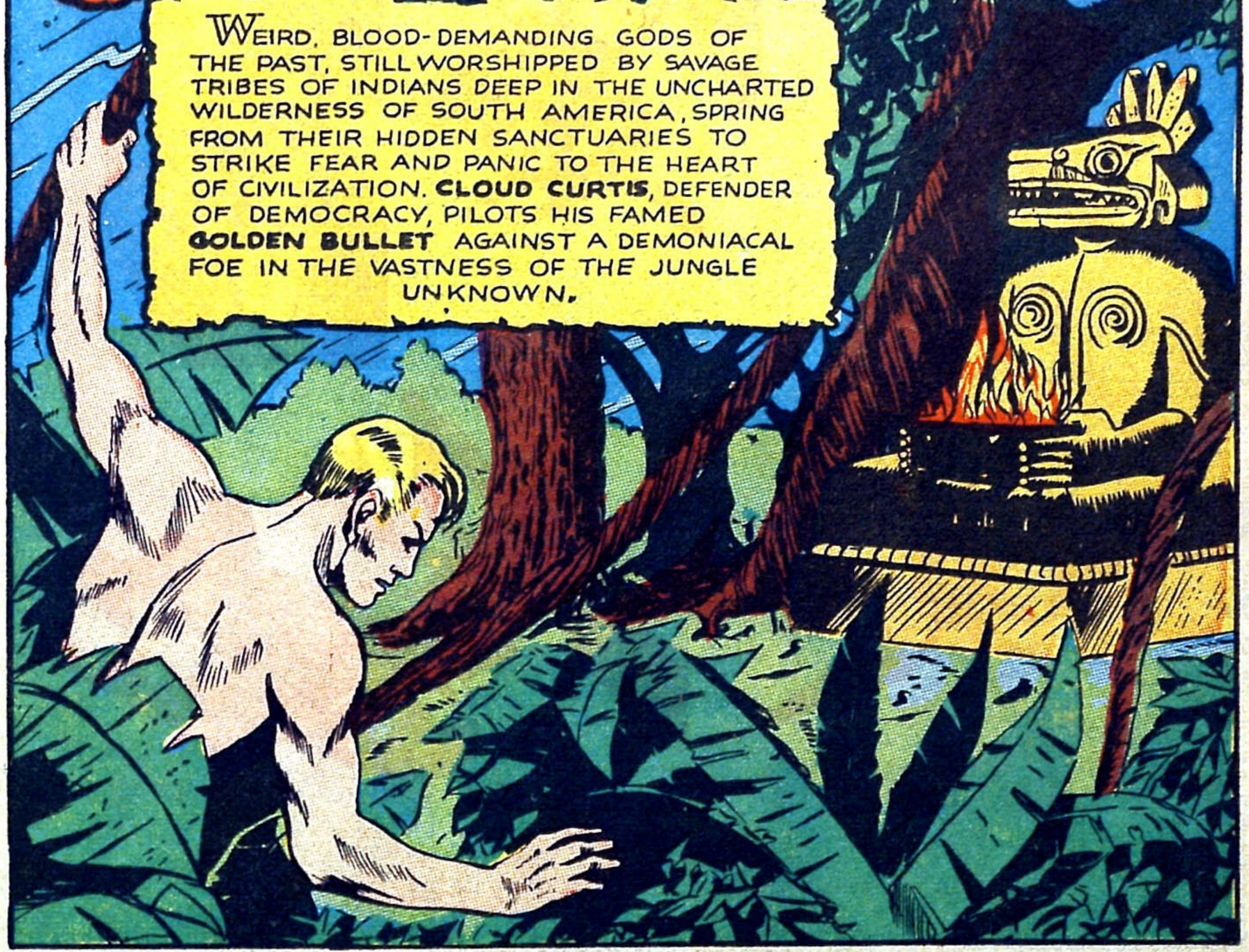
POOR PRINCE! I THINK HE'S GONE MAD.

SAY --HAS ANYBODY SEEN BOMBO?

MORE FUN, MYSTERY, AND ADVENTURE WITH THE PIRATE PRINCE EVERY ISSUE!

CLOUD CURTIS

WEIRD, BLOOD-DEMANDING GODS OF THE PAST, STILL WORSHIPPED BY SAVAGE TRIBES OF INDIANS DEEP IN THE UNCHARTED WILDERNESS OF SOUTH AMERICA, SPRING FROM THEIR HIDDEN SANCTUARIES TO STRIKE FEAR AND PANIC TO THE HEART OF CIVILIZATION. **CLOUD CURTIS**, DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY, PILOTS HIS FAMED **GOLDEN BULLET** AGAINST A DEMONIAL Foe IN THE VASTNESS OF THE JUNGLE UNKNOWN.



POP! POP! WAKE UP! **CLOUD'S** GONE! HE LEFT LAST NIGHT WITH THE **GOLDEN BULLET**.

HUH...?
WHA...?



THIS CLIPPING WAS ON HIS DESK. HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN SOME HURRY... DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO SAY SO LONG

LET'S SEE.



MEANWHILE, CLOUD HAS ALREADY PENETRATED DEEP INTO THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE VASTNESS.

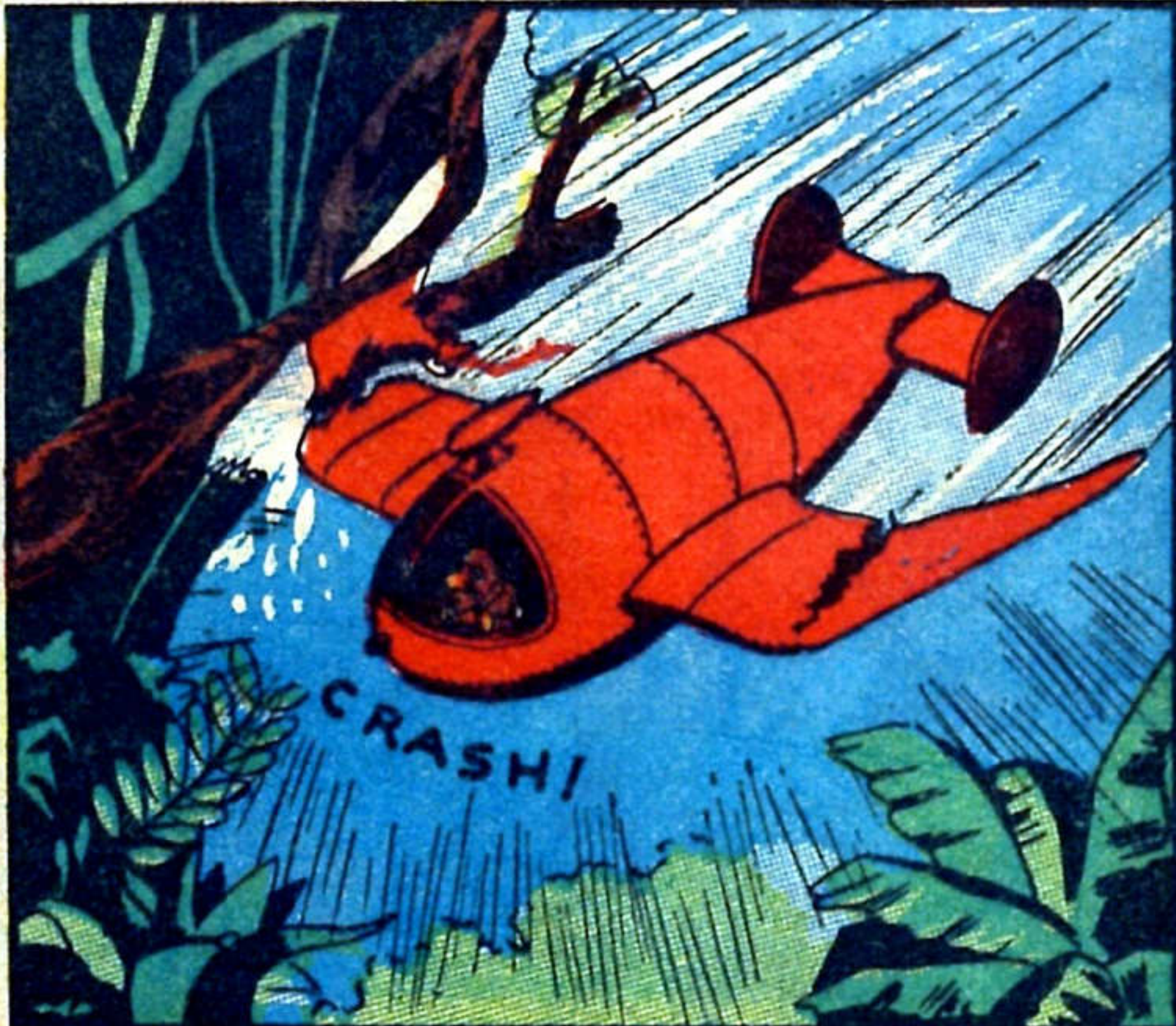
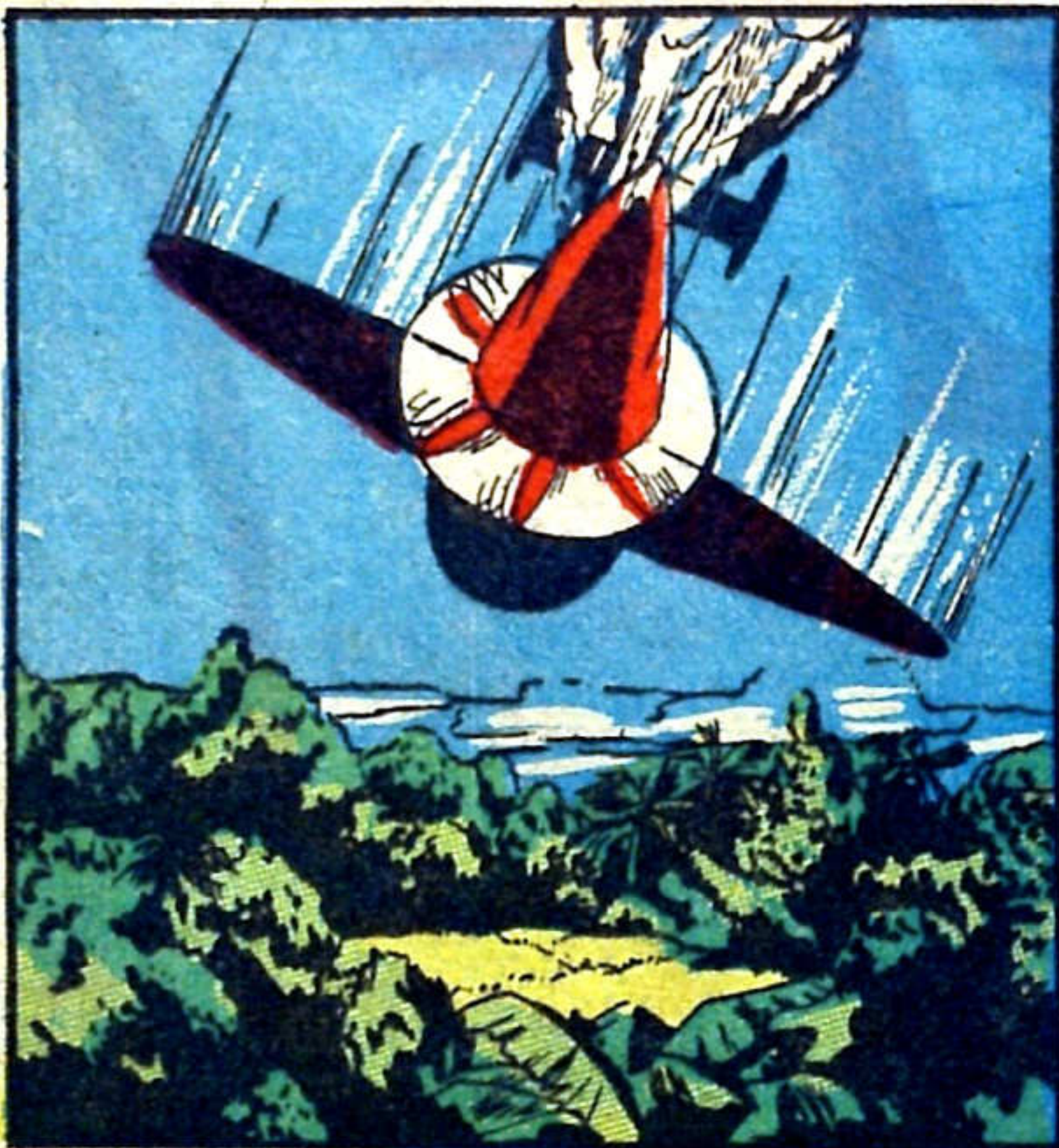


IT'S GOING TO SEEM QUEER WITHOUT POP AND CRUSHER, BUT THIS IS ONE JOB I'VE GOT TO DO ALONE.

BUT SUDDENLY, THE USUALLY INFALLIBLE MOTOR OF THE GOLDEN BULLET SPUTTERS, COUGHS, AND-- FAILS.



CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE MOTOR'S GONE ON THE BLINK! THE GYRO WON'T WORK! I CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP!



WHEW! LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

LOST IN THE THE TRACKLESS WILD OF THE JUNGLE, CLOUD CLIMBS A TOWERING TREE TO GET HIS BEARINGS.



THAT SMOKE'S THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE ON THE WHOLE HORIZON. AND THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING.

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS GOOD-BYE TO THE GOLDEN BULLET. IT'LL NEVER FLY AGAIN.



THE GOLDEN BULLET NEVER FAILED ME BEFORE.



CLOUD LEAPS FOR A VINE---



HERE GOES!

BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. GOT TO CROSS THIS RIVER AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THAT.



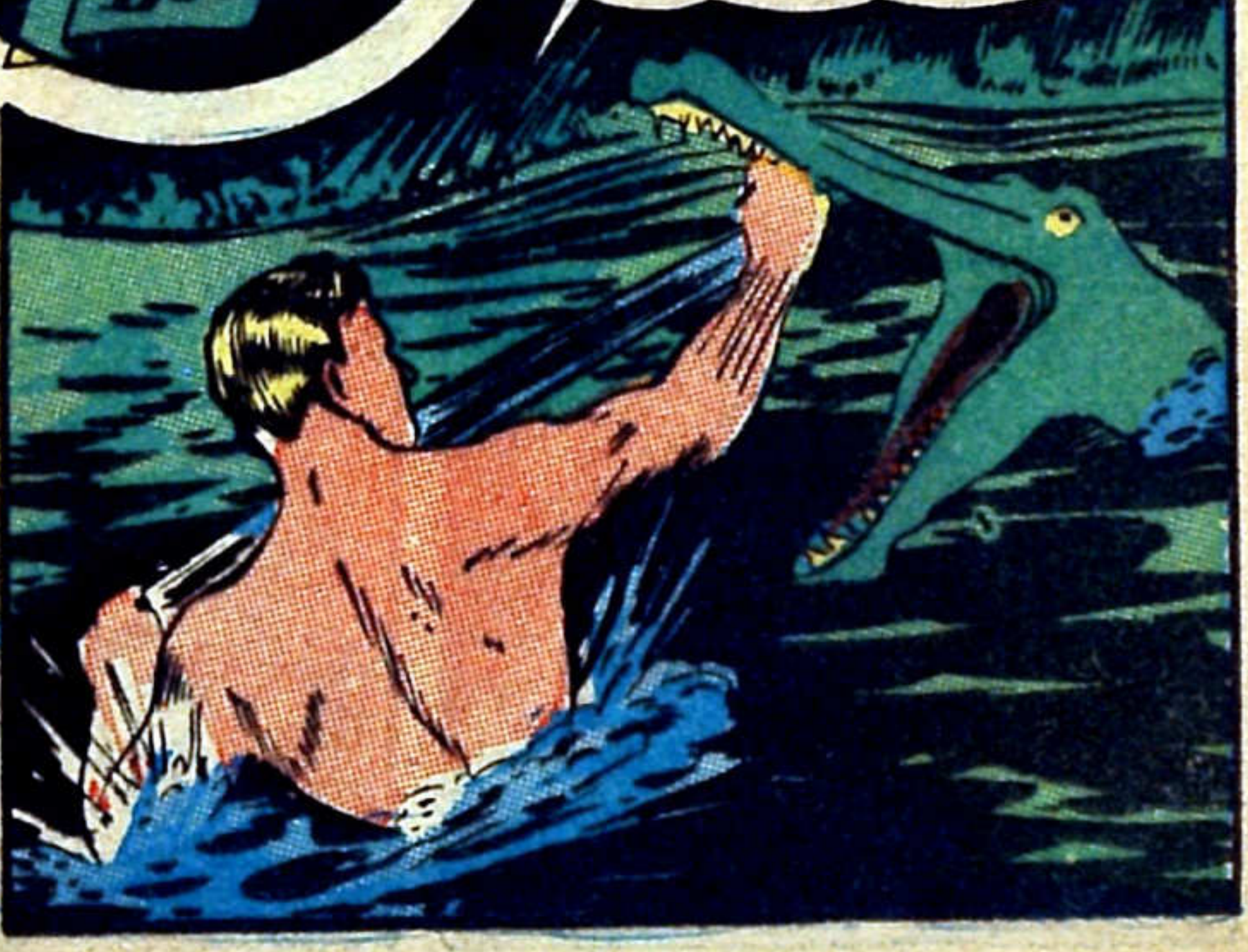
SPLASH!



GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY.



OH! SO NOW YOU WANT TO PLAY, EH?







IT'S GETTING DARK. I'D BETTER STOP AND GET SOME REST SOON.

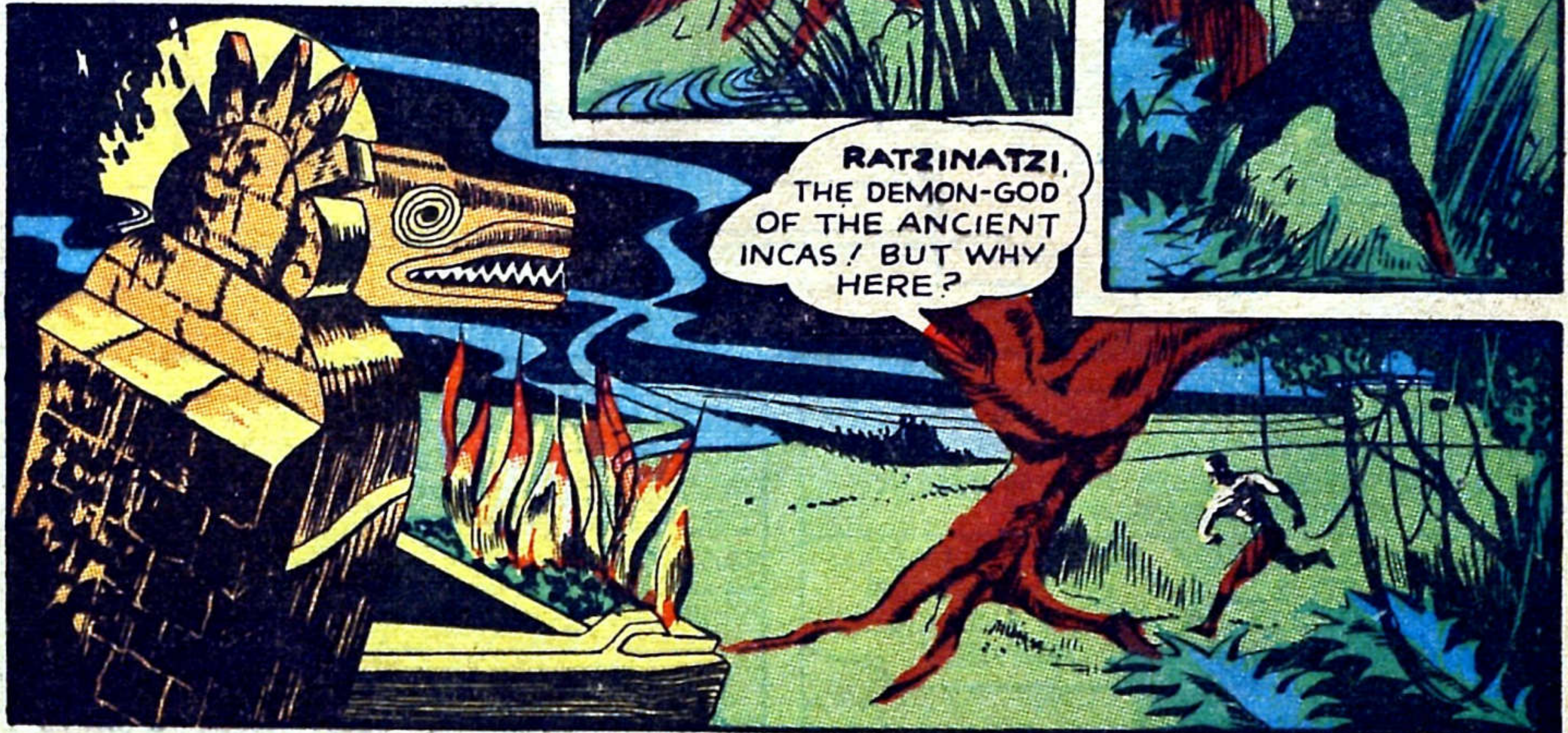
His clothes torn and ragged, his body racked with pain and exhaustion, CLOUD staggers on into the night through the jungle maze.



CAN'T STOP HERE. MUST PUSH ON!

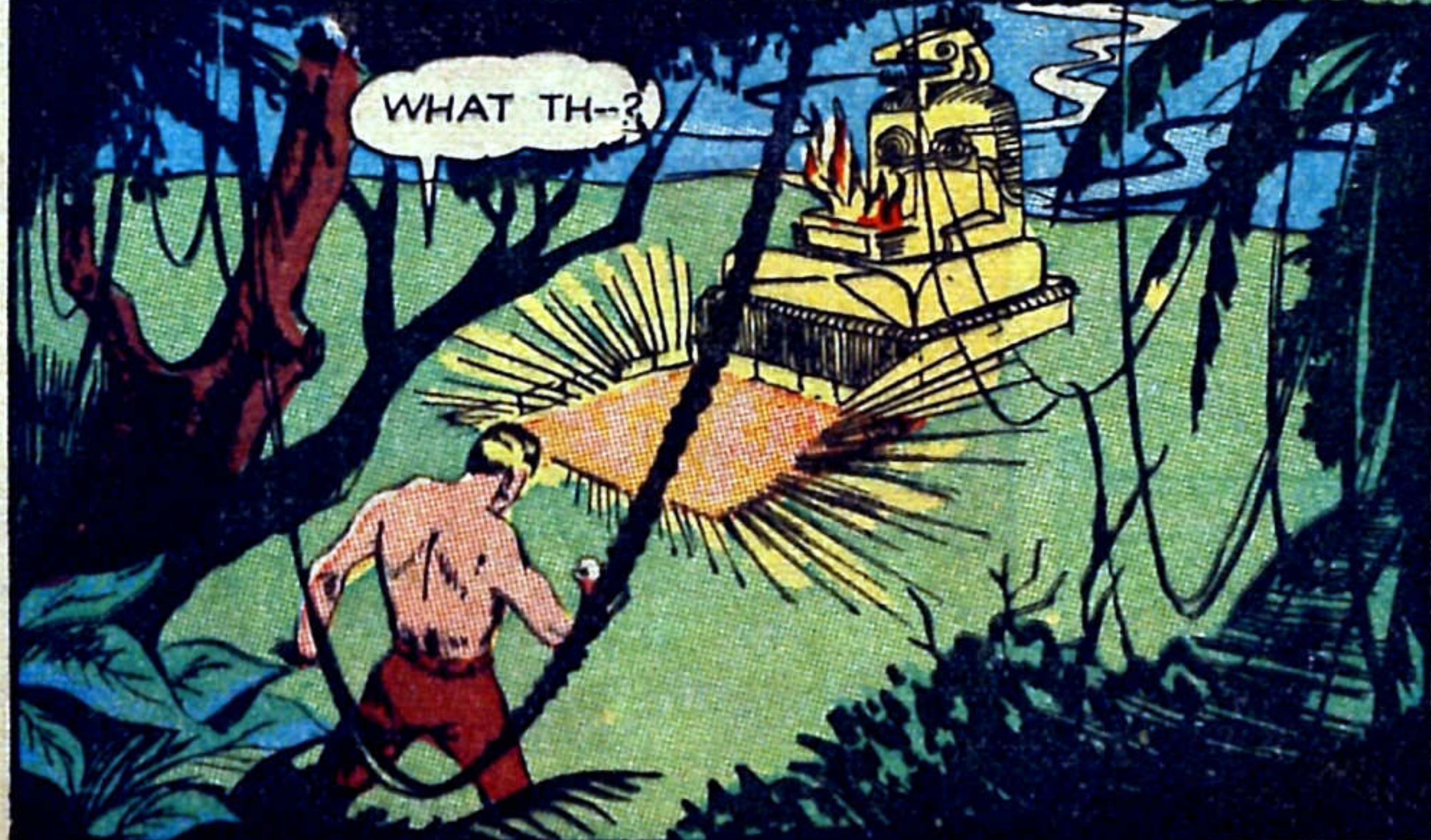


A CLEARING! AND AN IDOL! SIGNS OF LIFE AT LAST!



RATZINATZI, THE DEMON-GOD OF THE ANCIENT INCAS! BUT WHY HERE?

Suddenly, the hideously weird idol stirs... and moves!



WHAT TH--?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS WEIRD, MOVING, JUNGLE IDOL. FOLLOW CLOUD AS HE TANGLES WITH RATZINATZI THE DEMON-GOD, IN NEXT MONTH'S
SILVER STREAK COMICS.

The Bingham BOYS

THE PIRATES OF OLD WERE RECKLESS SCAVENGERS OF THE SEAS... BUT WORSE STILL ARE THE MODERN MARAUDERS WITH THEIR UP-TO-DATE SPEED BOATS AND MACHINE GUNS... WHOSE MERCILESS GREED FOR GOLD TURNS THE PEACEFUL WATERS OF THE OCEAN TO...

"The SEA OF DEATH!"

by RICHARDS



LAST MONTH WE LEFT BOBBY AND BILLY BINGHAM, DUSTY TRAVIS AND SPECS RETURNING TO AMERICA FROM THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE!

BOY... IT'S GOING TO BE SWELL TO SEE THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. AGAIN!

YEAH! THEN WE'LL GET A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET-- MAYBE!



GEE! I'VE OFTEN SEEN RICH PEOPLE IN THE MOVIES SITTING IN DECK-CHAIRS --- AN' LOOK AT US NOW!

IT SURE IS THE LIFE... EH, FELLOWS?



IN THE MEANTIME, DUSTY IS BUSY IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP...

THIS REPORT ON HOW WE GOT THE SWORD WILL CREATE QUITE AN UPROAR!



THE SWORD OF GENGHIS KHAN! IT IS WORTH THOUSANDS!



BUT DUSTY IS NOT ALONE...

DUSTY...DON'T LOOK NOW--- BUT THAT MAN AT THE NEXT TABLE HAS BEEN EYEING YOU SOMETHING FIERCE!



IS THAT SO?

A SINISTER, COLD-EYED MAN GAZES AT THE FOUR FRIENDS!



HOW DO YOU DO!

IS SOMETHING ABOUT US DISTURBING YOU?

NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR YOUNG MAN! I WAS JUST ADMIRING THE REFRESHING AND CHARMING APPEARANCE OF AMERICAN YOUTH!



LATER...AT DINNER...

IN MY COUNTRY--ALAS...THE YOUNG MEN HAVE NOTHING TO BE CHEERFUL ABOUT--SO THEIR APPEARANCE IS NATURALLY DEJECTED AND MELANCHOLY! YOU MUST FORGIVE MY *STARING* AT YOU!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF--I AM THE *COUNT BULOUE*, A PATRIOT WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY VERY MUCH---AND THEREFOR GRIEVES AT HER PRESENT STATE!



WE'RE GLAD TO KNOW YOU...

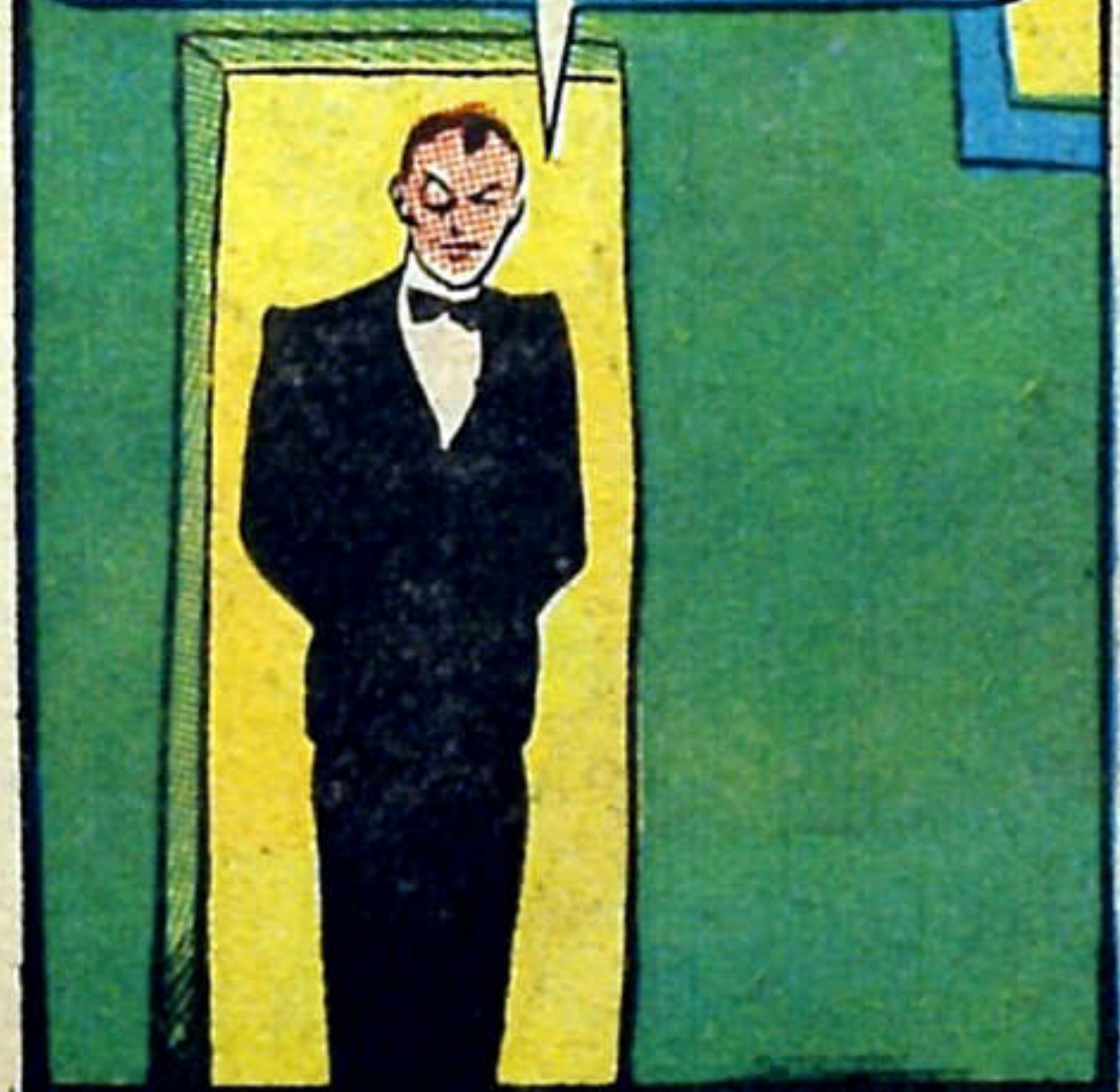
I THINK!

I AM GATHERING MATERIAL IN YOUR COUNTRY FOR A BOOK I AM WRITING ON *HISTORICAL SOUVENIRS!*



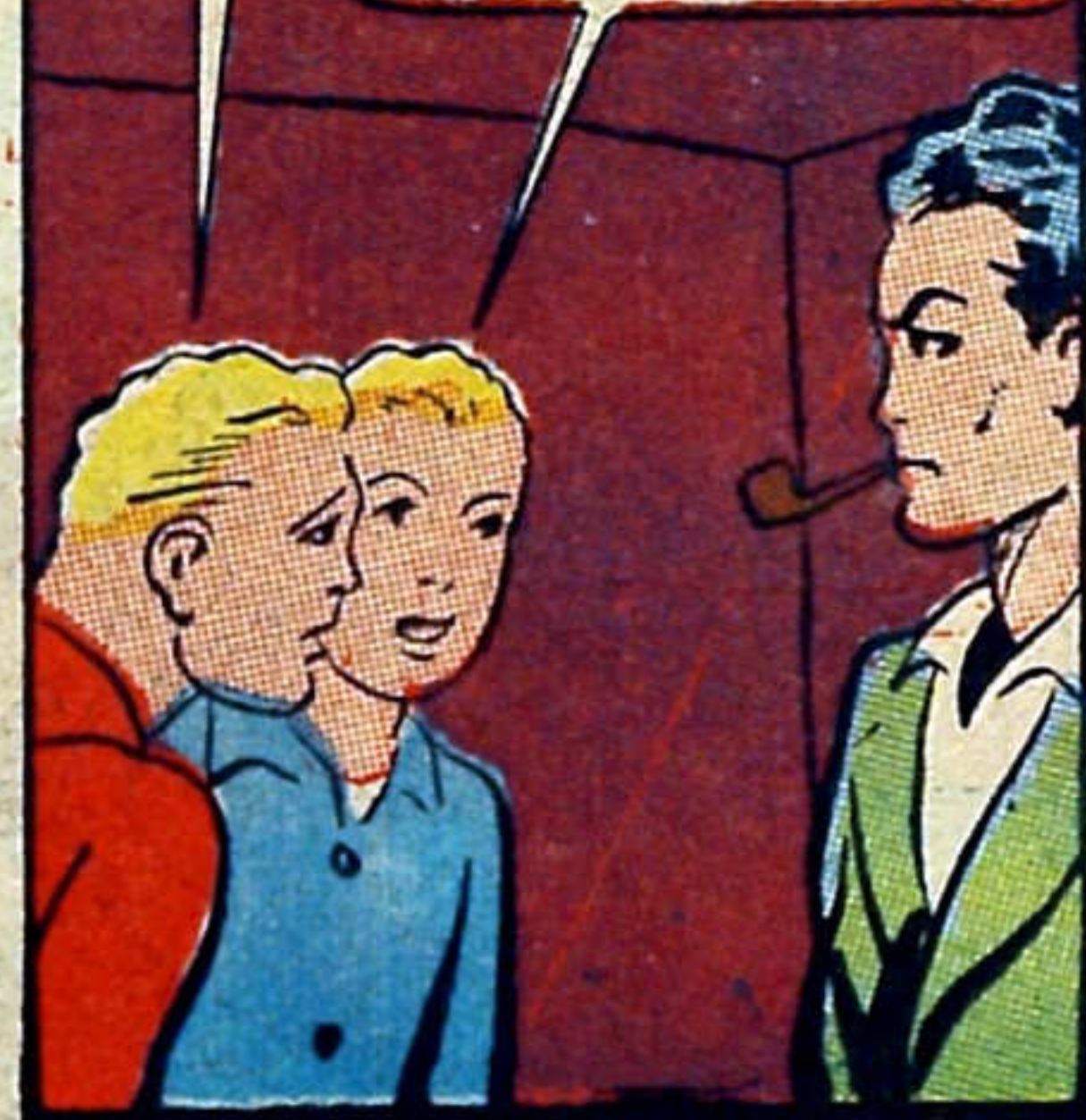
I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR SUPERIORS WERE INTERESTED IN SUCH THINGS--*NOW!*

THIS WAR MUST END *SOME DAY*--AND WHEN IT DOES... WE WRITERS WILL BE IN OUR GLORY AGAIN! NOW, MY FRIENDS, *GOODBYE!*



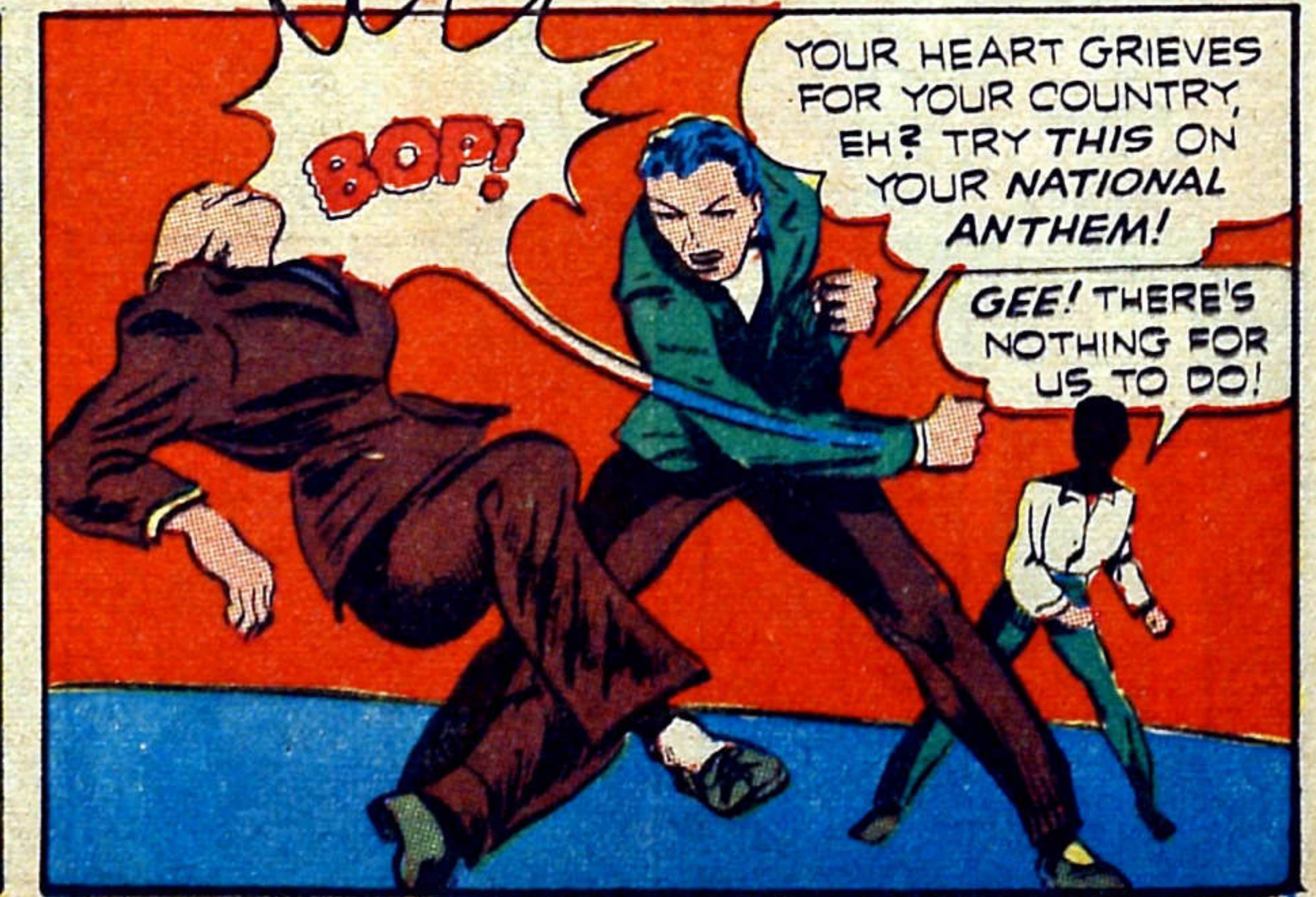
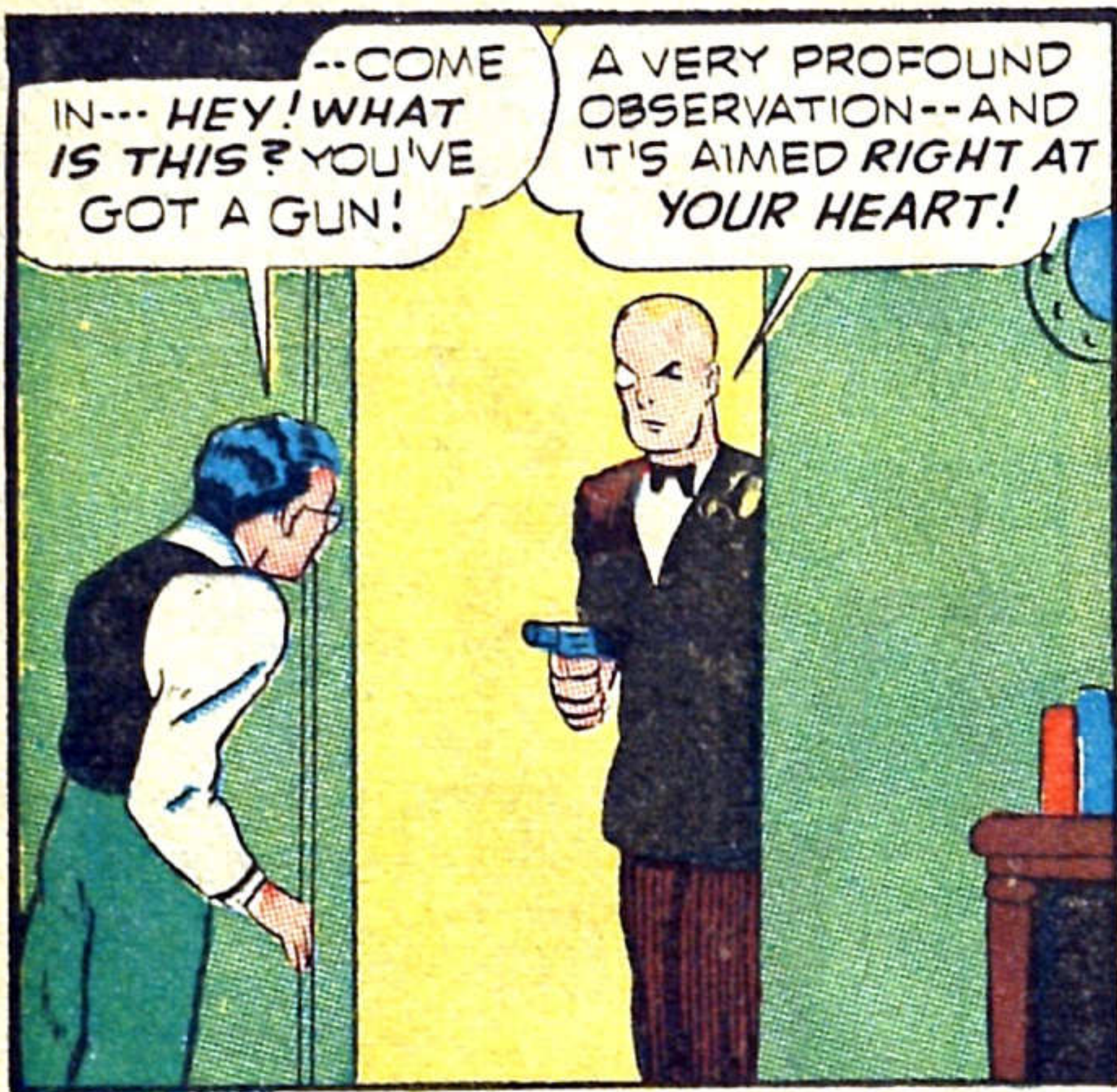
GEE! HE SEEMED SO SAD!

YEAH... SAY, DUSTY--WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM ABOUT THE SWORD WE HAVE?



BOYS...I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET-- *I DON'T TRUST THAT GUY!*



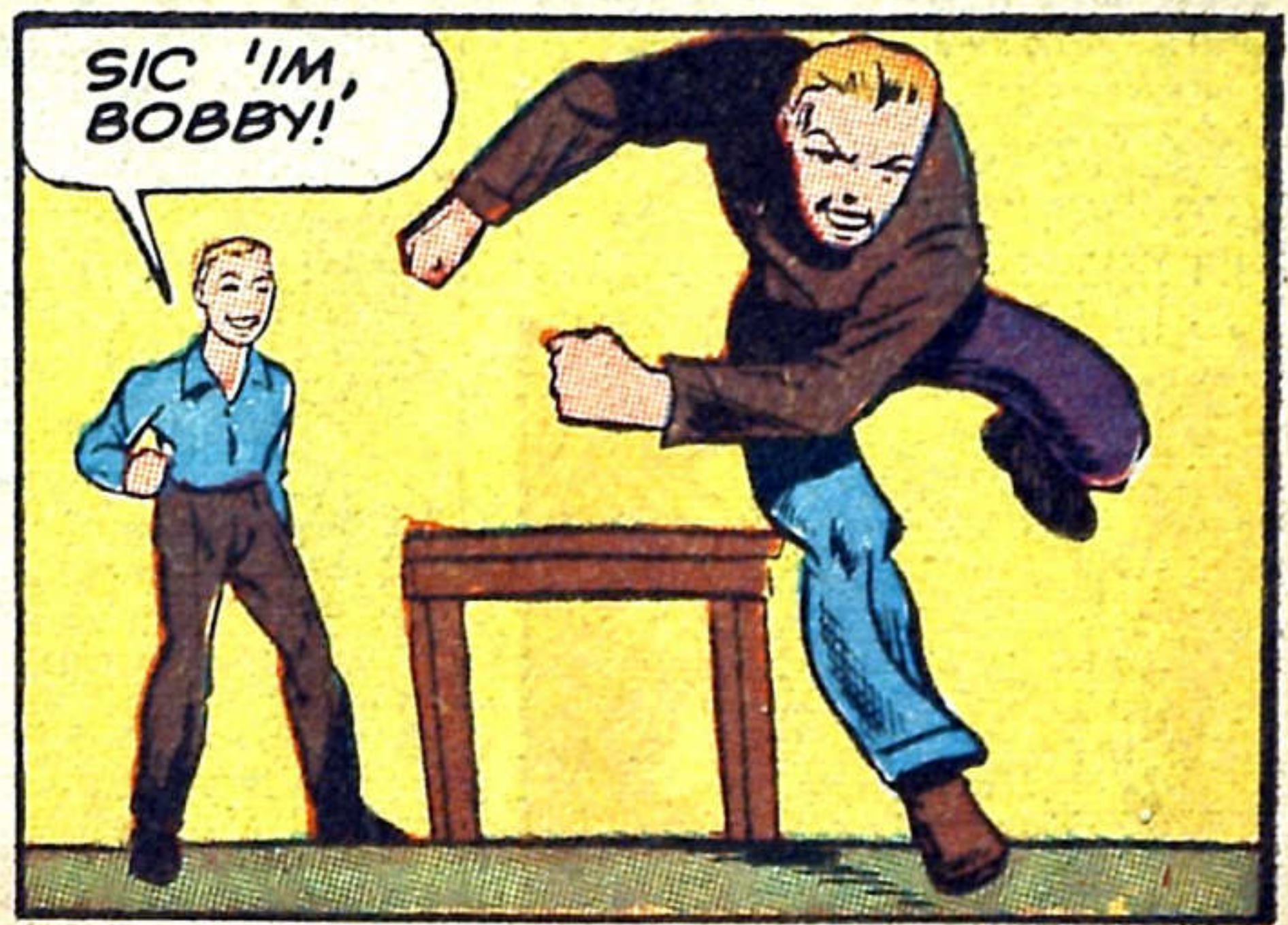




GREAT SNAKES!
HE'S GOT THE
GUN AGAIN!

TAG!
YOU'RE
IT!

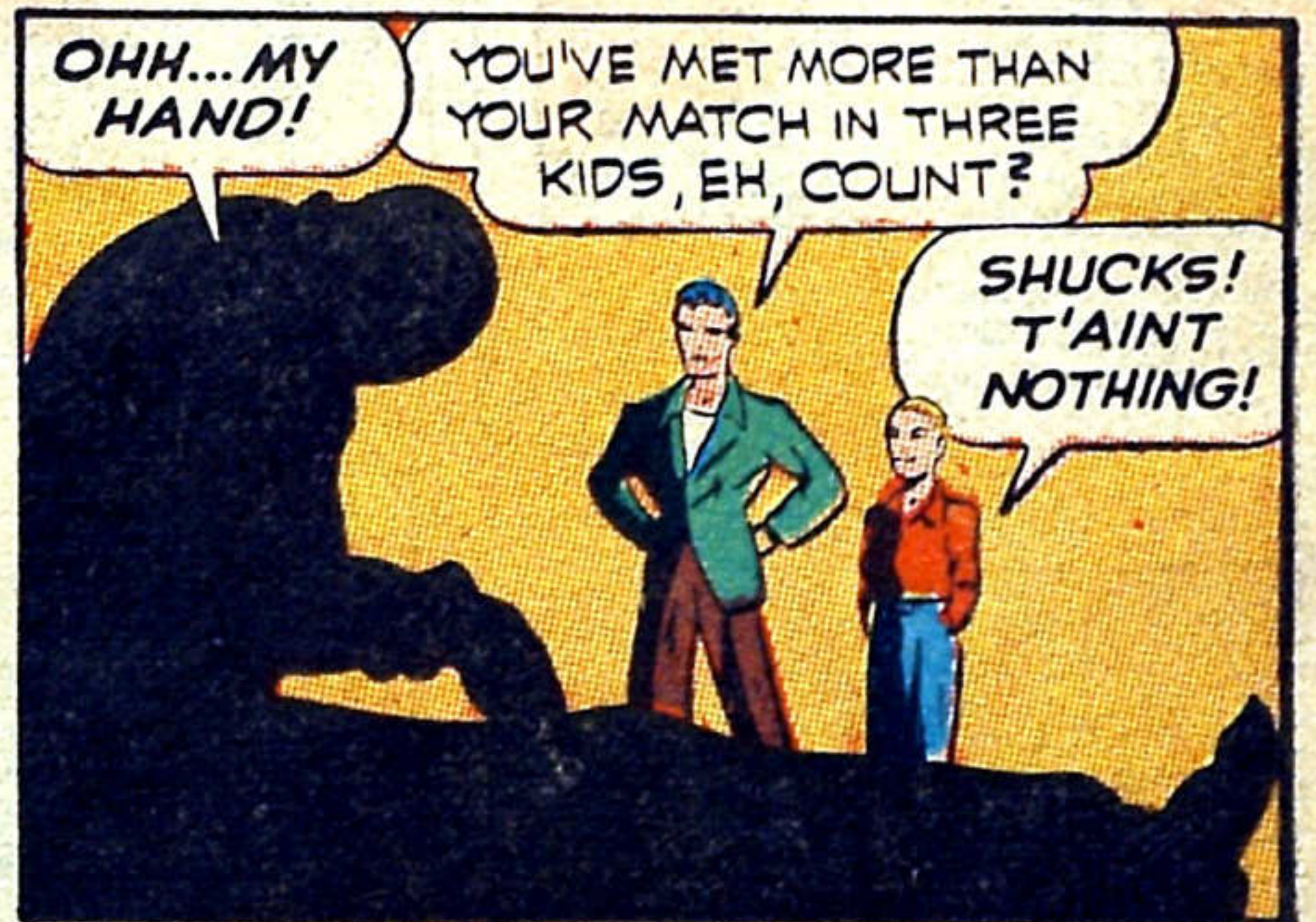
OW!



SIC 'IM,
BOBBY!



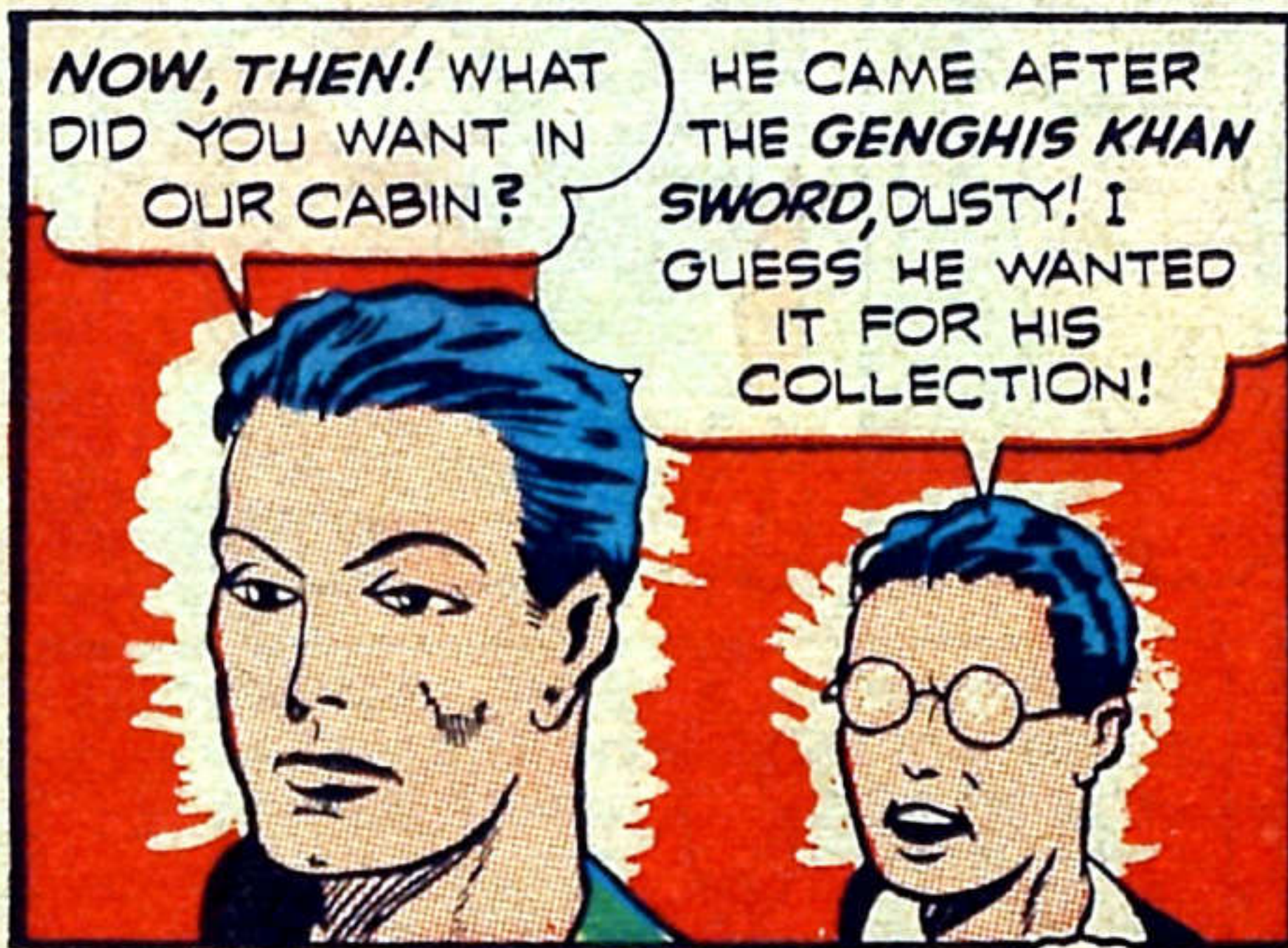
POW!



OHH...MY
HAND!

YOU'VE MET MORE THAN
YOUR MATCH IN THREE
KIDS, EH, COUNT?

SHUCKS!
T'AIN'T
NOTHING!



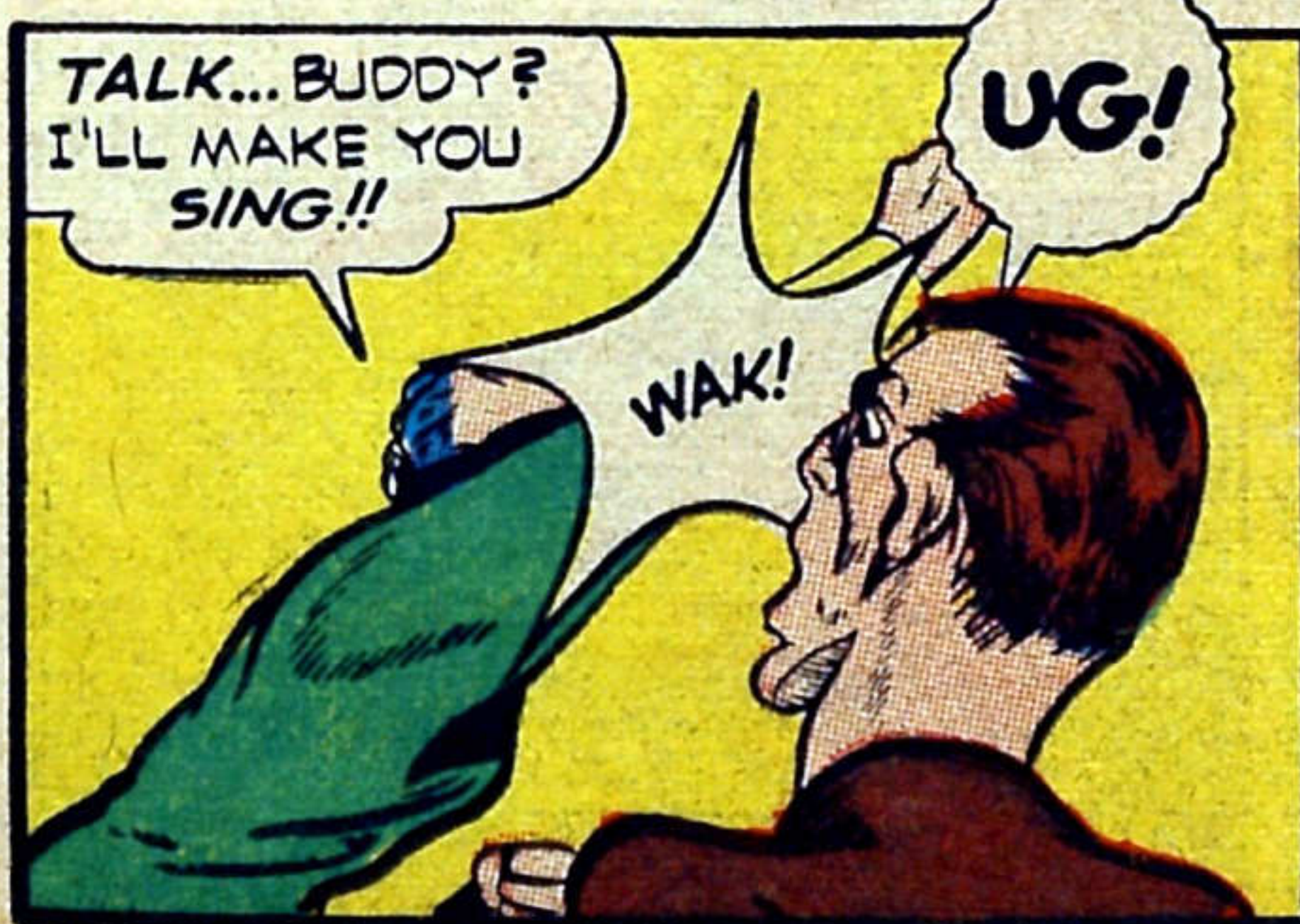
NOW, THEN! WHAT
DID YOU WANT IN
OUR CABIN?

HE CAME AFTER
THE *GENGHIS KHAN*
SWORD, DUSTY! I
GUESS HE WANTED
IT FOR HIS
COLLECTION!



COLLECTION NOTHING! THIS
GUYS A CROOK! COME ON, TALK!
HOW WERE YOU PLANNING TO
GET THE SWORD OFF THIS
SHIP?

MAKE
ME
TALK!



TALK... BUDDY?
I'LL MAKE YOU
SING!!

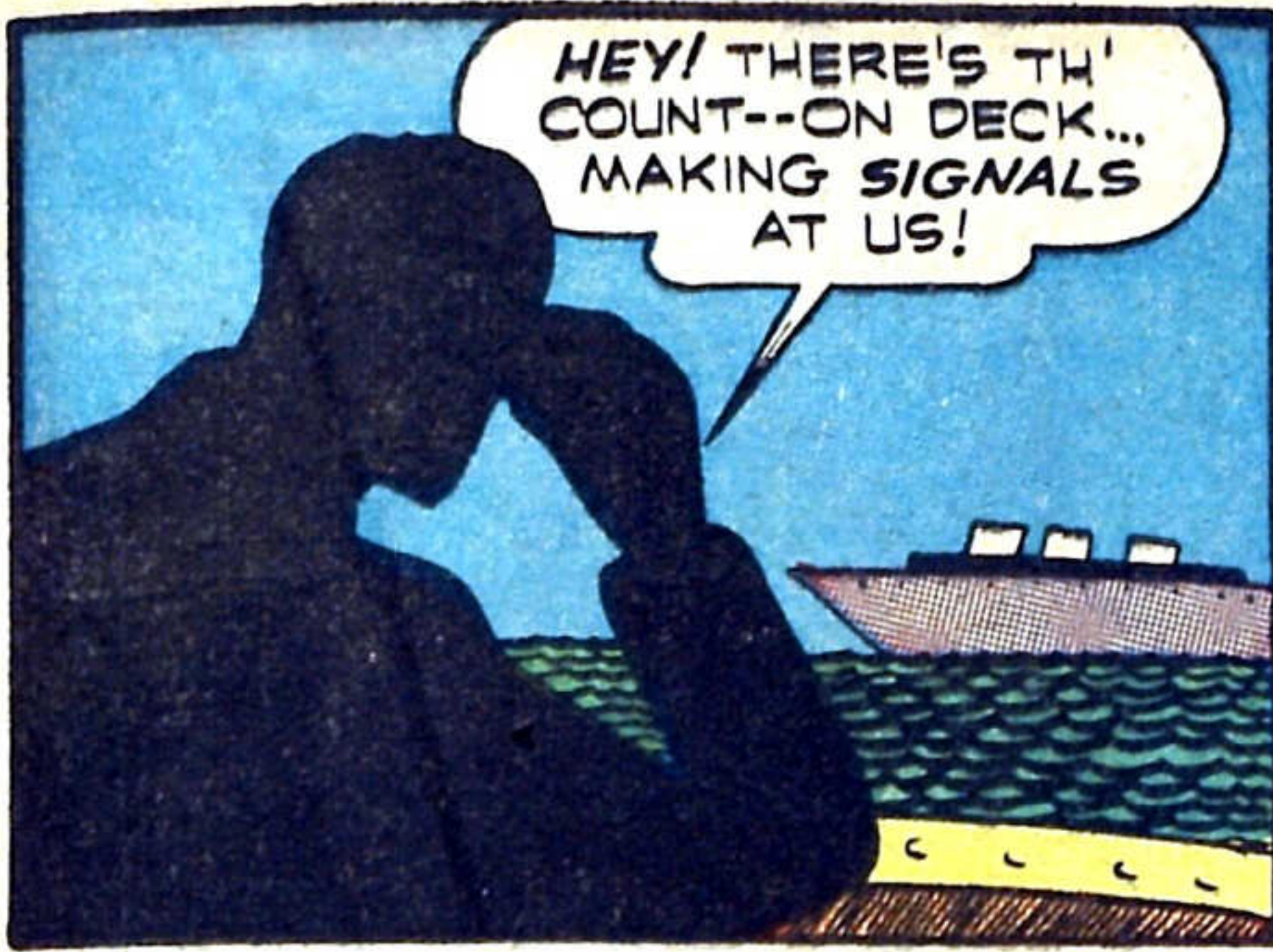
UG!

WAK!



ALL RIGHT! I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! MY MEN
ARE COMING IN A
SPEED BOAT TO
PICK IT UP! DON'T
HIT ME AGAIN,
PLEASE!





HEY! THERE'S TH' COUNT--ON DECK... MAKING SIGNALS AT US!



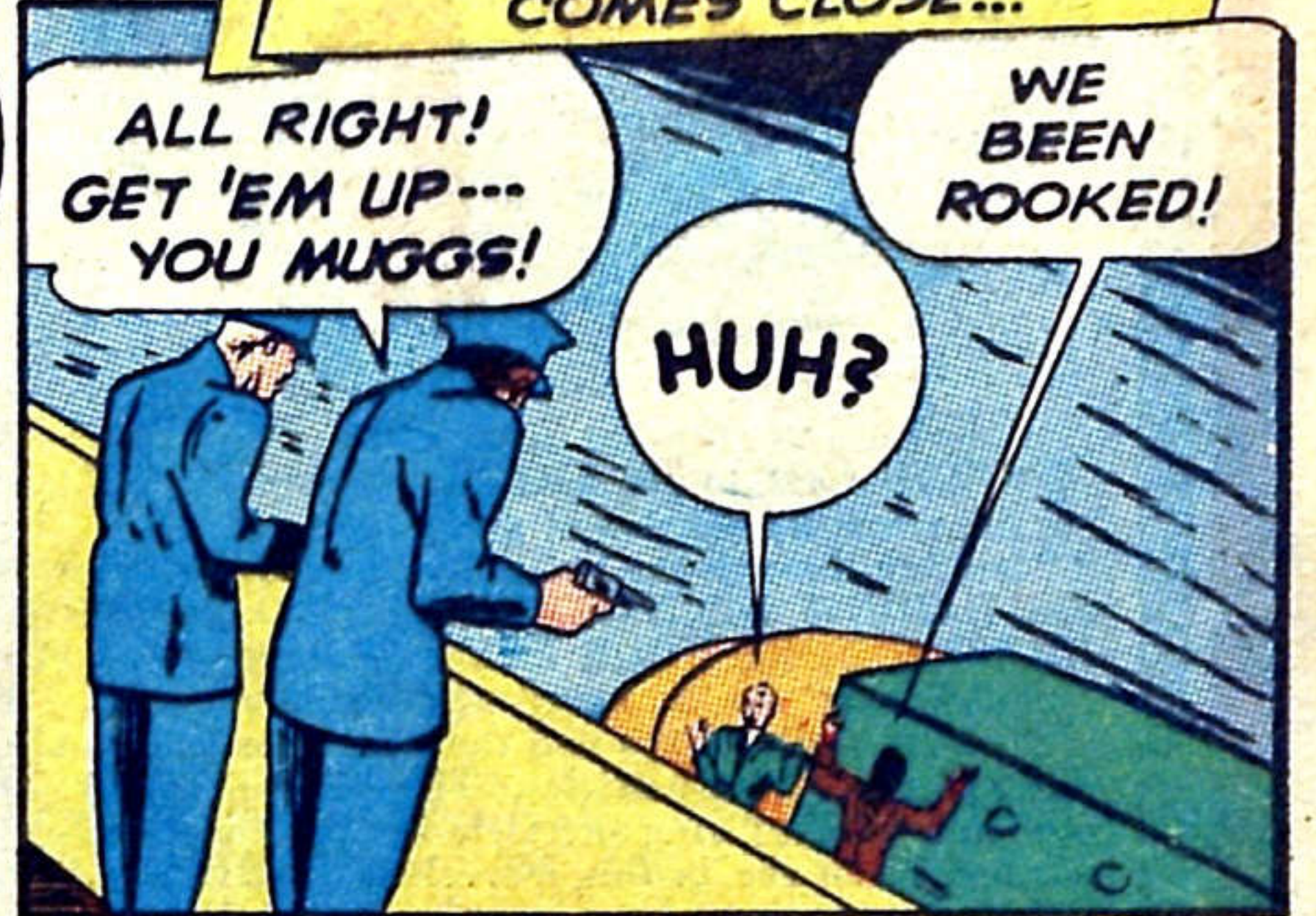
BUT WHEN THE "BUCCANEER" COMES CLOSE...



HE'S TELLIN' US TO COME OVER--- QUIETLY!

WONDER WHAT'S UP?

MAYBE HE'S GOIN' TO DROP TH' STUFF OVER TH' SIDE!



ALL RIGHT! GET 'EM UP--- YOU MUGGS!

WE BEEN ROOKED!

HUH?



LATER...WITH THE GANG IN IRONS... GENTLEMEN...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! YOU'VE SAVED MY SHIP FROM A DISGRACEFUL INCIDENT!



BOYS... YOU HAVE THE FREEDOM OF THE SHIP---GO ANYWHERE ON BOARD YOU LIKE!

YEAH?

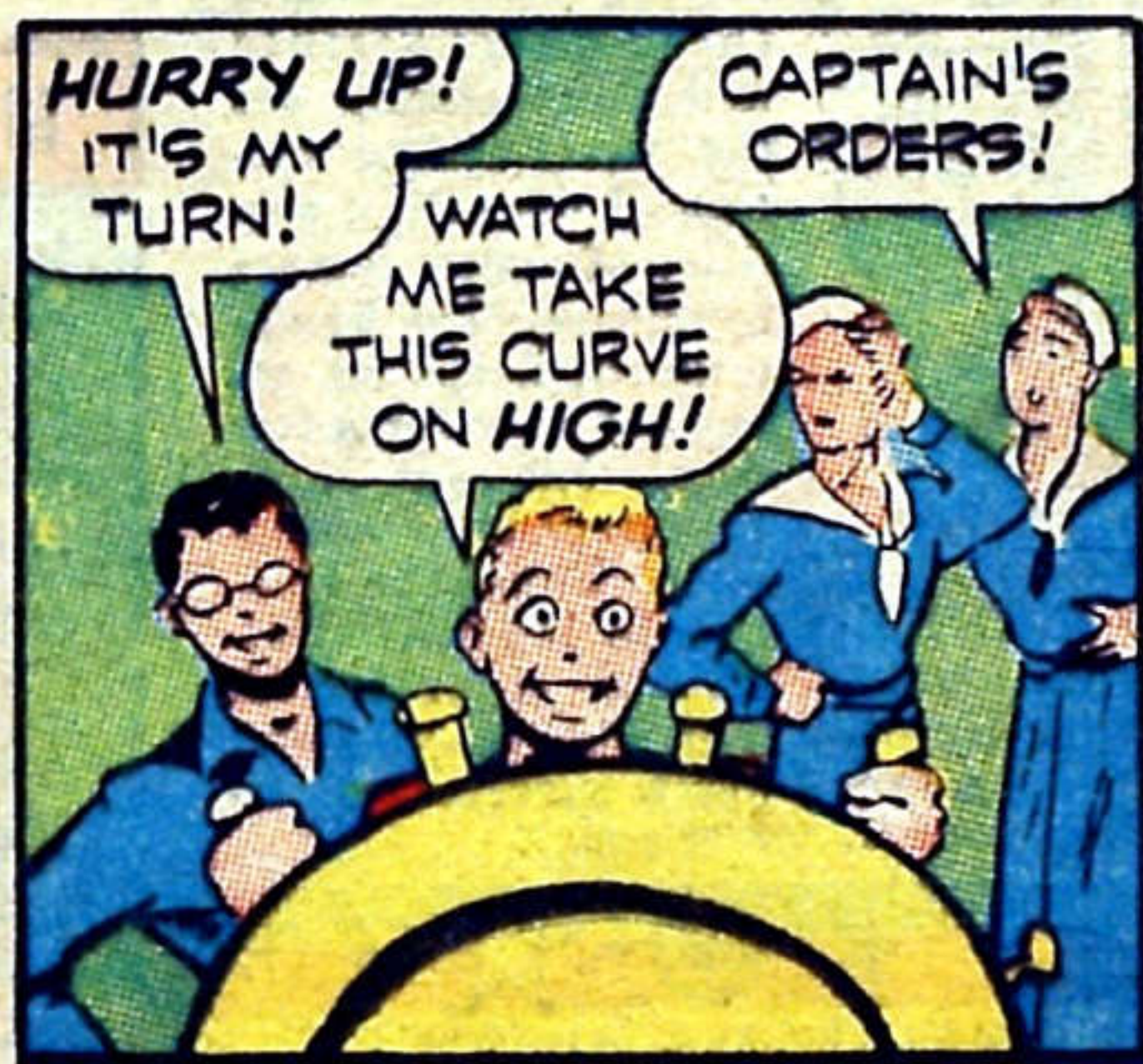
GOSH!



C'MON, GUYS!

WHOOPE!

HEY!



HURRY UP! IT'S MY TURN!

WATCH ME TAKE THIS CURVE ON HIGH!

CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!

Next MONTH.. The BINGHAM BOYS and SPECS IN ANOTHER THRILLER... "CONGA DRUMS"

Most Amazing Sight

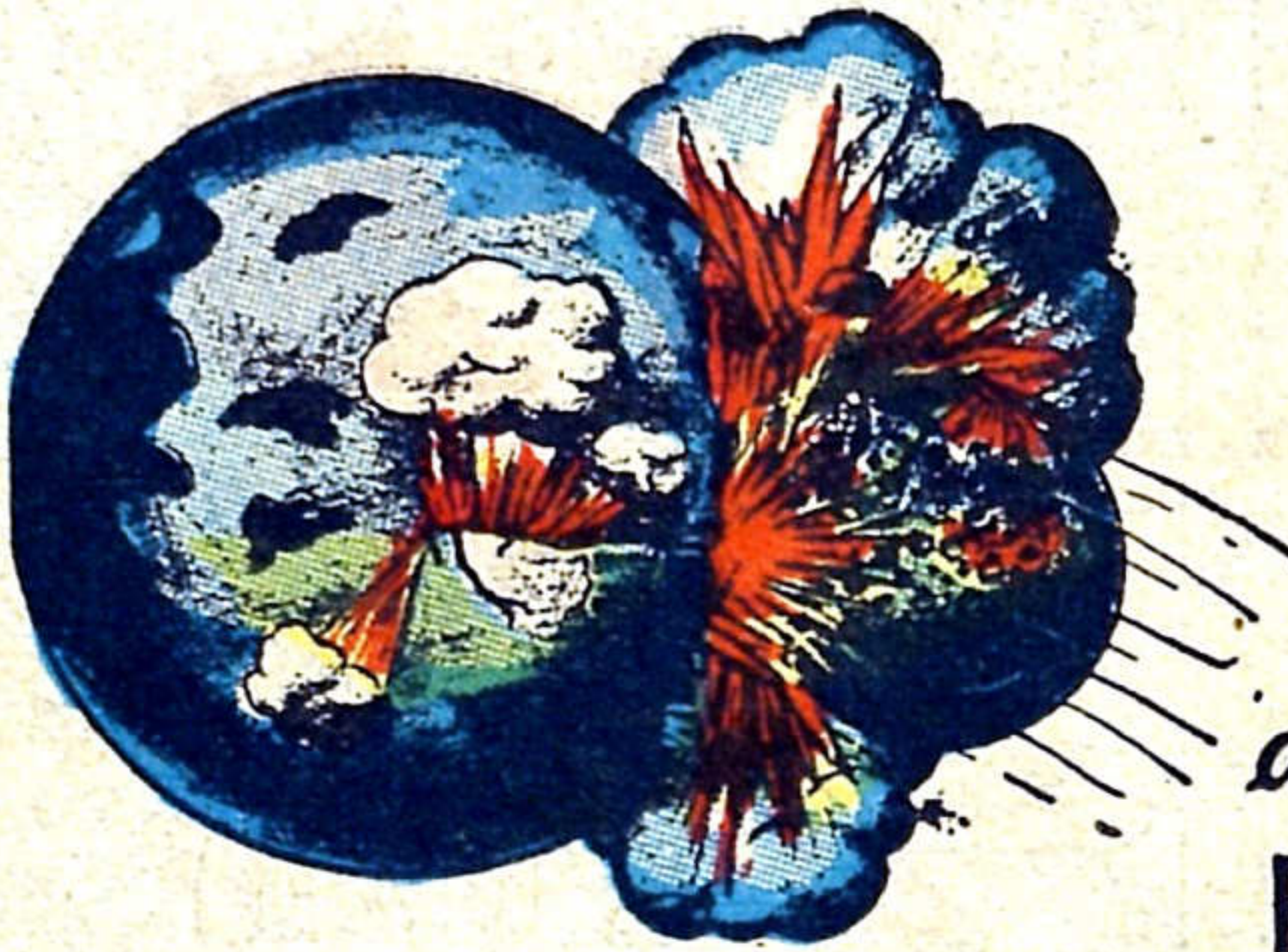
you ever saw!

WORLDS DESTROYED

BEFORE YOUR EYES—

as you look through the

RADIUMSCOPE!



IF YOU want to see a most awe-inspiring sight, view the actual destruction of thousands of worlds by simply looking through the lens of the new RADIUMSCOPE. See RADIUM DISINTEGRATED AND DESTROYED RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. Witness a real atomic bombardment — a never-to-be-forgotten sight! You plainly see radium rays and the discharge and bombardment of the Alpha particles. There is no more remarkable and awe-inspiring spectacle in the whole world than what you can see in this marvelous RADIUMSCOPE.

The RADIUMSCOPE is without a doubt one of the most amazing scientific wonders ever invented. For ages scientists thought that atoms were indestructible. Yet the RADIUMSCOPE shows plainly that radium actually destroys atoms, (atoms are miniature worlds). Look into the RADIUMSCOPE and behold the most astonishing sight. You see a brilliant "night sky", alive with thousands of "stars" and myriads of bright flashes similar to showers of shooting stars. *Every flash is the result of the destruction of one atom of radium.* As each radium atom is destroyed, it creates a Helium gas atom which it shoots out like a bullet at the terrific speed of

10,000 miles a second. These fast-traveling Helium atoms (also called *Alpha rays*) make a vivid flash of light when they strike a zinc sulphite crystal, inside the RADIUMSCOPE. A strong magnifying lens makes these flashes visible and you actually see the never-ending motion of the tiniest particles of matter known to science. The bombardment keeps on going not only for a few days, but for over 1,800 years, never stopping. Thus, the Radium in the RADIUMSCOPE, if preserved, will outlive you and many succeeding generations.



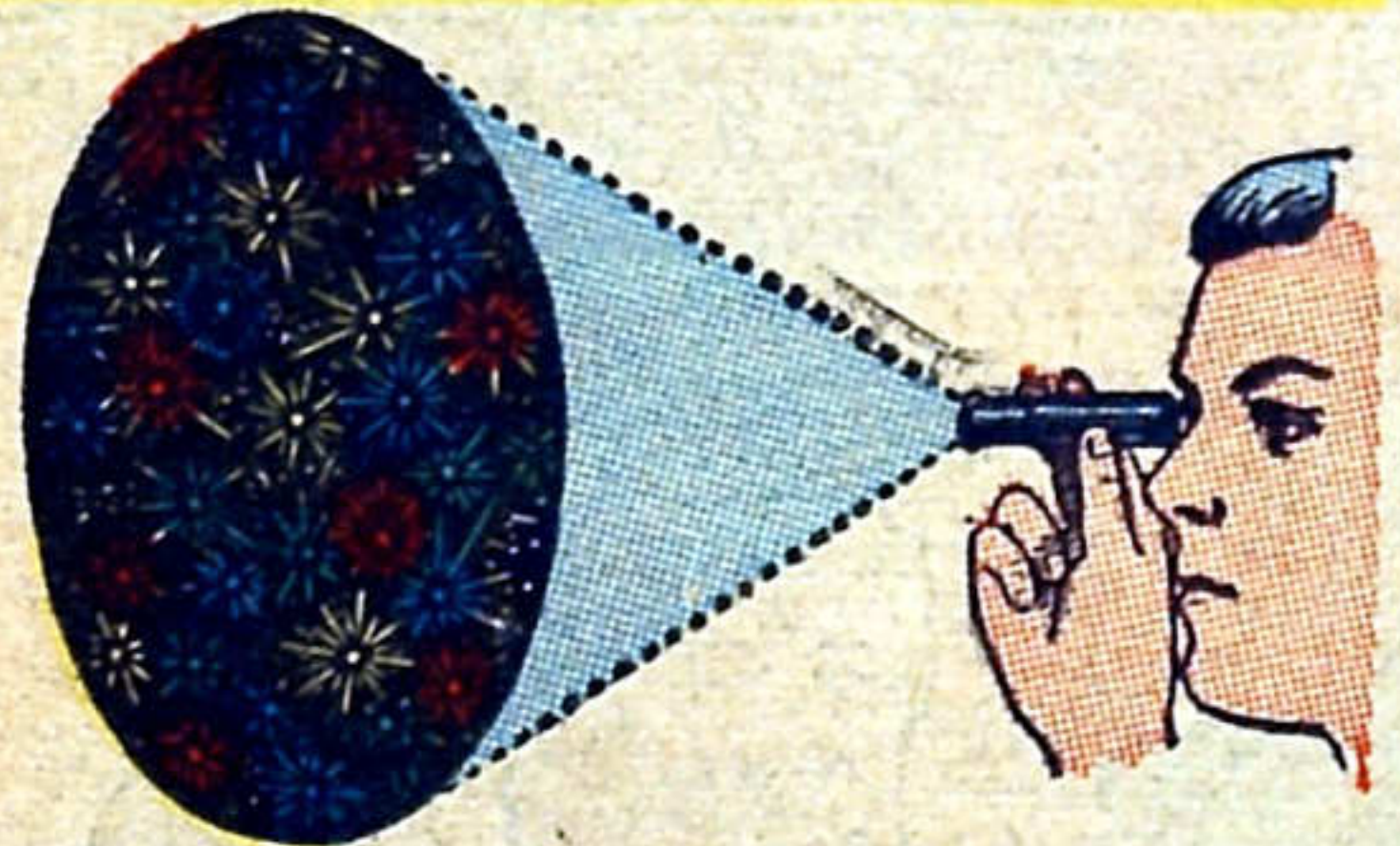
This is how the RADIUMSCOPE looks. Metal, nickel-plated telescope case. Handy and easy to focus to any eyesight. Carry it in your pocket.

Our RADIUMSCOPE actually contains a small quantity of real radium.

There is nothing to replace, nothing extra to buy. The instrument will last indefinitely. It can be adjusted to anyone's eyesight by means of a clever telescopic adjustment.

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Place it on the night table or anywhere else in your room; then when you get up at night you won't bump into furniture in the room.



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114 EAST 32nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please rush to me quickly your new RADIUMSCOPE, as described above.

I enclose 50¢ in coin, money order, or new U. S. stamps.

NAME

(print clearly)

ADDRESS

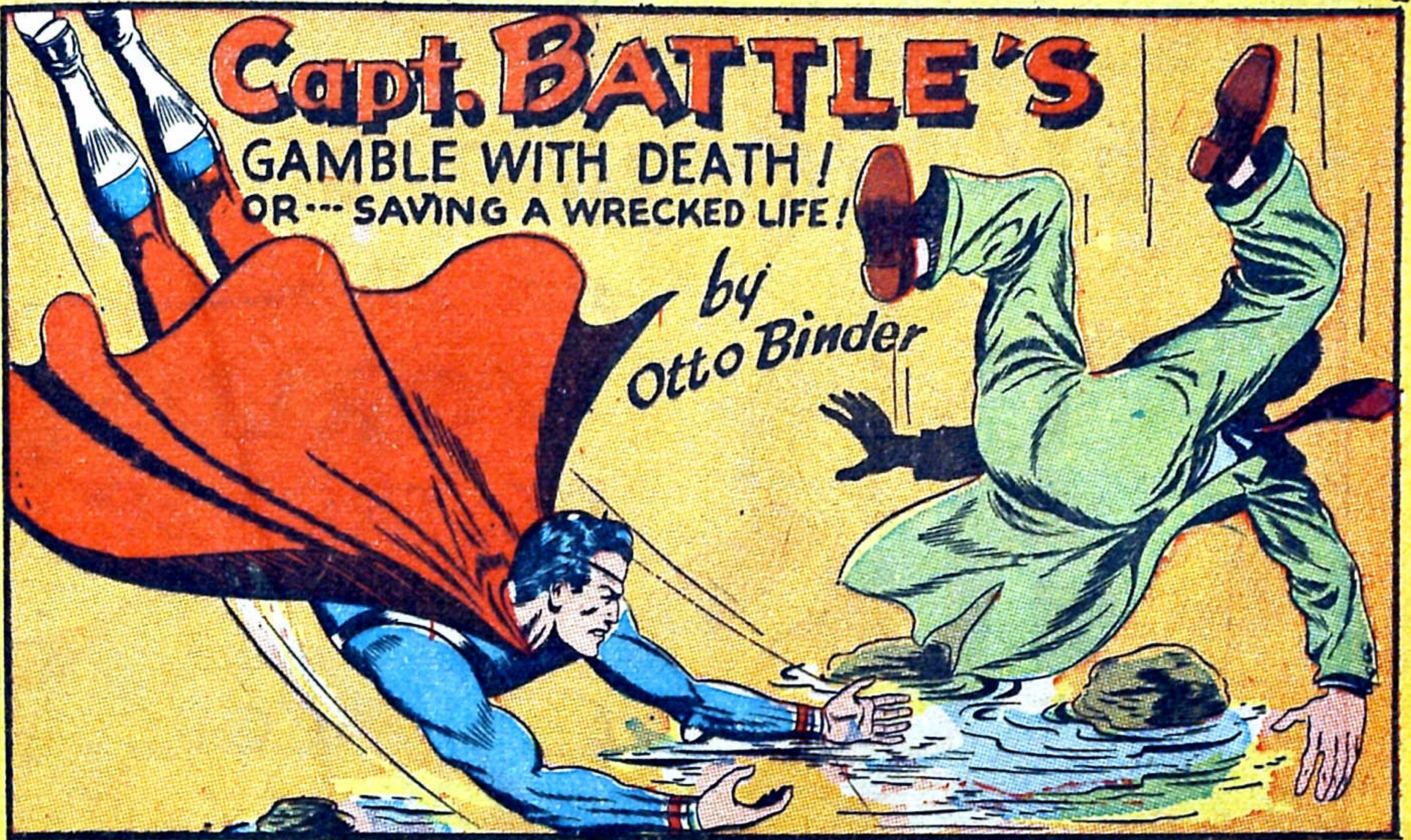
CITY STATE

(For Canada And Foreign Countries Add 5c Extra)

Capt. BATTLE'S

GAMBLE WITH DEATH!
OR... SAVING A WRECKED LIFE!

by
Otto Binder



"Crisp air, isn't it, Hale?" Captain Battle said, drawing the cool evening air into his lungs in great gulps, as they strode briskly down the street. The two ace crime-fighters made a stalwart pair, trim and well-built, as they approached a bridge.

"Sure is," agreed Hale, boyishly trying his best to keep up with the captain's long strides. "Makes you feel good just to be alive!"

But not far ahead, on the bridge, there was one who didn't feel good just to be alive. A young, fine-looking man, he stared broodingly over the rail at the water far below, his lips trembling. Then he gave a deep moan and leaped over . . .

"Look!" yelled Hale, seeing the act. "That man jumped from the bridge! He's committing suicide!"

The body fell rapidly, down toward the dark, swirling waters that would bring death. But suddenly, a comet seemed to blaze out of the sky and dart toward the falling form. It was Captain Battle, his rocket *Luciflyers* belching streamers of fire far behind. He swooped down like an eagle, scooped the falling man in his arms, and zoomed up with him again before he had gotten anywhere near the water. He placed the young man on his feet near Hale.

"Now don't try anything that foolish again," Captain Battle said sternly to the bewildered man. "Taking your own life is a cowardly thing, and it never solves anything."

The young man stared at his rescuer stunned, still unable to believe that he was back on the bridge and not in the water. Then he hung his head. "I know, I know!" he muttered brokenly. "But it was the only way out of my trouble!"

"What trouble?" the captain queried gently. "I might be able to help you—one never knows."

"This is Captain Battle," Hale put in, by way of introduction.

"Captain Battle!" The young man was startled, but then bit his lips as though to keep his trouble to himself. Quite suddenly, however, taking another look at the strong, trustworthy face of the famous crime-buster, he blurted it out.

"I'm Richard Blaine, son of the millionaire," he explained. "Foolishly, I began gambling a few weeks ago and kept losing heavily. Tonight, I lost \$20,000. The only way I could raise it would be to forge my father's name. Rather than do that, I decided to . . ."

He pointed to the river.

"Forget that," admonished Captain Battle. "Where did you lose the money?"

"At a professional gambling den, run by a man called The Shark. He threatened to have me killed if I didn't raise the money in 24 hours. But what'll I do? I can't face my father, and I can't pay the debt . . ."

"You'll pay the debt," Captain Battle promised, after a moment of thought. He added grimly—"with interest!"

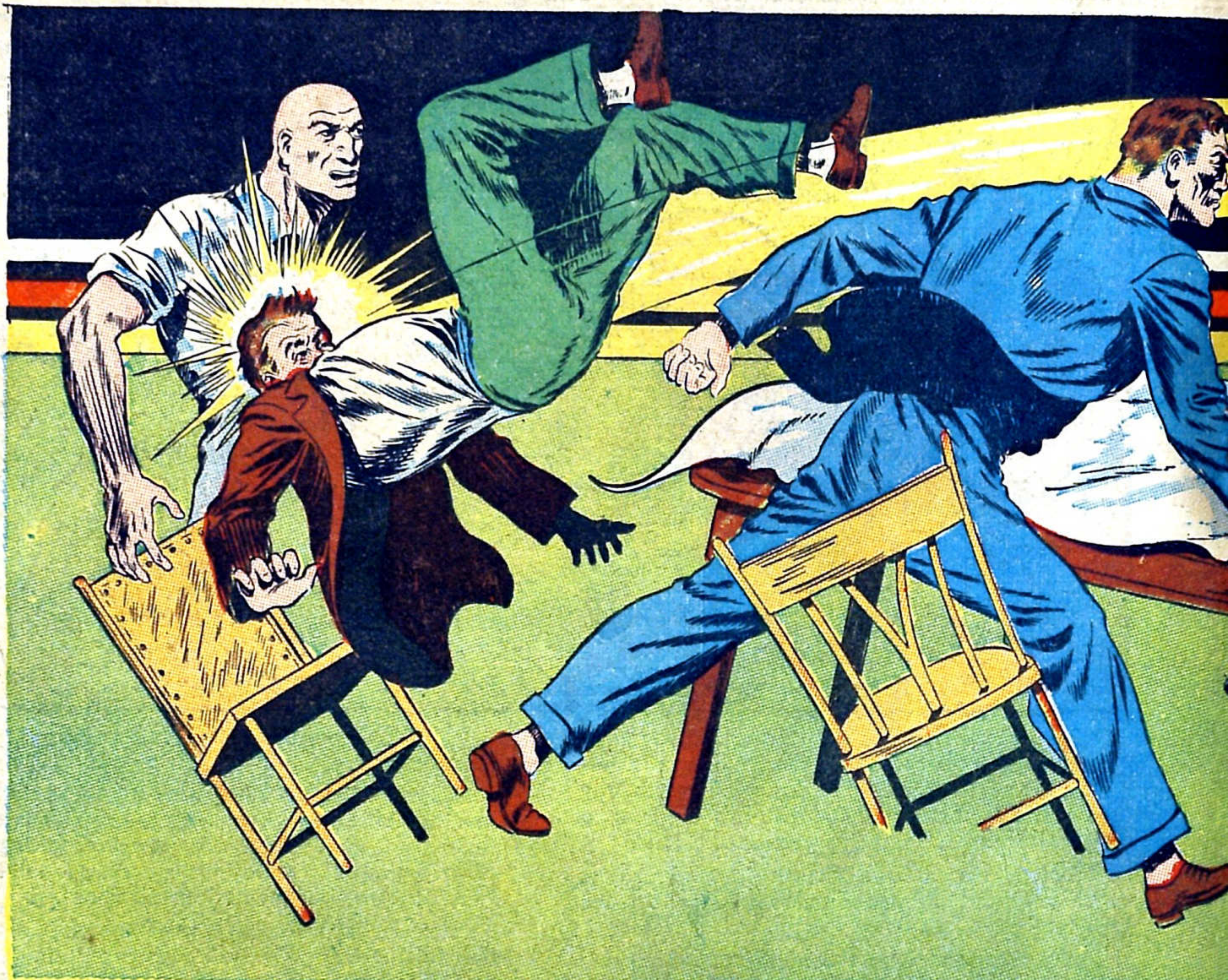
Later, at his gambling den, The Shark looked up at the two visitors one of his men brought in. The Shark was brutal-faced, with thin lips and greasy black hair. His sinister eyes took in the man and boy, and then he smiled crookedly.

"Well, if it isn't Richard Blaine, back again!" he greeted. "Ya got the \$20,000 ya owe me?"

"No." Richard Blaine shook his head. "I don't know where I can get it. You see . . ."

"Pay up or else!" The Shark threatened.

"I have a proposition," Richard stammered. "I'll play you another game—double or nothing!"



"Forty thousand dollars if you lose—hmmmm!" mused the gambler. "Okay, that's a sporting proposition. But I warn ya, Blaine—if ya lose and don't pay off, ya won't live to tell the tale! By the way, who's the brat with you?"

"Just my kid brother," Richard shrugged. He's deaf, so he can't hear anything that goes on."

The Shark's thugs gathered around in tense silence as the cards were dealt — by the snaky fingers of The Shark himself. Richard picked up his five cards with shaky hands. He held an ace and four worthless cards.

"Four cards," Richard breathed, wetting his dry lips.

"I'm taking four myself," said the Shark, dealing the cards

Richard pulled up the corners of his cards, one by one, breathlessly. He discovered another ace, that was all. Well, maybe it would win.

"A pair of aces," he stated, putting down his hand.

"You lose!" sneered the Shark, laying down three jacks, one after another. "You owe me \$40,000, chump!"

Richard stared and then suddenly shot out an accusing finger.

"I owe you nothing!" he cried. "I saw you deal yourself cards off the bottom of the deck—you cheat! And that's how you ran me into debt before. So I win—with a pair of aces!"

The thugs stiffened, as The Shark's face grew dark with rage. He whipped out a gun.

"You lose!" he snapped. "This gun says so!"

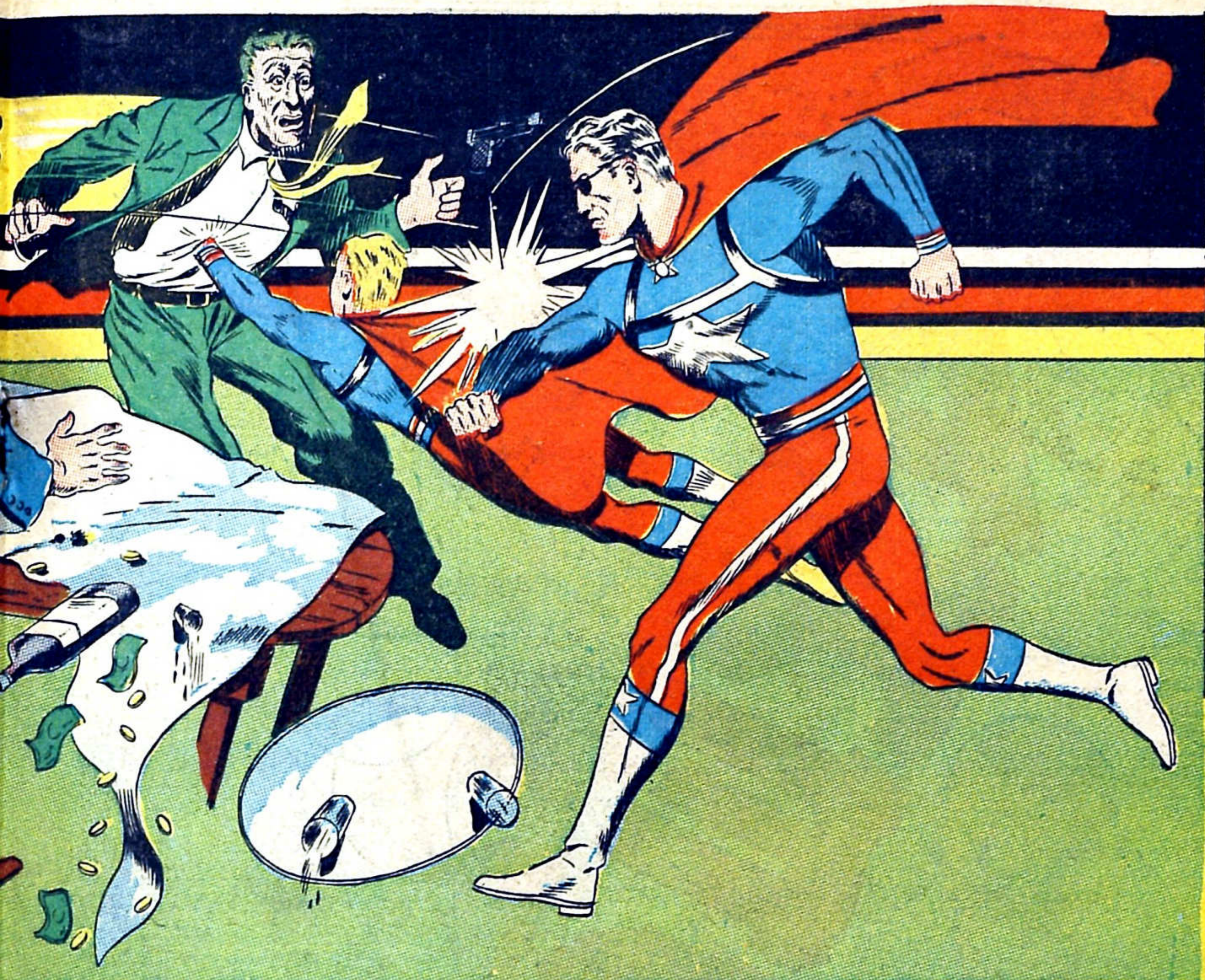
"YOU lose!" the young man contradicted evenly.

And then, before their amazed eyes, he ran a hand over his face, wiping away a smear of greasepaint. At the same time he whipped aside his civilian clothes, revealing a well-known costume of red, white and blue! And the "deaf" boy who had come with him was suddenly beside him, also in a colorful costume!

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"Captain Battle says so!" finished the revealed figure, as he and Hale, the ace crime-busters of the age, stood before the dumbfounded gang.

"I disguised myself as Richard Blaine and took his place," Captain Battle went on steadily, "to see what sort of rotten way he'd been taken in. This racket is illegal. Now I'd advise you to quietly accompany me to the police station . . ."

"Oh yeah, wise guy?" At the same moment The Shark spoke, he fired his gun. A bullet moves too fast for the eye to see. The same could be said of Captain Battle — except that he moved faster! The Shark gasped in disbelief at the blurr that Captain Battle suddenly became.

Then a hand touched The Shark's shoulder, in back.

"Pardon me, I'll take that gun!" said a grim voice, and a hand snatched the weapon away. The Shark turned clumsily, swinging his fists at the costumed figure who had appeared so miraculously back of him.

"Stand and fight like a man!" The Shark raged.

"Okay," agreed Captain Battle, as the gambler's fist struck his chin with all the power he could

command—with as much effect as if the fist had struck a stone statue.

"My turn!" grinned Captain Battle, driving out his arm like a sledge-hammer. The Shark thudded against the far wall and slumped to the floor, his eyes glassy.

All this had taken only seconds. Now the gangsters recovered from surprise and whipped their guns out to mow down the costumed crime-fighter.

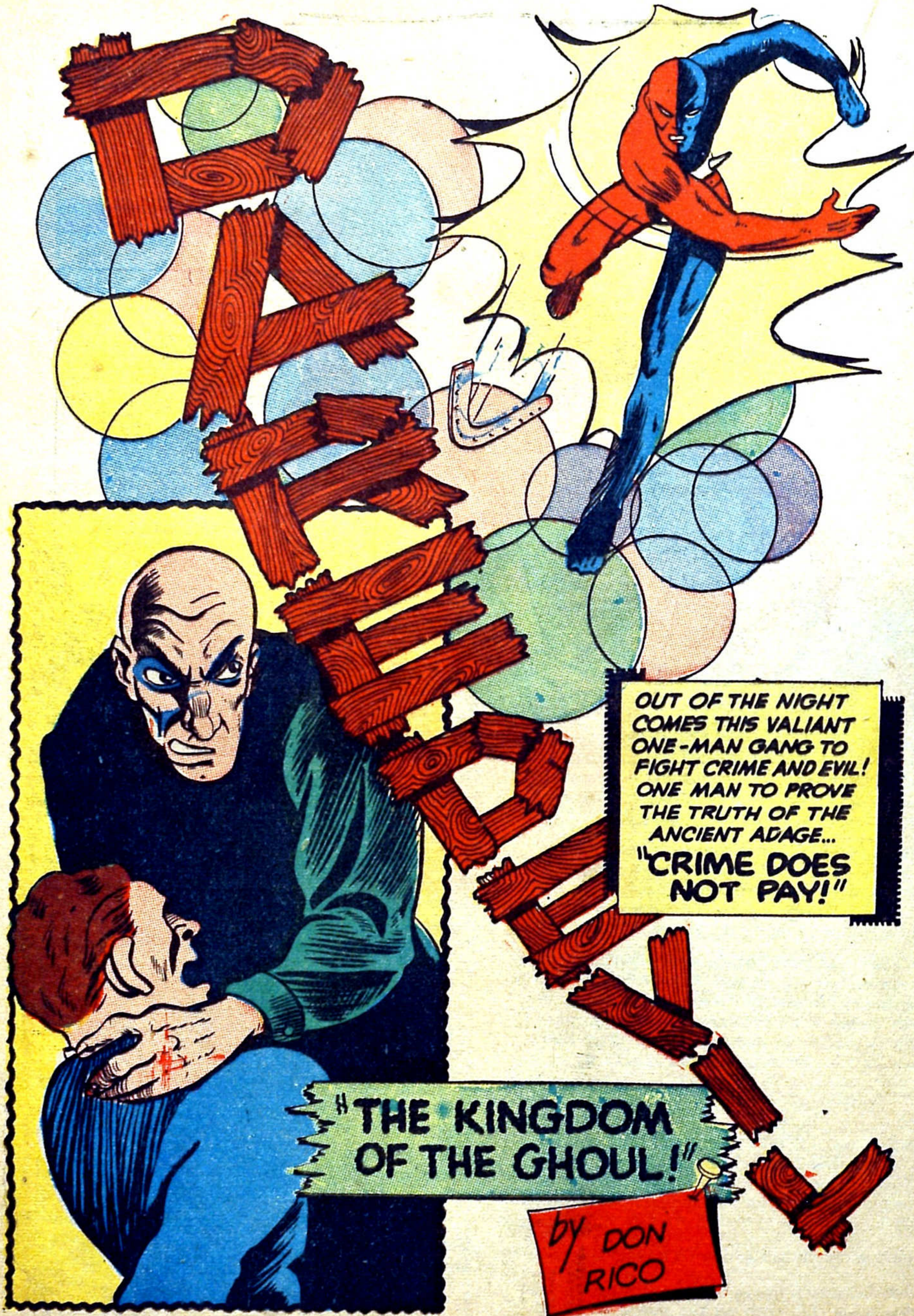
"Forgotten me, boys?" chortled a boyish voice, and a flying form hurtled among them feet-first, knocking their guns away. Cursing, they all swung on Hale at once, thinking him easy pickings. Hale ducked their blows, and then rammed his head up against one chin, his fist against another, and his elbow against a third. Three thugs sank to the floor with scarcely a grunt.

The two remaining thugs threw up their hands in surrender, cowering in a corner.

"You win! You win!" they yelped.

"Right, with a pair of aces!" grinned Captain Battle, throwing his arm across Hale's shoulder and surveying the wreckage of the gambling den.

[THE END]



OUT OF THE NIGHT
COMES THIS VALIANT
ONE-MAN GANG TO
FIGHT CRIME AND EVIL!
ONE MAN TO PROVE
THE TRUTH OF THE
ANCIENT ADAGE...
"CRIME DOES
NOT PAY!"

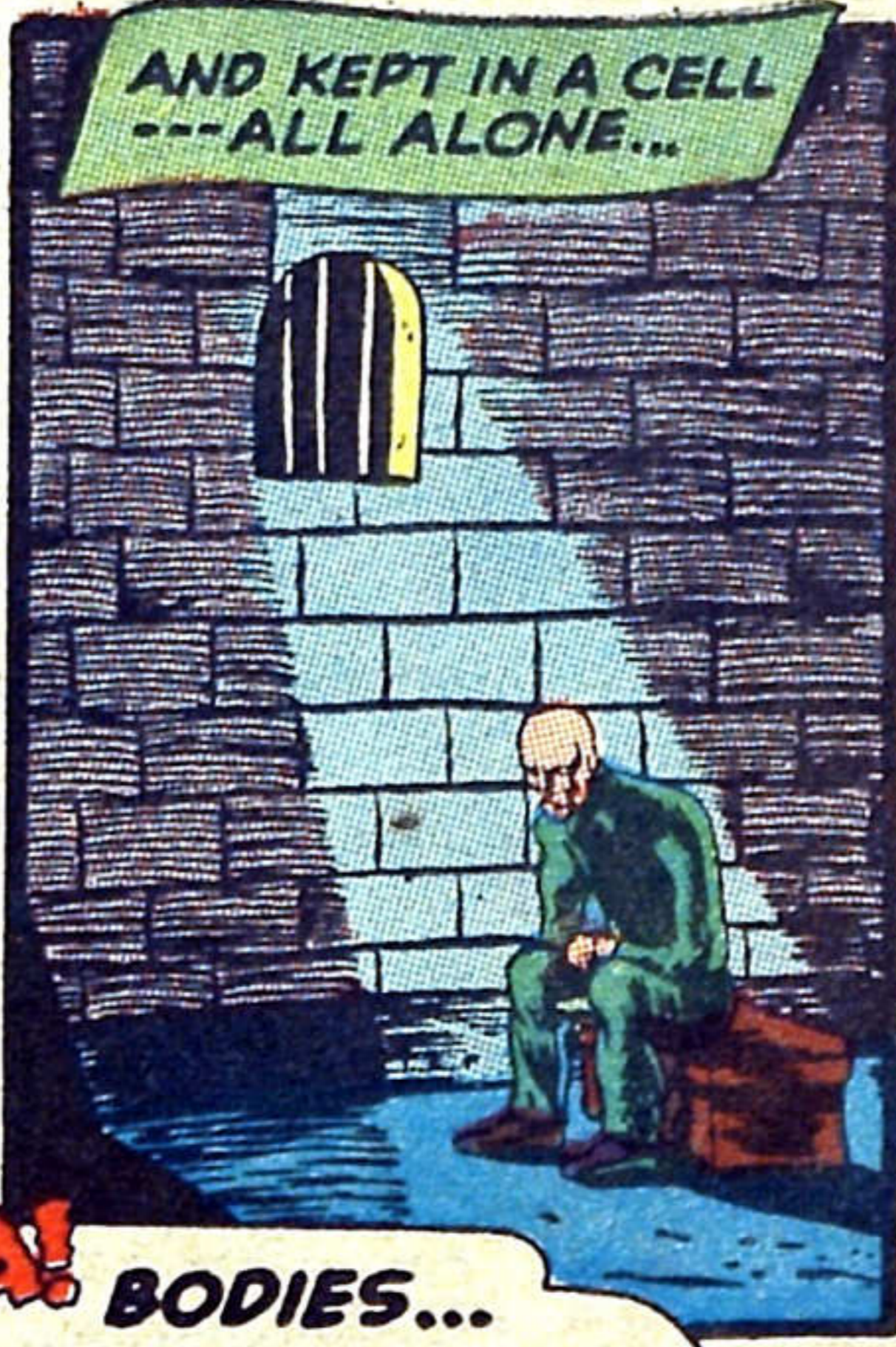
**"THE KINGDOM
OF THE GHOUL!"**

by DON
RICO

BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE STATE ASYLUM OF THE HOPELESSLY INSANE...



AND KEPT IN A CELL --- ALL ALONE...



THE MOST DANGEROUS MADMAN OF ALL TIME... THE GHOUL!



AHA! BODIES... HUNDREDS OF BODIES FOR MY EXPERIMENTS TO RESTORE LIFE!!



TO LEARN THIS MAN'S HISTORY... LET US GO BACK A FEW YEARS TO A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD!



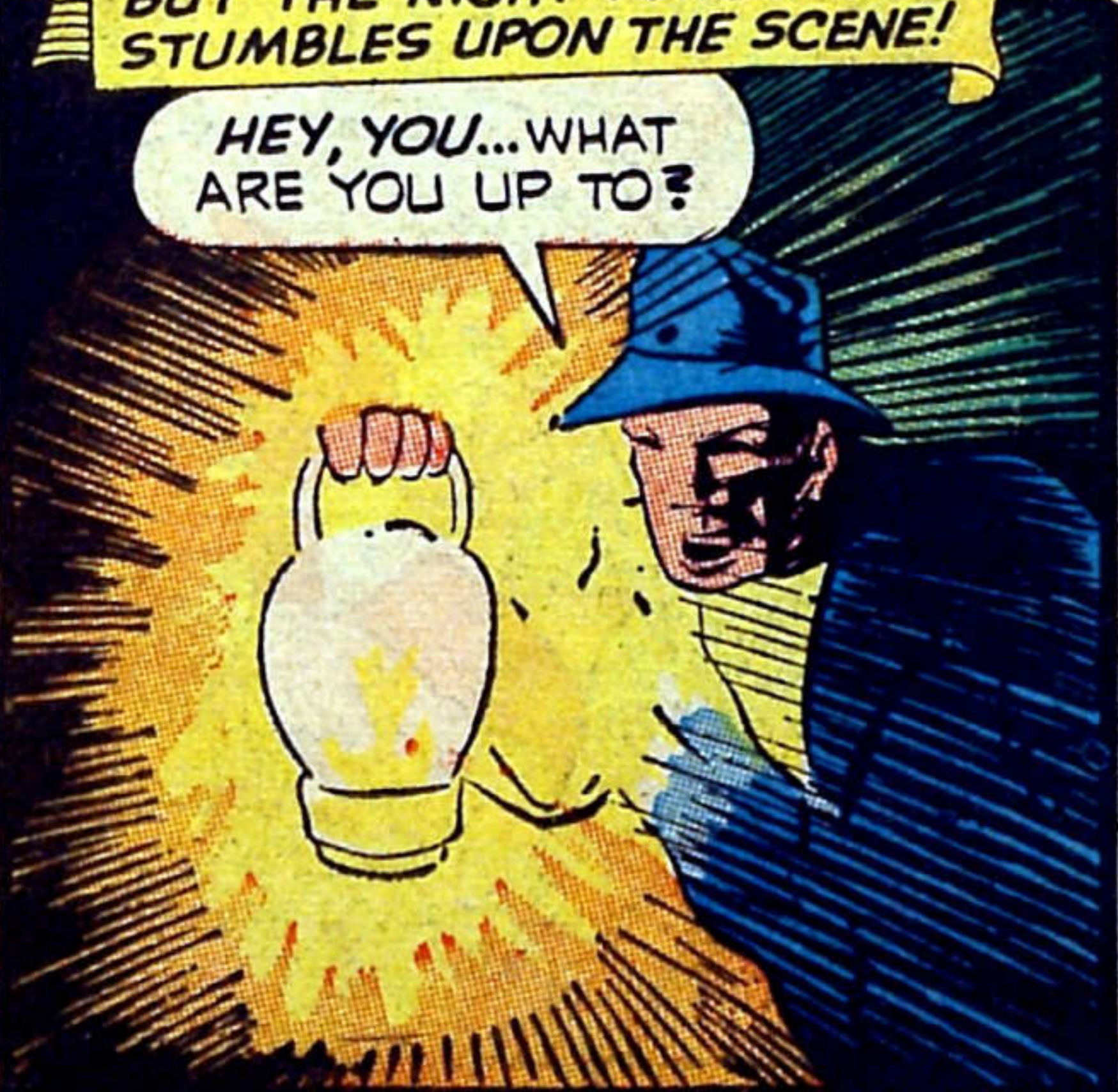
ONLY THE LIGHT OF THE COLD MOON LOOKS DOWN ON HIS MACABRE LABORS!

SOON THE WHOLE WORLD WILL ACCLAIM ME!



BUT THE NIGHT WATCHMAN STUMBLES UPON THE SCENE!

HEY, YOU... WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



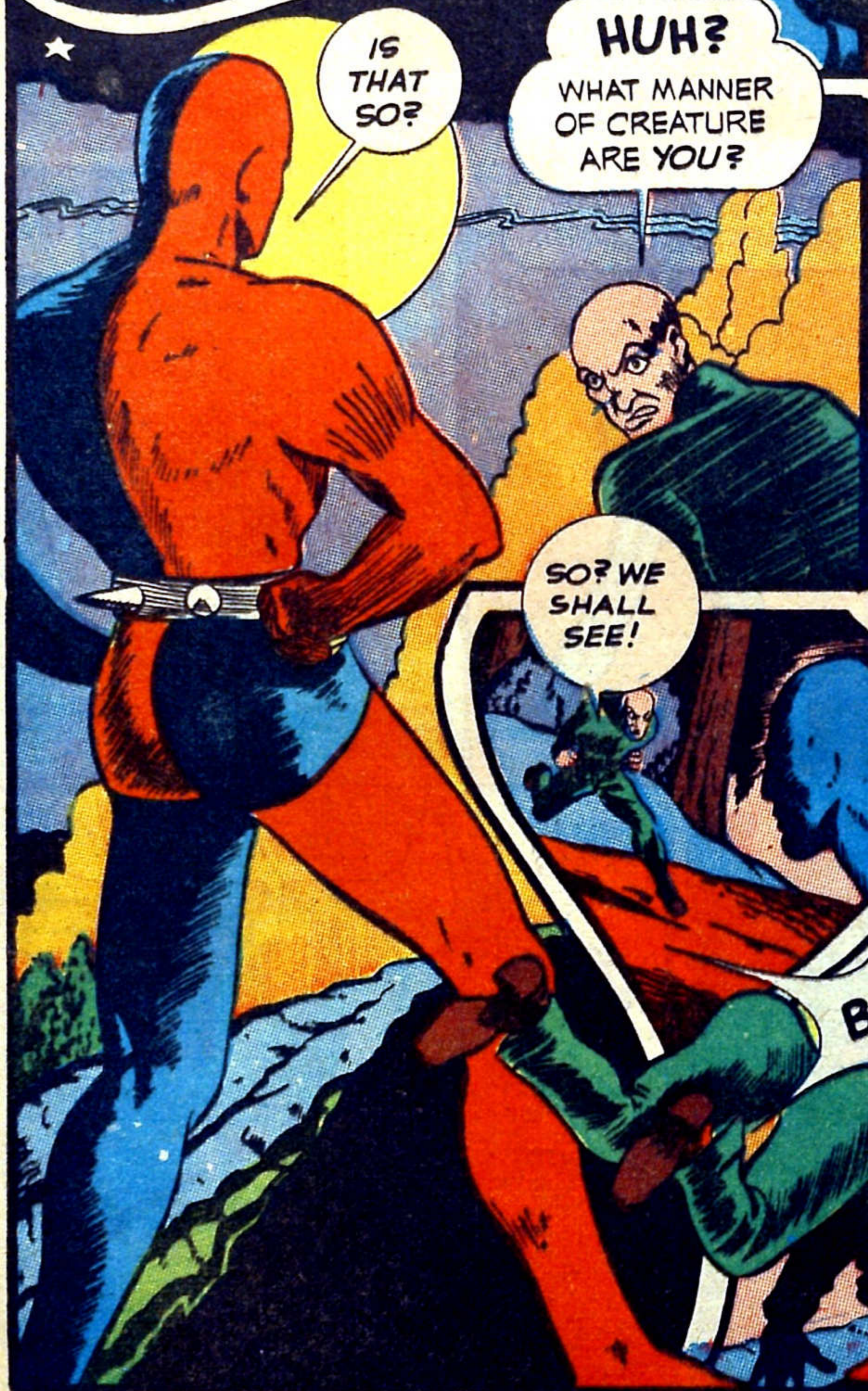
OH!

GO JOIN YOUR SILENT FRIENDS!





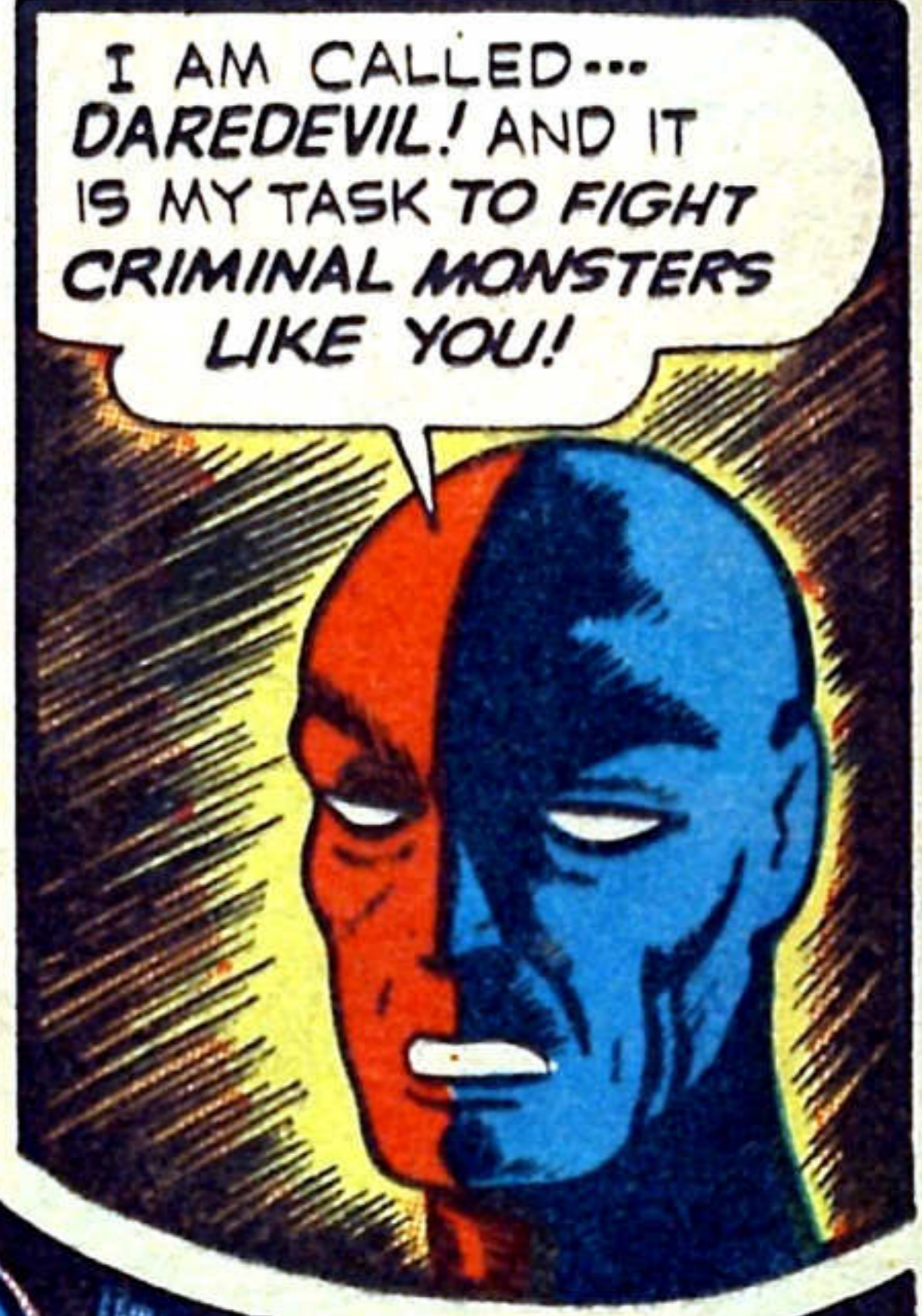
AH... HE'S DEAD... GOOD!! HE SHALL BE THE FIRST OF MY EXPERIMENTS! NOTHING SHALL STOP ME... NOTHING!



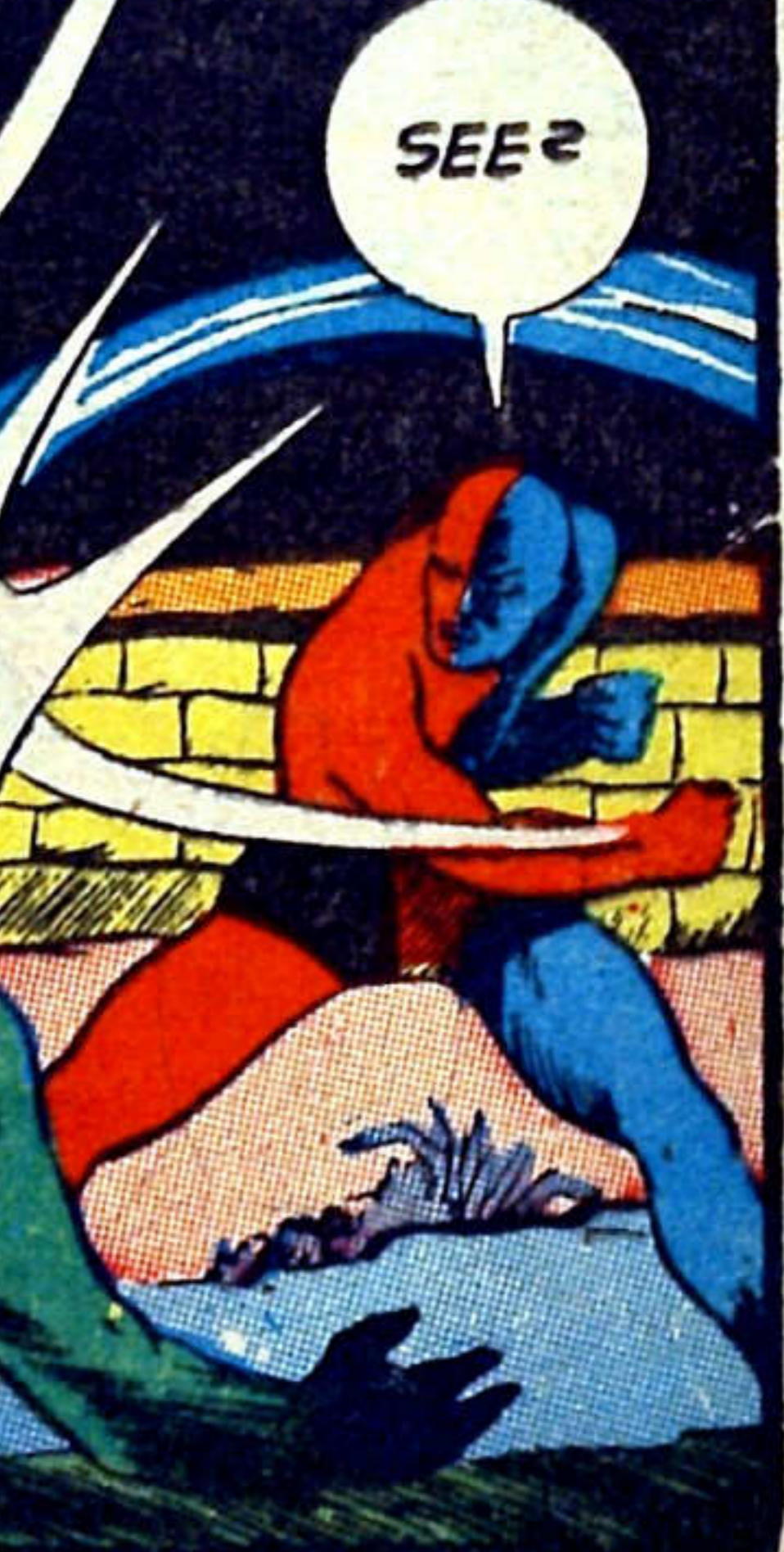
IS THAT SO?

HUH?
WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ARE YOU?

SO? WE SHALL SEE!

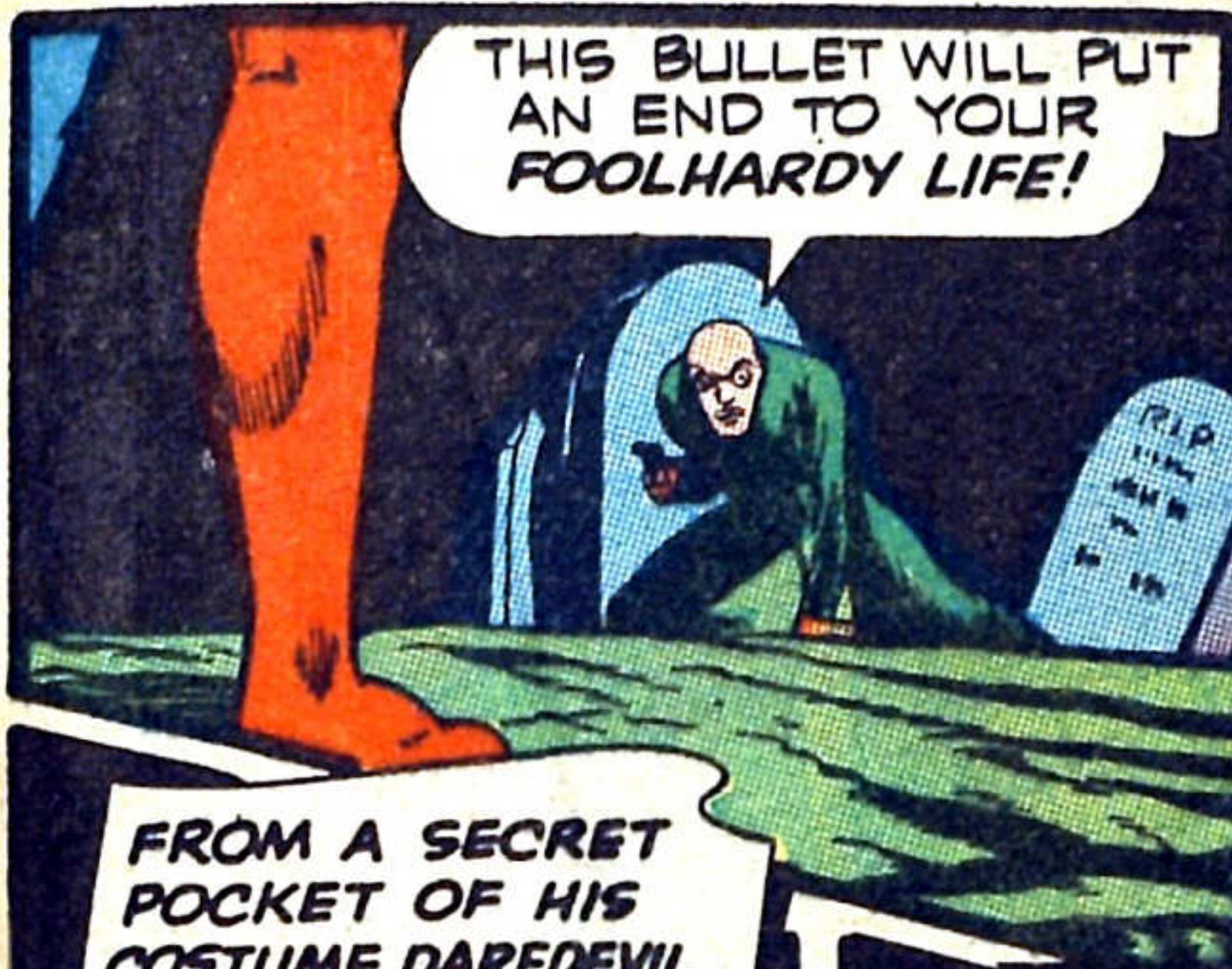


I AM CALLED... DAREDEVIL! AND IT IS MY TASK TO FIGHT CRIMINAL MONSTERS LIKE YOU!



SEE?

BOP!



THIS BULLET WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR FOOLHARDY LIFE!

BUT AS THE GHOUL FIRES, DAREDEVIL TEARS BEHIND A TOMBSTONE WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND...

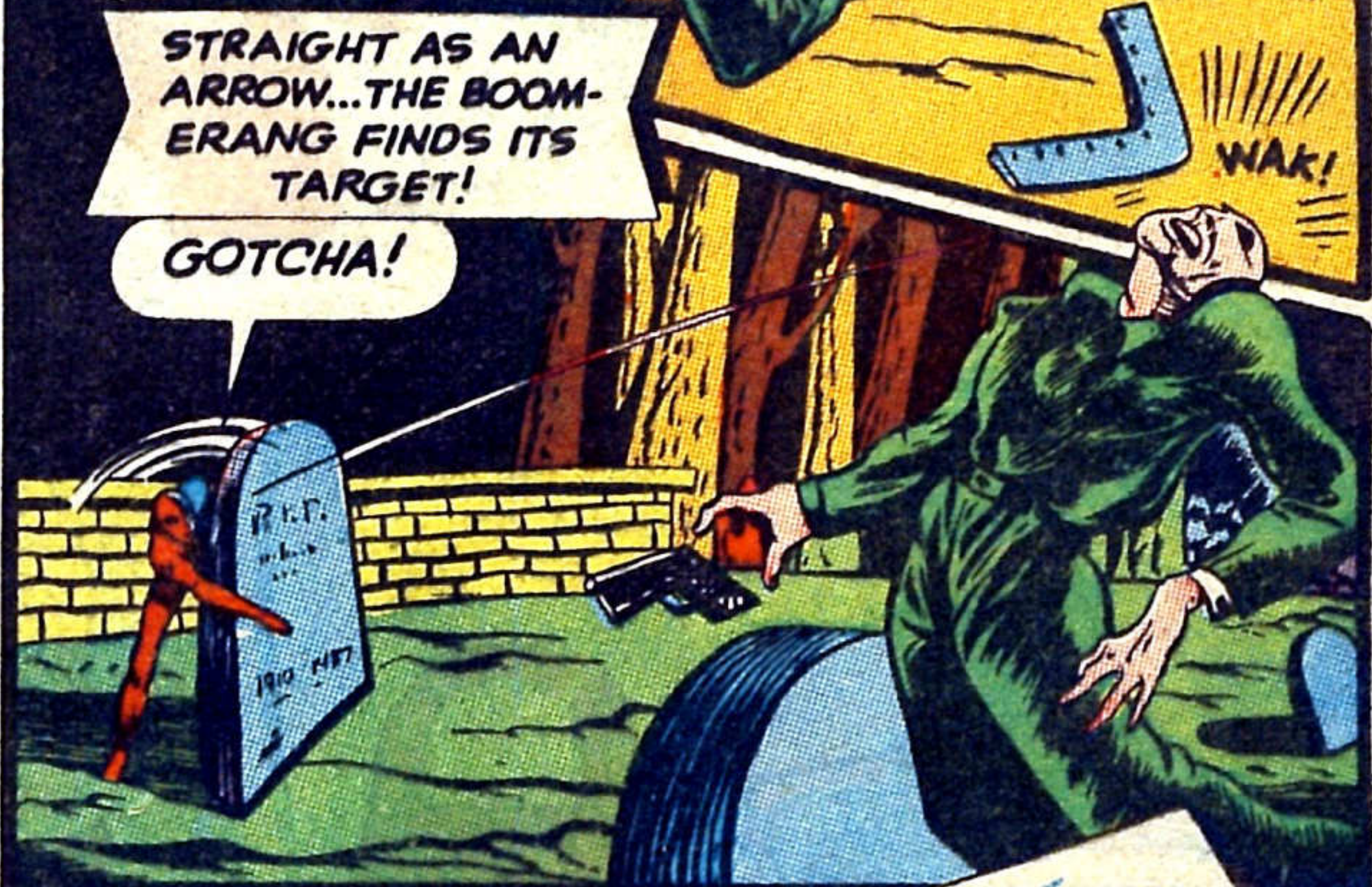


STAY STILL, YOU EEL!

AW... I DON'T WANNA!



FROM A SECRET POCKET OF HIS COSTUME, DAREDEVIL DRAWS OUT HIS DREADED WEAPON-- THE BOOMERANG!



STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW... THE BOOMERANG FINDS ITS TARGET!

GOTCHA!

THIS POOR FOOL BELONGS IN AN ASYLUM... AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT HE GETS THERE!



The NEXT MORNING, AT THE STATE ASYLUM...

LOOK... A MAN! TIED UP!

AND A NOTE!

This man is dangerously insane! Please do the best you can for him... Daredevil

BOY! THAT GUY DAREDEVIL SURE DOES GET AROUND!



AND THAT IS THE STORY OF HOW THE GHOUL WAS SENT TO THE ASYLUM... WE SKIP A FEW YEARS NOW, AND GO TO THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF BART HILL, PLAYBOY... WHERE HE IS SPENDING THE WEEK-END WITH HIS FIANCEE, TONIA SAUNDERS!

AH! THIS IS THE LIFE... NO MORE CROOK-CHASING FOR ME! FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!

YEAH? I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE!

BUT AS SOON AS THERE'S NEWS OF SOME CRIMINAL AT LARGE, YOUR EARS GO UP LIKE AN OLD FIRE HORSE'S AT THE SOUND OF A THREE-ALARM FIRE! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, DAREDEVIL!

TONIA! LISTEN...

ATTENTION, PLEASE! THE GHOUL HAS ESCAPED! THIS DANGEROUS LUNATIC, WHO VOWED VENGEANCE ON DAREDEVIL... MADE HIS GETAWAY FROM THE ASYLUM AN HOUR AGO!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? MY OLD SPARRING PARTNER IS LOOSE!

OH, BART! THAT MEANS HE'S OUT TO GET YOU!

LISTEN, DARLING-- LOCK YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, BART-- BUT BE CAREFUL, PLEASE!

BART RUSHES TO HIS ROOM-- THERE IT IS-- THE DAREDEVIL RIG!

UP GOES THE ZIPPER...

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

NOTE

IN RESPONSE TO MANY REQUESTS.. WE SHOW YOU HOW DAREDEVIL PUTS ON HIS COSTUME...

...THEN THE RUBBER MASK...



AND FINALLY THE SPEAR-POINTED STEEL BELT!



AND WE'RE OFF TO THE WARS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, RUSHING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE... AS SLEEK AND SWIFT AS A TIGER STALKING ITS PREY... THE GREATEST CRIME-BUSTER OF MODERN TIMES--

BUT THE GHOUL HAS PLANS OF HIS OWN!

THERE HE GOES! HE GOT AWAY FROM ME-- BUT HE LEFT SOMEONE BEHIND!

DAREDEVIL!

IT'S HIM OR ME THIS TIME!



GOOD EVENING, MY DEAR!



OH!

COME! I NEED YOU TO CONDUCT A LITTLE UNFINISHED EXPERIMENT!

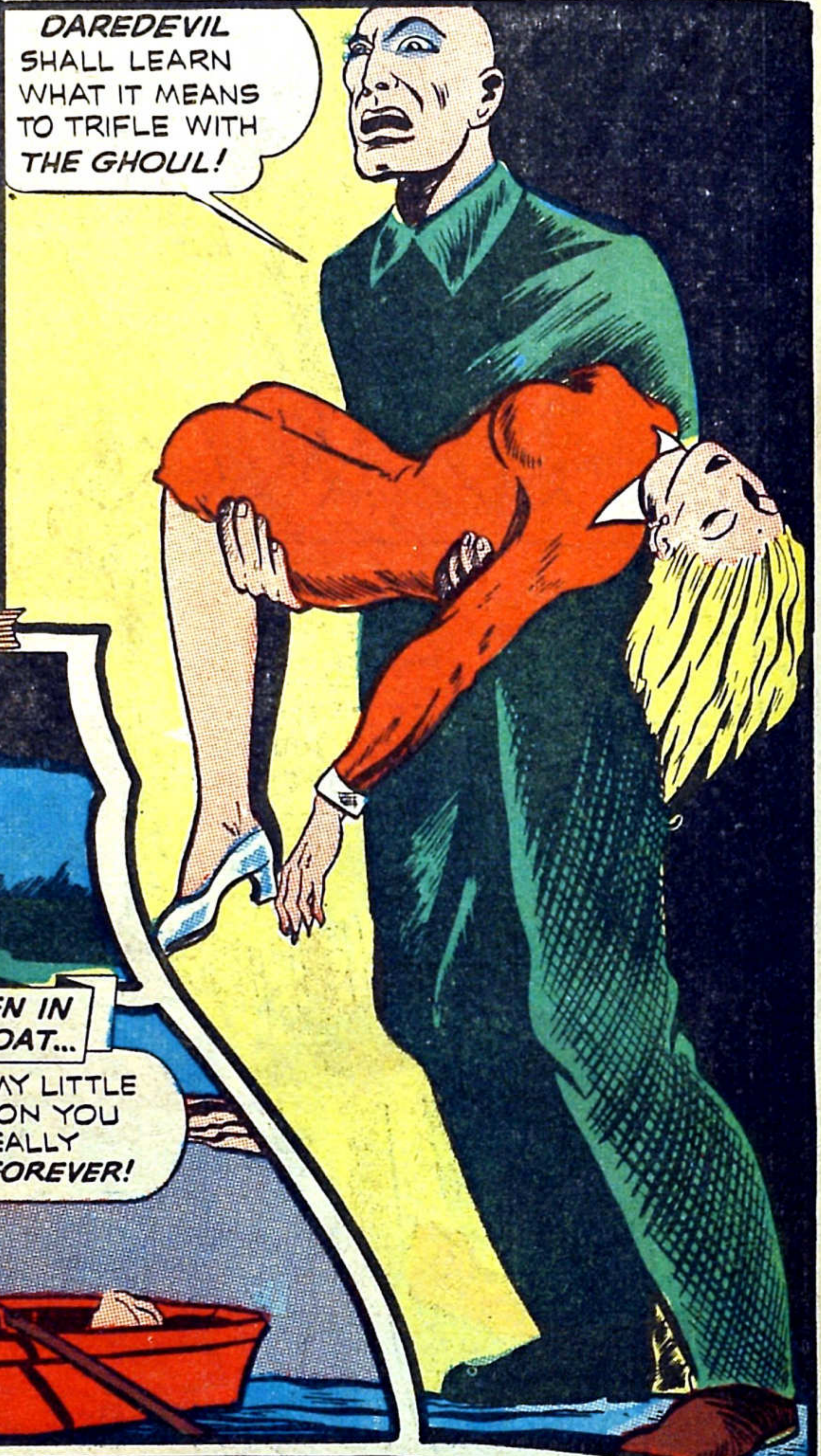
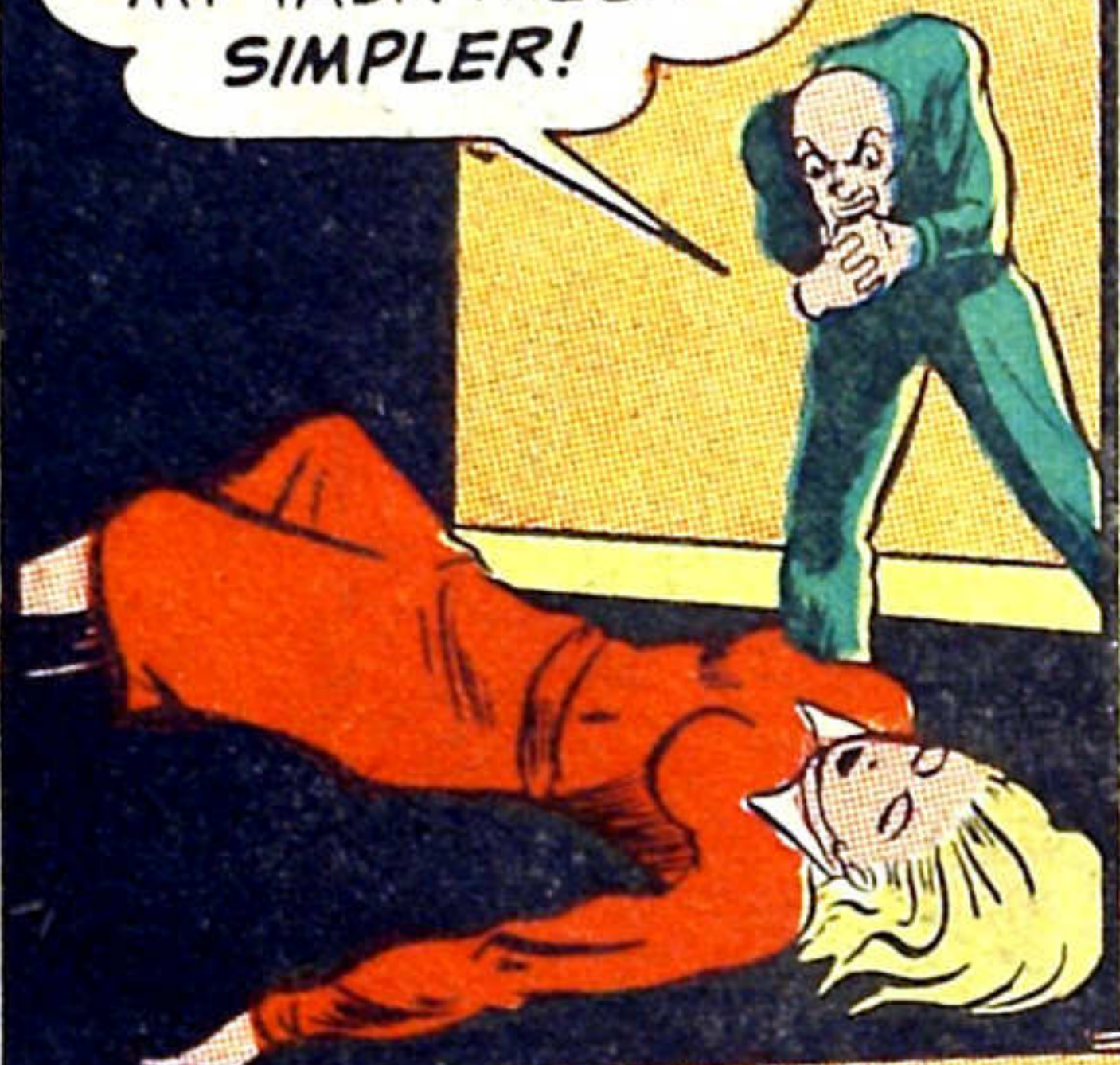
NO... NO!



CHILLED WITH HORROR,
TONIA FAINTS!

AHH! THIS MAKES
MY TASK MUCH
SIMPLER!

DAREDEVIL
SHALL LEARN
WHAT IT MEANS
TO TRIFLE WITH
THE GHOUL!



ACROSS THE MEADOWS...



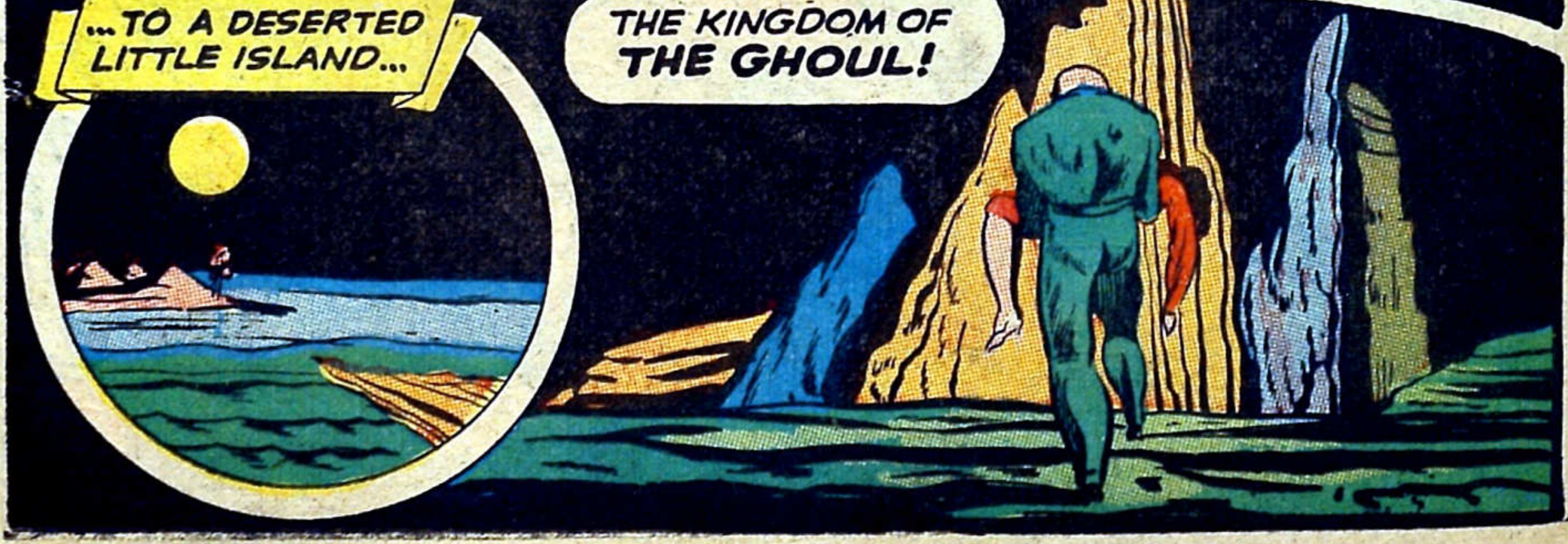
...AND THEN IN
A ROWBOAT...

REST... MY LITTLE
ONE! SOON YOU
SHALL REALLY
SLEEP... FOREVER!



...TO A DESERTED
LITTLE ISLAND...

THE KINGDOM OF
THE GHOUL!



THE GHOUL
TAKES TONIA
DEEP INTO A
CAVERN!

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, DAREDEVIL
REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

TONIA!
HE'S TAKEN
HER AWAY!!

TRAINED IN WOOD-LORE, HE
QUICKLY PICKS UP THE TRAIL
OF THE LUNATIC!

HE'S TAKEN HER
TO THE HAUNTED
LAKE!

--AND HERE'S
WHERE HE PUT
HER IN A
BOAT!

I MUST NOT
BE TOO LATE!
I MUST NOT!

HEH-HEH! YOU
SHOULD FEEL
HONORED! DON'T
WORRY--I WILL
RESTORE YOU
TO LIFE!

HOLD
EVERYTHING,
CHUM!

DARE-
DEVIL--
YOU!

HELP!

AT
LAST!

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOU!

AW... YOU DON'T WIN A CIGAR!

NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

OW!

CRACK!

WARNING

BUT THEN--I NEVER WORRY WHILE YOU'RE AROUND!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DEAR?

OH, BART! IT WAS AWFUL!

All YOU READERS WHO LIKE CHILLS and THRILLS... DON'T MISS DAREDEVIL'S NEXT ACTION ADVENTURE...

The "PURPLE SWORD!"

P THE MEN ON PATROL

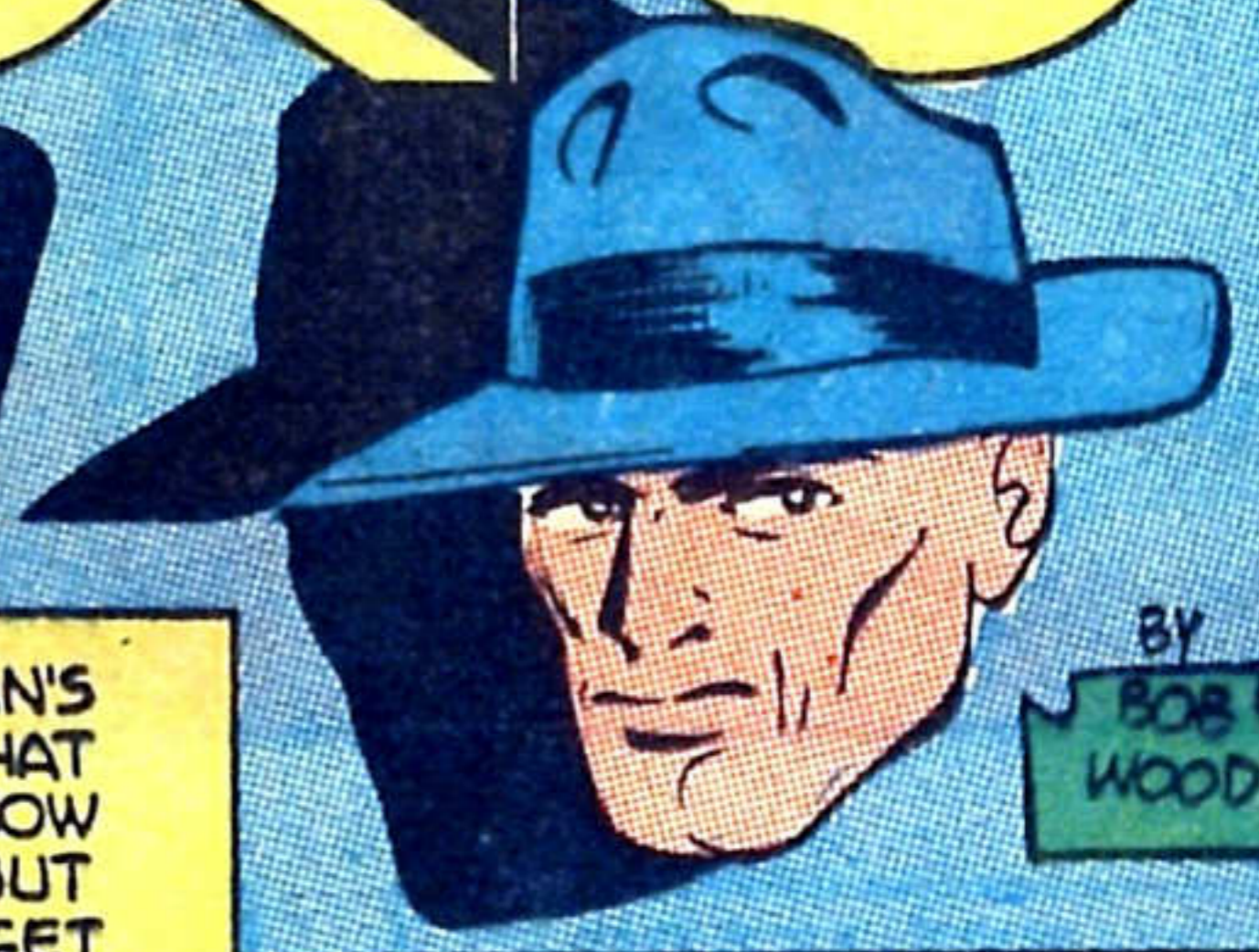
D.B. COVE



PRESTO

Martin

QUICK CHANGE DETECTIVE



BY BOB WOOD

TIME AND AGAIN "PRESTO" MARTIN, CAPTAIN OF MANHATTAN'S DETECTIVES HAS THWARTED THE SINISTER SCHEMES OF THAT EVIL HORDE THAT THREATENS OUR METROPOLIS...AND NOW HE HAS EMBARKED UPON A WELL EARNED VACATION. BUT WE WONDER, KNOWING PRESTO AS WE DO, IF HE WON'T GET MIXED UP IN SOME AFFAIR WHILE ON HIS TRIP!

OUR TALE OPENS IN THE OFFICES OF PARAGOLD FILM STUDIOS IN HOLLYWOOD.

IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! DOESN'T THE AMERICAN PUBLIC HAVE ANY NEW IDEAS?



WE'VE GOT TO FIND A TITLE FOR MISS HATCHETT BY TONIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO ANNOUNCE IT TOMORROW!

BUT MR. GOLDBYN, WE'RE DOING OUR BEST!

WE CAN'T HELP IT IF NO ONE HAS SENT IN ANY GOOD IDEAS!

HERE'S ONE... "THE WALLOP GIRL"!



YIPPEE! I GOT IT! THE WINNER! IT'S A WOW! IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S..IT'S..IT'S...



Peoria, Tenn.
Nov. 13, 1941

Dear contest editors—
my suggestion for a
title for Rose Batchett
yer movie queen
is — ? ? ? ? —
GLITTER GIRL
hoping i wins at
least 20 honorabal
menshun.
i is yers trooly
Amos A. Hoburn

OUR SCENE NOW SHIFTS TO PEORIA, TENNESSEE, A QUIET LITTLE MOUNTAIN TOWN ONE WEEK LATER....

GORSH! A LETTER FER ME... AND FROM HOLLYWOOD! GEE, MAYBE I GOT HONORABLE MENSHUN AFTER ALL!



NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE NATION BLARE FORTH IN SHRIEKING HEADLINES-AT LAST AMERICA'S QUEEN OF OOMPH HAS A TITLE-

AND SO HAVING HAD ITS "IT GIRL" AND "OOMPH GIRL," AMERICA NOW HAS ITS "GLITTER GIRL"

IT IS NOT MANY DAYS WHEN WE FIND AMOS HOKUM EMBARKING FOR HOLLYWOOD WHERE HE IS TO BE PRESENTED WITH THE \$100,000 AND HOSTED BY HOLLYWOOD'S ELITE...

BOSTON NEWS 24

ROSE MARIE HATCHETT ACCLAIMED "GLITTER GIRL" HILLBILLY WINS \$100,000 PRIZE

AMOS HOKUM OF PEORIA, TENN. WINS GRAND PRIZE



AMOS HOKUM



COULD IT BE COINCIDENCE THAT AS AMOS HOKUM IS APPROACHING CHICAGO ON HIS TRIP WESTWARD TWO SINISTER MINDS DISCUSS THE PRIZE WINNER?



A TRAIN ARRIVES IN CHICAGO AND NOW WHOM DO WE MEET...NONE OTHER THAN PRESTO MARTIN...ALL SET FOR THE SECOND LAP OF HIS VACATION TO HOLLYWOOD..



I'LL DROP IN AND SEE ROSE HATCHETT WHEN I GET TO HOLLYWOOD! SHE'S GONE A LONG WAY IN THE DANCING WORLD!



MEANWHILE ABOARD THE TRAIN HILLBILLY HOKUM FINDS HIMSELF A POOR THIRD AT POKER.





SORRY SON.. FIVE ACES BEATS FOUR KINGS! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

SHUCKS.. THAR WON'T BE NO NEXT TIME.. THAT'S ALL THE MONEY I GOT!



DERN FUNNY HOW HE ALWAYS HAD SO MANY ACES!

HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

OOOPS, SORRY, MISTER!

AS HOKUM LEAVES, HE ACCIDENTALLY BUMPS INTO PRESTO MARTIN...



I DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM, MISTER.. Y'SEE, I JUST LOST ELEVEN DOLLARS AND THIRTEEN CENTS.. ALL THE MONEY I HAD IN PLAYING CARDS!



AMOS HOKUM UNFURLS THE TALE OF HIS SAD EXPERIENCE TO PRESTO....

SO, UNTIL I COLLECT MY MONEY WHEN I GET TO HOLLYWOOD, I WON'T HAVE A PENNY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, HOKUM! HERE'S SOME MONEY TO TIE YOU OVER! YOU CAN PAY ME WHEN YOU COLLECT YOUR PRIZE MONEY!



POOR KID.. BEING TAKEN OVER BY THOSE CROOKS.. AND BESIDES, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!... THINK I'LL PAY THEM A VISIT!



DISGUISED AS THE HILLBILLY PRESTO MEETS THE CROOKS..

WELL, WELL.. BACK AGAIN EH?

'YUP.. I GOT SOME MORE MONEY WHICH I WUZ SAVIN' IN MY TRUNK! MEBBE I KIN WIN BACK WHUT I LOST!



AND SO THE GAME GETS UNDER WAY....

TOO BAD, SON, YOU LOST AGAIN!

OH YEAH!.. I SAW YOU CUFF THOSE ACES! HAND BACK MY DOUGH!



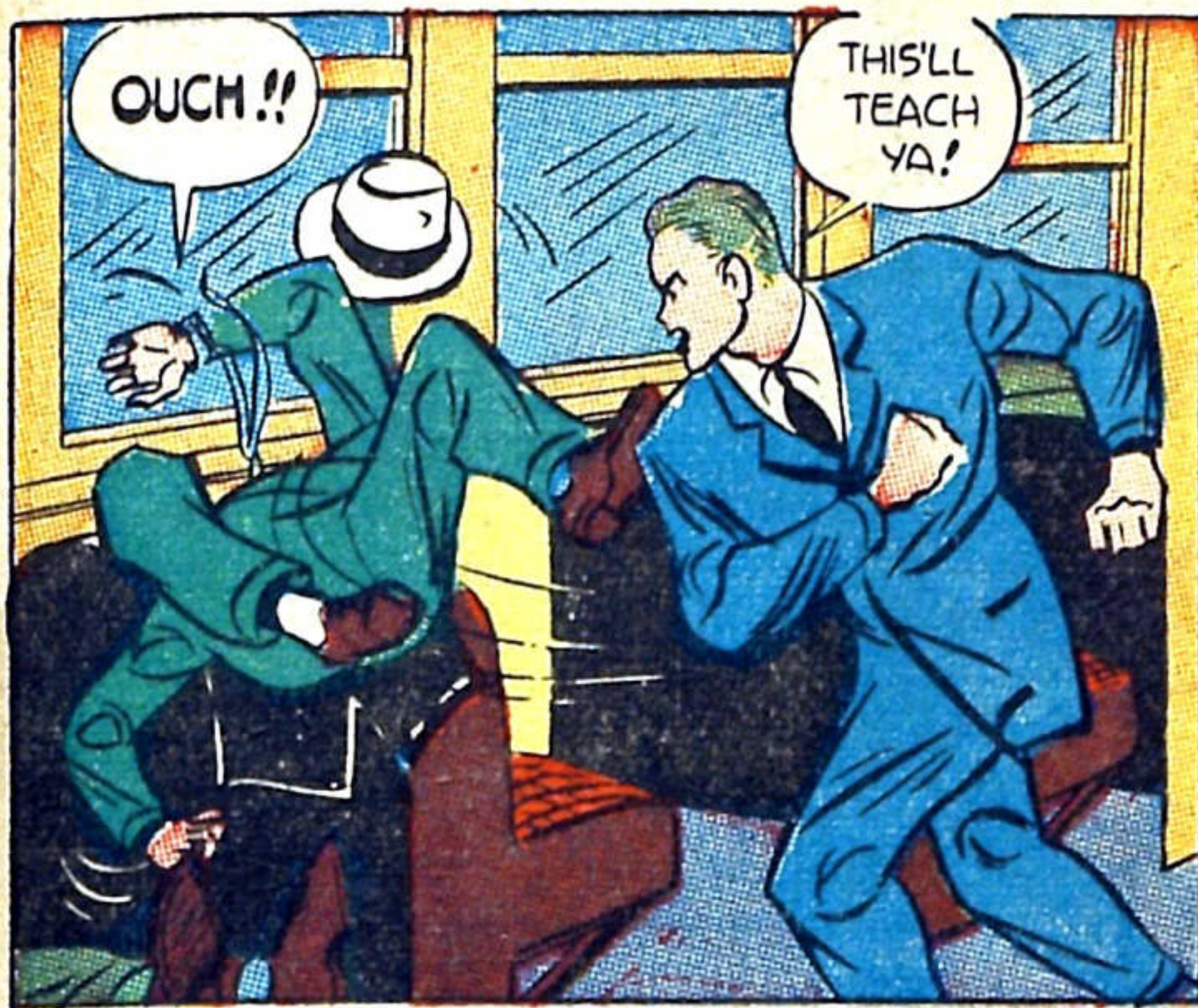
G'WAN SCRAM! YOU LOST YOUR DOUGH AN' CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! BEAT IT, KID!



THE DISGUISED PRESTO SAILS INTO THE THUGS..

HEY!.. WHAT TH...

OW!



OUCH!!

THIS'LL TEACH YA!

LET'S SEE....FIVE DOLLARS OF MINE AND \$11.13 OF HOKUMS THAT MAKES EVERYTHING EVEN!

THE NEXT DAY
HOLLYWOOD CONTEST WINNER ARRIVES TODAY

AMOS HOKUM GETS BIG WELCOME
ROSE MAJOR HATCHETT

OH, HOKUM... HERE'S THAT MONEY YOU LOST AT CARDS! I PERSUADED YOUR FRIENDS TO RETURN IT!

GOSH! DID YA, MR. MARTIN? THANKS A LOT!

AT THE STATION A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WITH THE GLITTER GIRL WELCOMES AMOS HOKUM....

AW, HECK! GEE WILLAKERS T'WEREN'T NOTHING!

OH MR. HOKUM YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE MOST WONDERFUL NAME!

HE'S MY PAL, MISS HATCHETT!

WHY, PRESTO MARTIN!... OF ALL PEOPLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HOLLYWOOD?

SURPRISED ROSE? BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M ON MY VACATION!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU PAID AN OLD FRIEND A VISIT! BE SURE AND COME TO THE PARTY TONIGHT! WE CAN TALK OVER OLD TIMES!

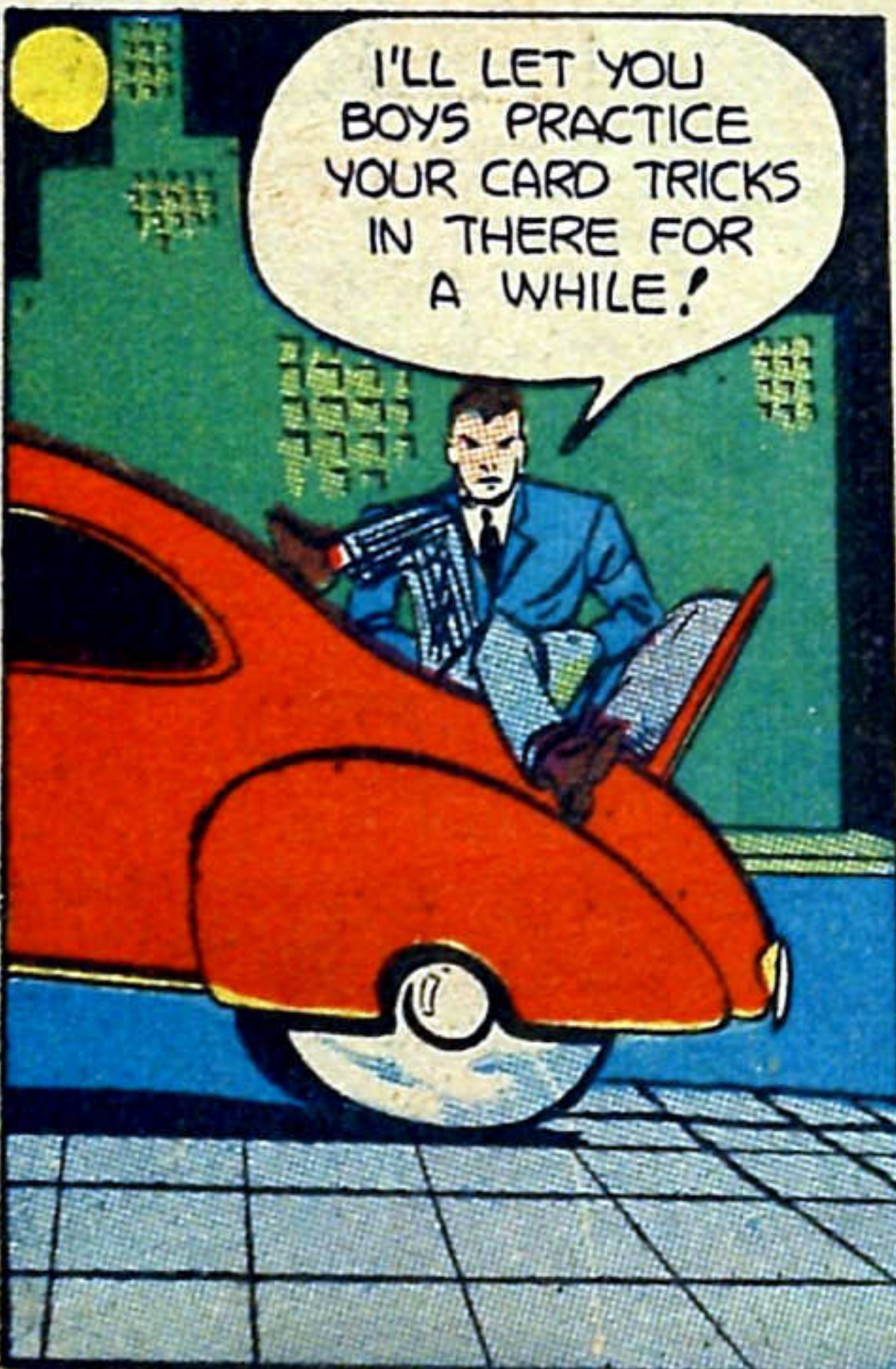
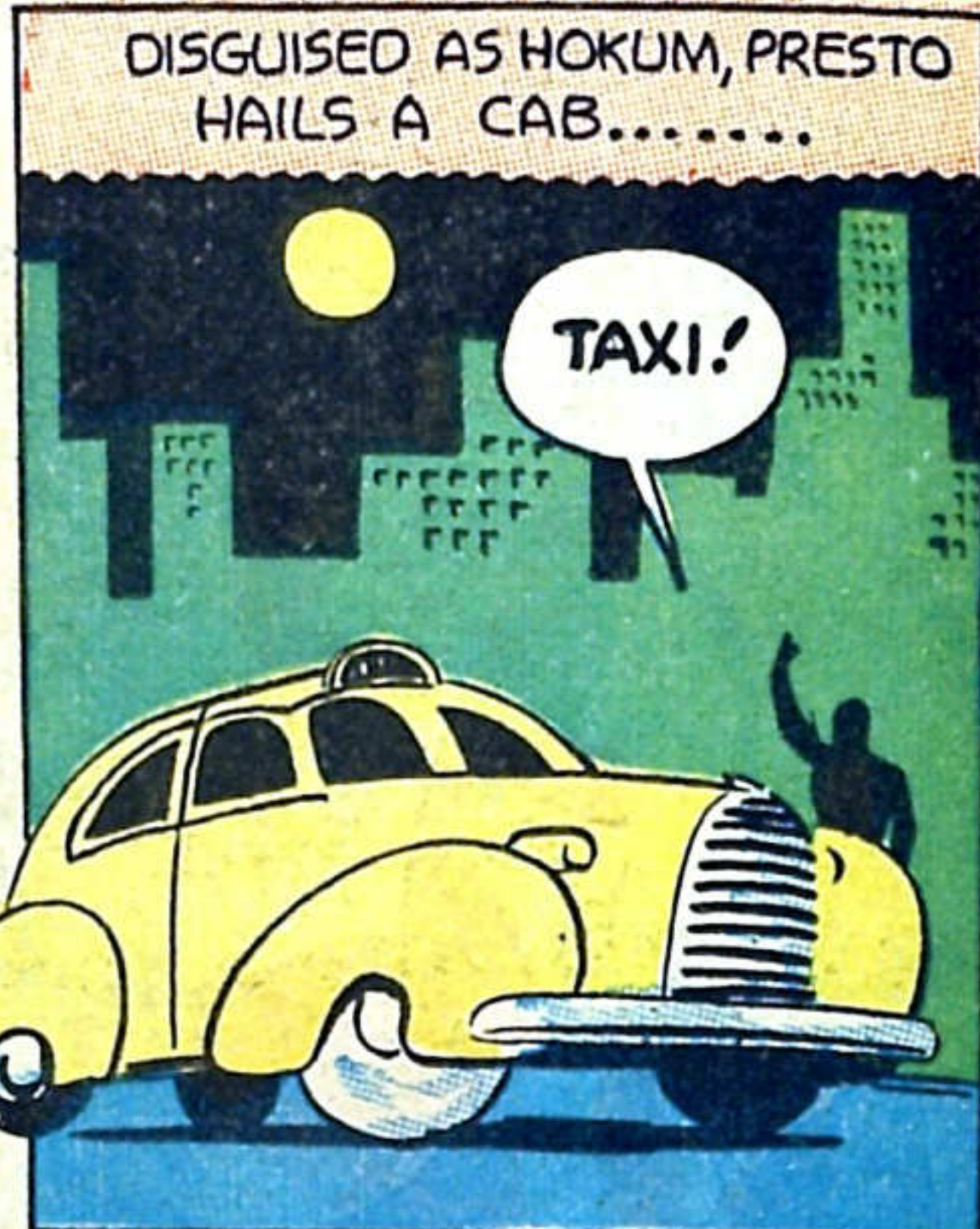
OKAY!

THAT EVENING AS PRESTO ARRIVES AT ROSE'S HOME WHERE A GALA PARTY IS BEING GIVEN TO THE HILLBILLY CONTEST WINNER....

SAY...THOSE ARE THE TWO CROOKS FROM THE TRAIN! WHAT COULD THEY BE UP TO? Hmm...I WONDER!

LOOKIT, PRESTO! ALL THIS PAPER MONEY 'CAUSE I JUST THINK UP A NAME!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, AMOS!...ER.. LET'S STEP OUTSIDE A SECOND!



THE WINNERS!!

IS YOUR NAME HERE? HERE IS A LIST OF THE PRIZE WINNERS in the big \$100.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST which appeared in the August issue of SILVER STREAK COMICS.

\$50.00 FIRST PRIZE

Dave Lang (age 9), Wollaston, Massachusetts

\$25.00 SECOND PRIZE

Helen Marie Moeller (age 12), Troy, New York

\$5.00 EACH 5 — THIRD PRIZES — 5

1. Leo T. Ross (age 15), Warwick Neck, Rhode Island
2. Helen Rushton (age 13), Somerville, Massachusetts
3. Jackie Kennedy (age 12), Akron, Ohio
4. Douglas Scott (age 7), Abilene, Texas
5. George Broudy (age 14), Chicago, Illinois

\$1.00 EACH 25 — FOURTH PRIZES — 25

1. B. D. Liles, Seagrave, Texas
2. Angelin Nicholas, Baltimore, Maryland
3. Henry Lobieski, Meriden, Connecticut
4. Donald Baldwin, Des Moines, Iowa
5. Dolores Hilton, San Diego, California
6. Emily Natyshok, Chicago, Illinois
7. Orland Peterson, Grand Forks, North Dakota
8. Gust Diamant, Canton, Ohio
9. Donald E. Pearson, Minneapolis, Minn.
10. Joe Brocato, Shreveport, Louisiana
11. Frank Chin, Brooklyn, New York
12. S. A. Mogavero, Cooperstown, New York
13. Lyle Clarence Loper, Cumberland, Maryland
14. Joseph Gold, Brooklyn, New York
15. Jesse Myers, Denver, Colorado
16. Raymond Lawton, Jr., Schenectady, New York
17. Elizabeth Rose, Atlantic City, New Jersey
18. Ronald A. Anderson, Drummond, Wisconsin
19. Henry Dronso, Detroit, Michigan
20. Alfred Serenson, Van Nest, New York
21. Laura Earnestine Chinn, Edna, Texas
22. Eldon Thayer, Northwood, New Hampshire
23. Arline Baxter, Cambridge, Massachusetts
24. Jacqueline McCauley, San Francisco, California
25. Leslie G. Eagles, North Dighton, Massachusetts

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

4 — SPECIAL PRIZES — 4

The contest was a wonderful success. More than 14,000 entries were received by the closing date, August 9th. Almost 1,000 more could not be considered because they were postmarked a later date.

The judges had a terrible time reading carefully everyone of these entries. Many original ideas were presented. The winners are to be congratulated to have excelled among so many contestants.

Although there were only 25-4th prizes in the contest there are four other letters which pleased the judges so much that they are awarding \$1.00 as an extra prize to each. These four extra winners are:

1. Gary Newman, Cuyahogo Falls, Ohio
2. Louise Annas, Valdese, North Carolina
3. Robert Shurter, Omaha, Nebraska
4. Bill Toman, Reno, Nevada

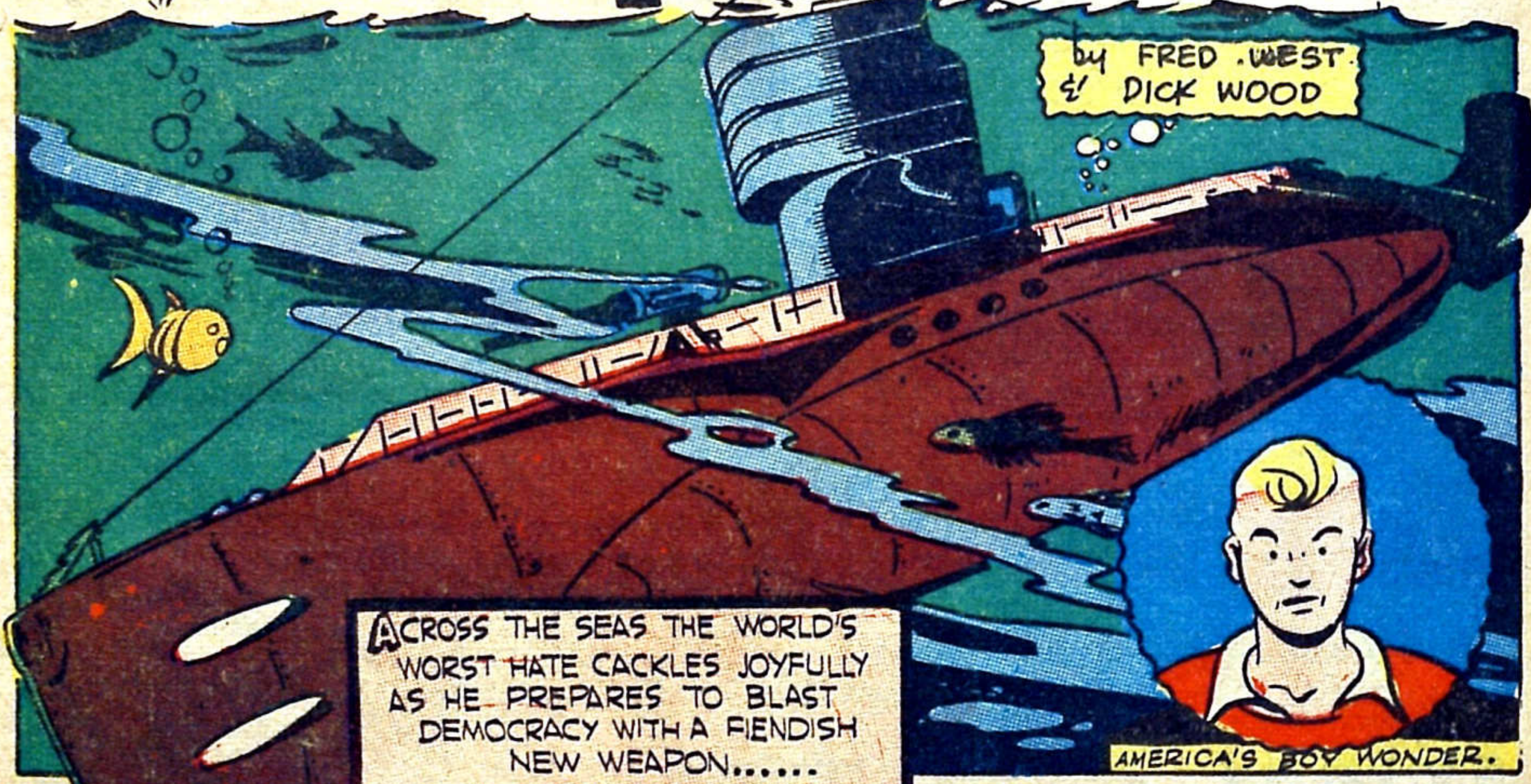
WATCH FOR ANOTHER BIG CONTEST IN SILVER STREAK COMICS SOON!

DICK KIE

DEAN

the boy inventor

by FRED WEST & DICK WOOD



ACROSS THE SEAS THE WORLD'S WORST HATE CACKLES JOYFULLY AS HE PREPARES TO BLAST DEMOCRACY WITH A FIENDISH NEW WEAPON.....

AMERICA'S BOY WONDER.

THIS PLAN TOOK ME SIX YEARS TO COMPLETE! IT CAN KILL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!

MILLIONS? DOT IS BOOTIFUL! SO I, THE EMPEROR OF EUROPE, ACCEPT THE IDEA AND CLAIM IT AS MEIN OWN INVESHUN! APPLAUSE, PLEASE.



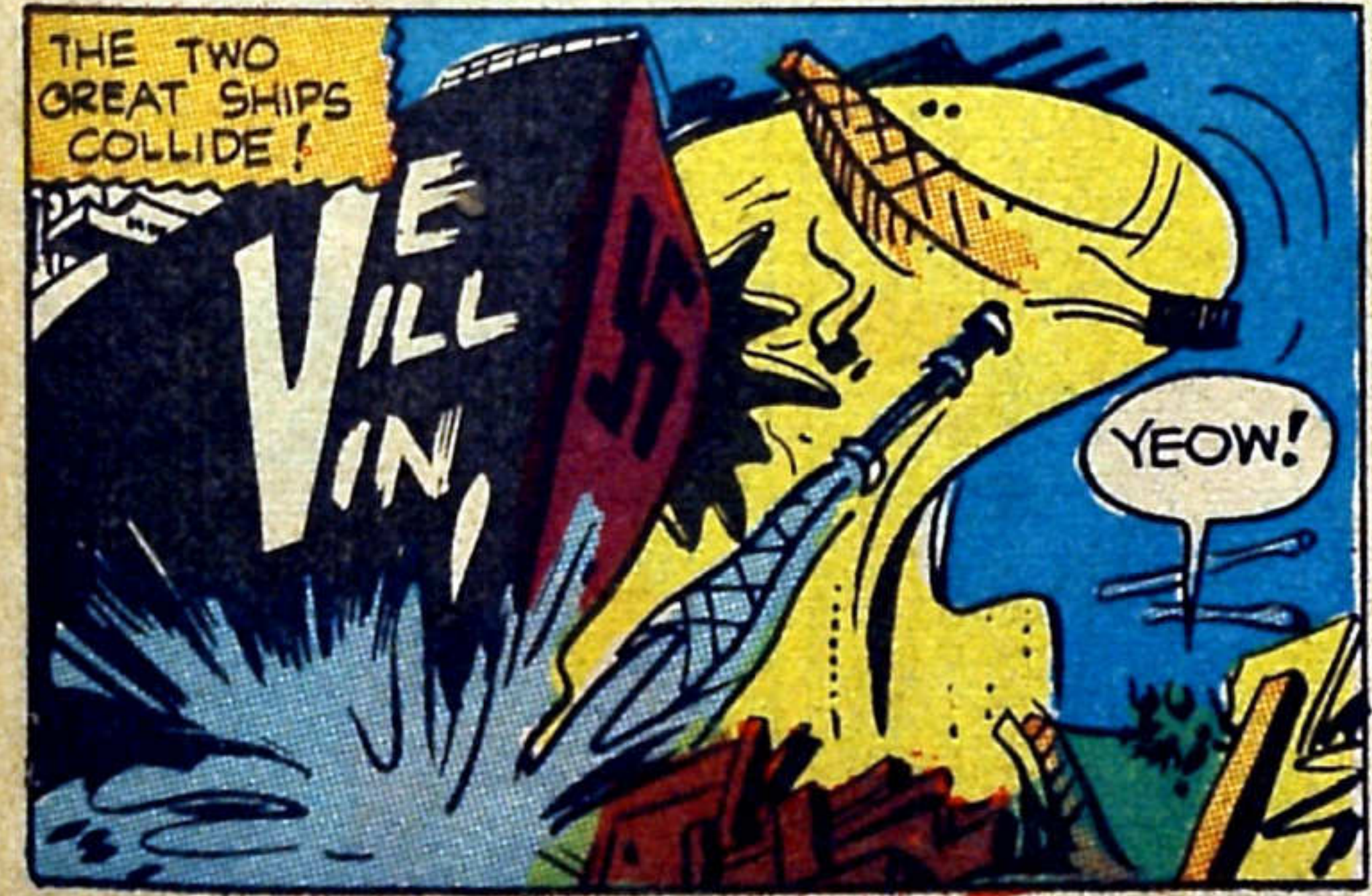
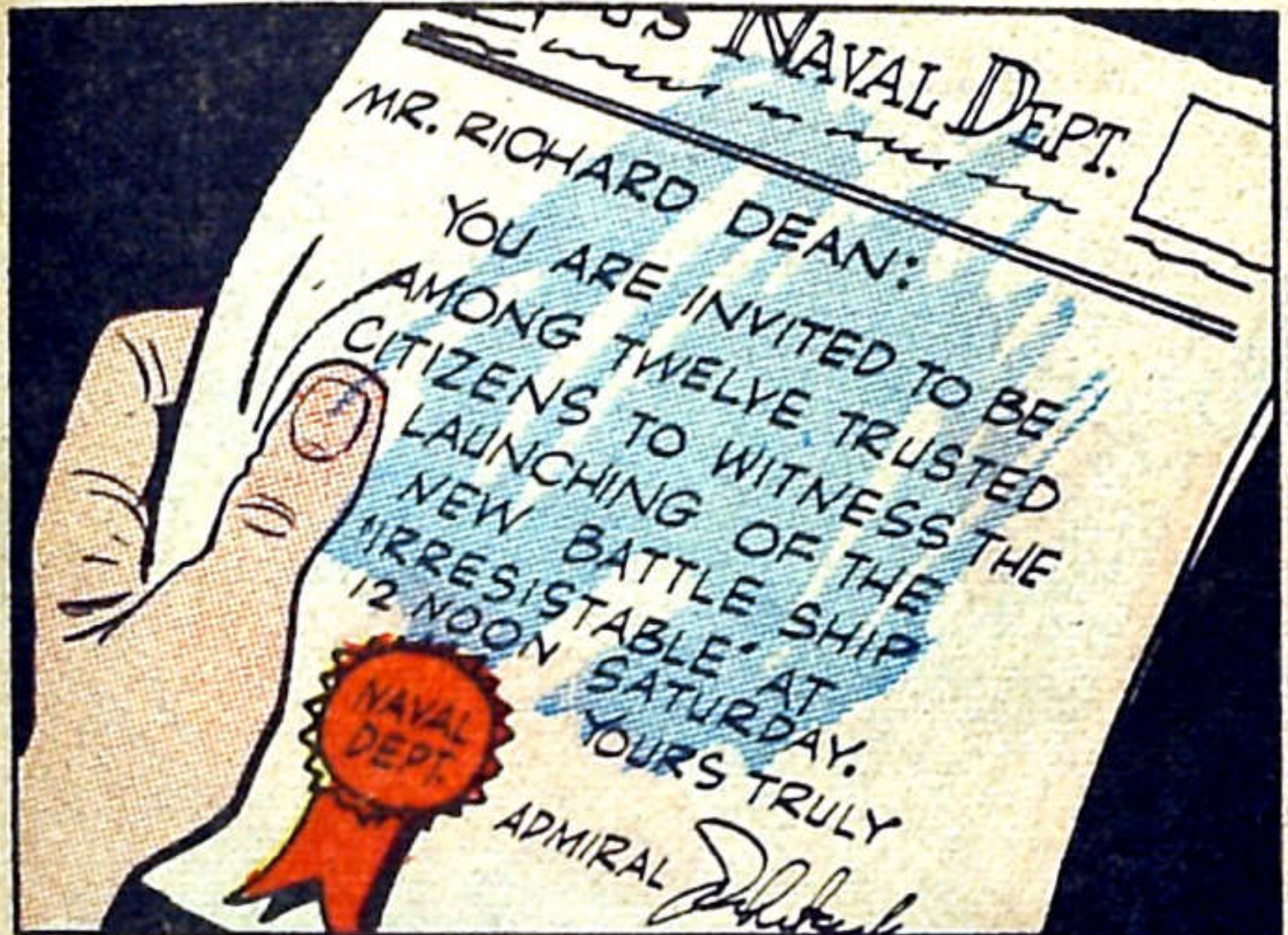
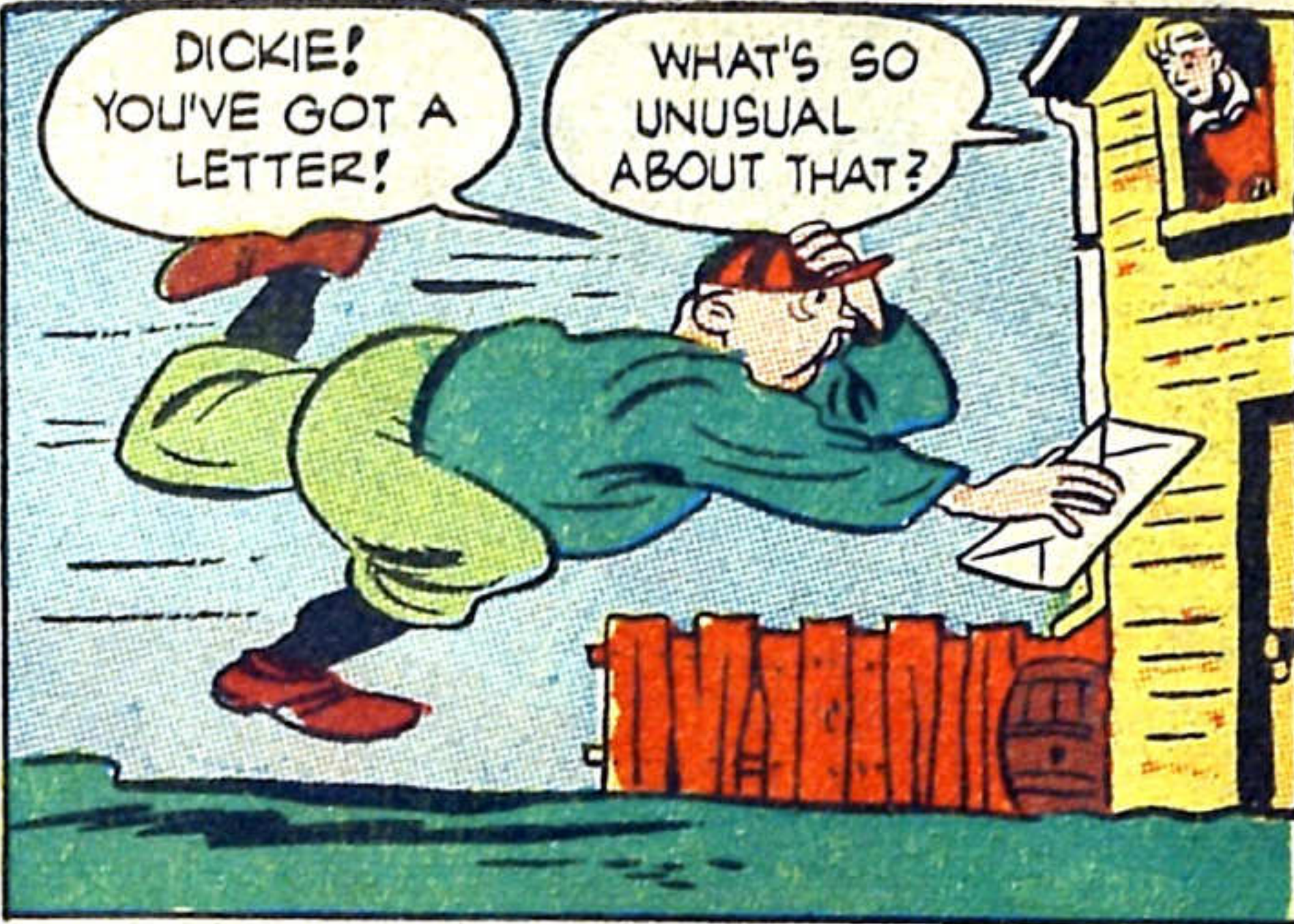
MEIN MODESTY DOESN'T PERMIT ME TO ADMIT DOT I'M A SUPER-GENIUS!! --UND NOW, LET LOOSE THE IMBECILES VITCH ISS GOING TO HELP US MIT THE PLAN I CREATED!



HAH! VE'LL VIPE OUDT THE BRITISH MERCHANT MARINE MIT DIS CONDRAPSHUNG!! --QUICK! LET IT BEGIN MIT THE SLAUGHTER!



MEANWHILE,
DICKIE
DEAN
RECEIVES
AN
IMPORTANT
LETTER.

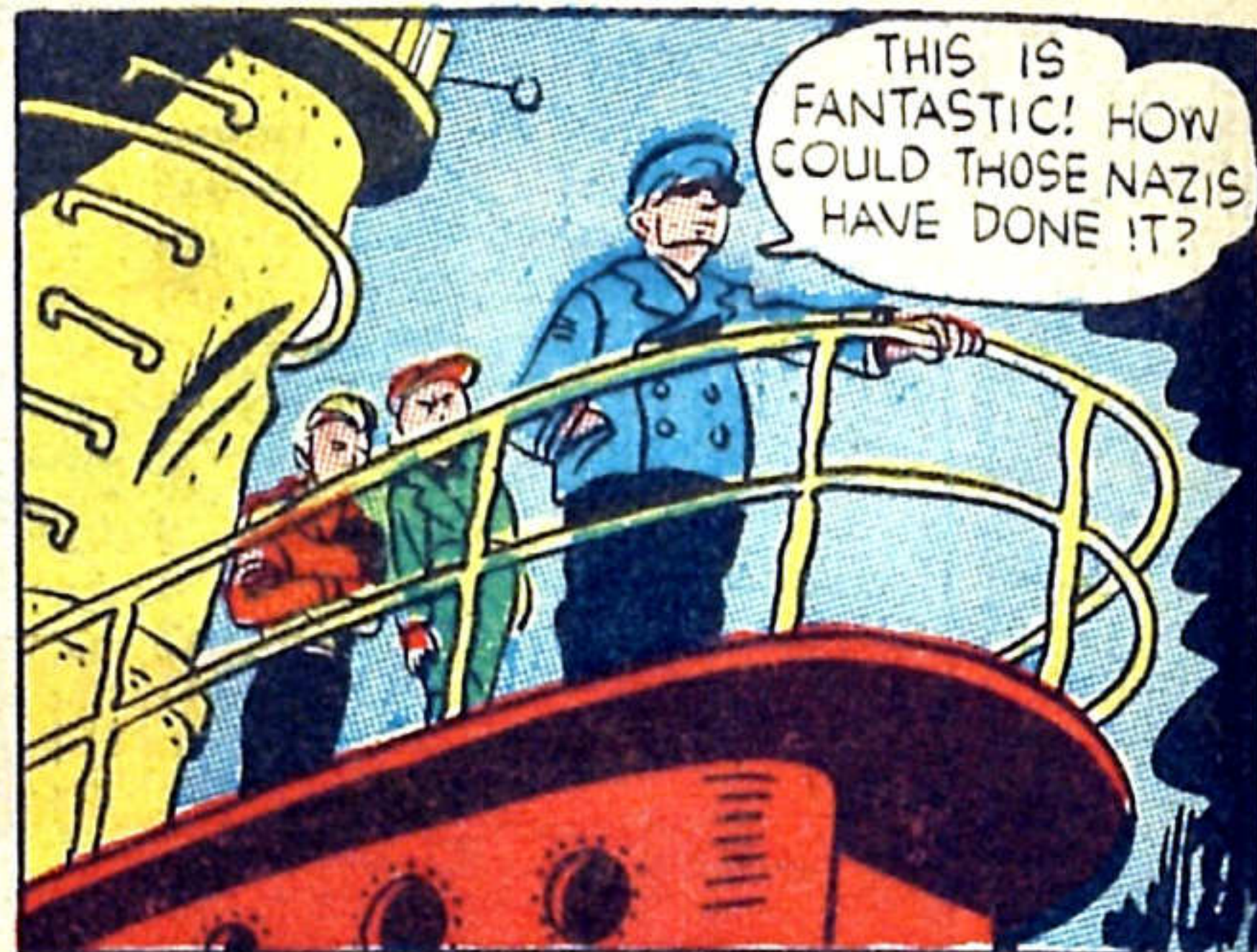




THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN IS EMPTY, SIR! HAVE YOU ROUNDED UP THE CREW YET?

NO! THERE'S NOBODY ON BOARD!! THIS IS A GHOST SHIP!

GHOST SHIP? BRRRR!! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



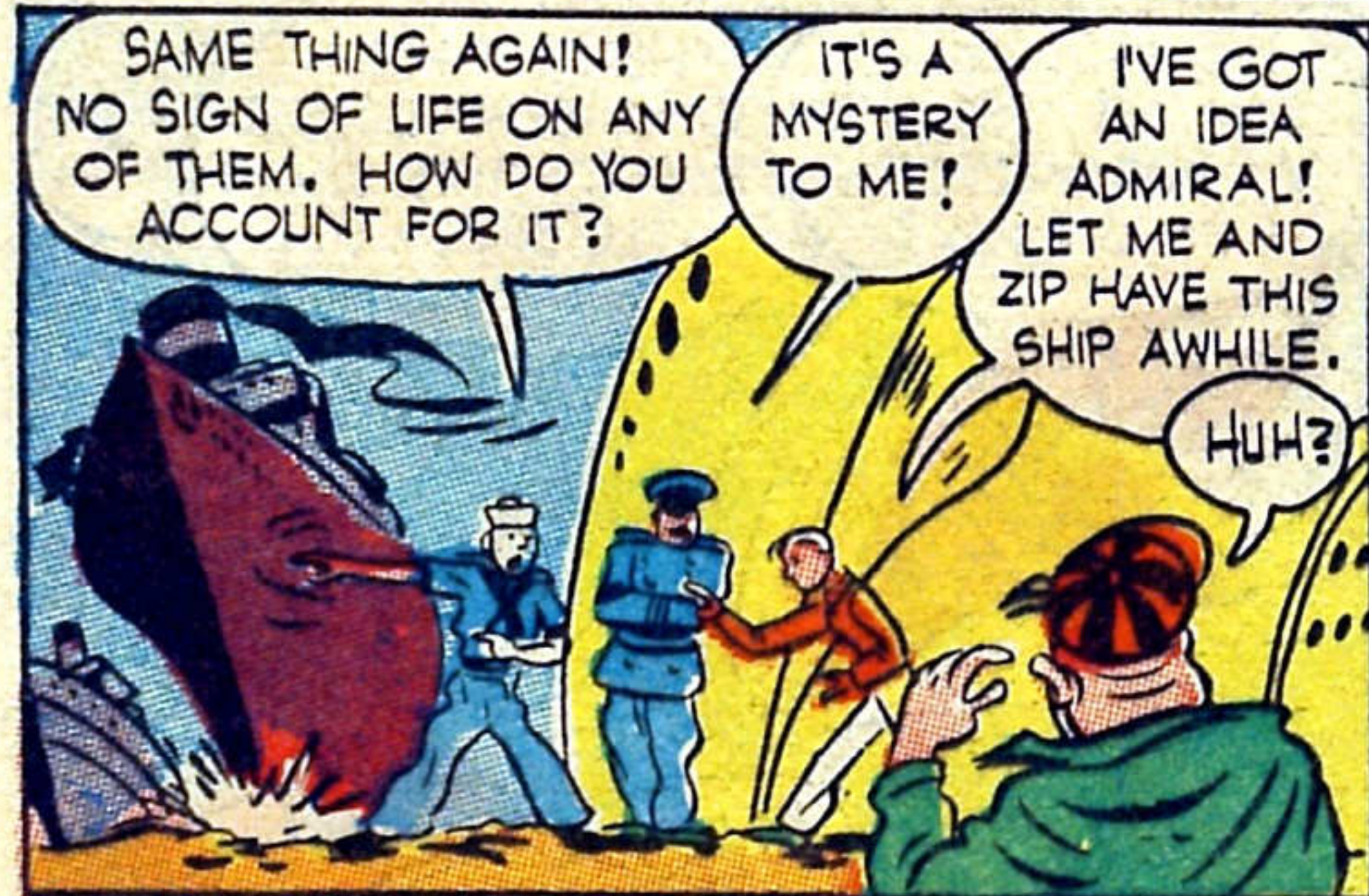
THIS IS FANTASTIC! HOW COULD THOSE NAZIS HAVE DONE IT?



GAD! HERE COME SOME MORE LINERS!



ONE BY ONE THE GIGANTIC SHIPS PLOW INTO THE SHORE!



SAME THING AGAIN! NO SIGN OF LIFE ON ANY OF THEM. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?

IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME!

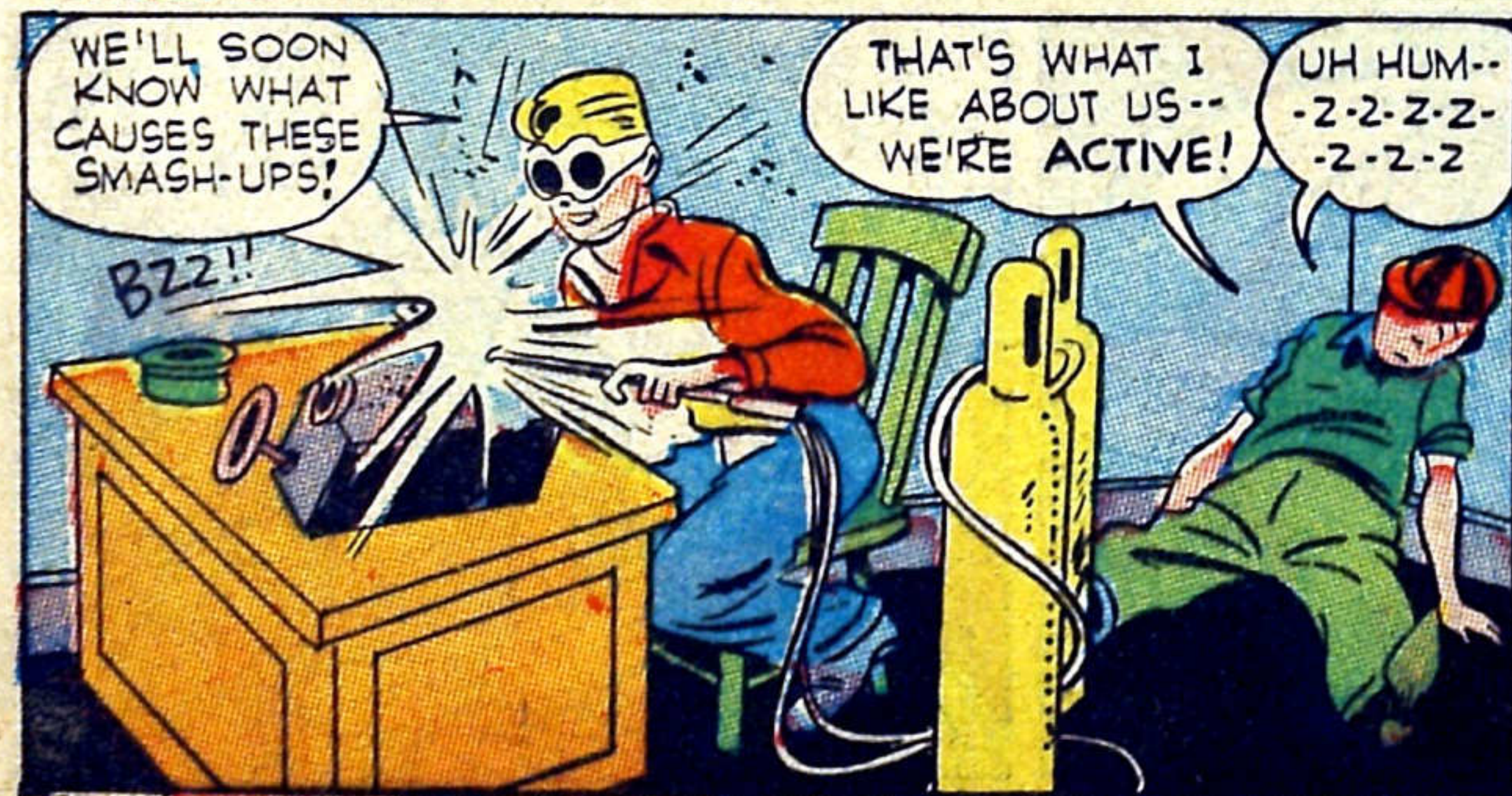
I'VE GOT AN IDEA ADMIRAL! LET ME AND ZIP HAVE THIS SHIP AWHILE.

HUH?



CERTAINLY, DICKIE! YOU'VE DONE WONDERS BEFORE -- YOU MIGHT CLEAR UP THIS MESS, TOO.

THANKS A MILLION! C'MON, ZIP.. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



WE'LL SOON KNOW WHAT CAUSES THESE SMASH-UPS!

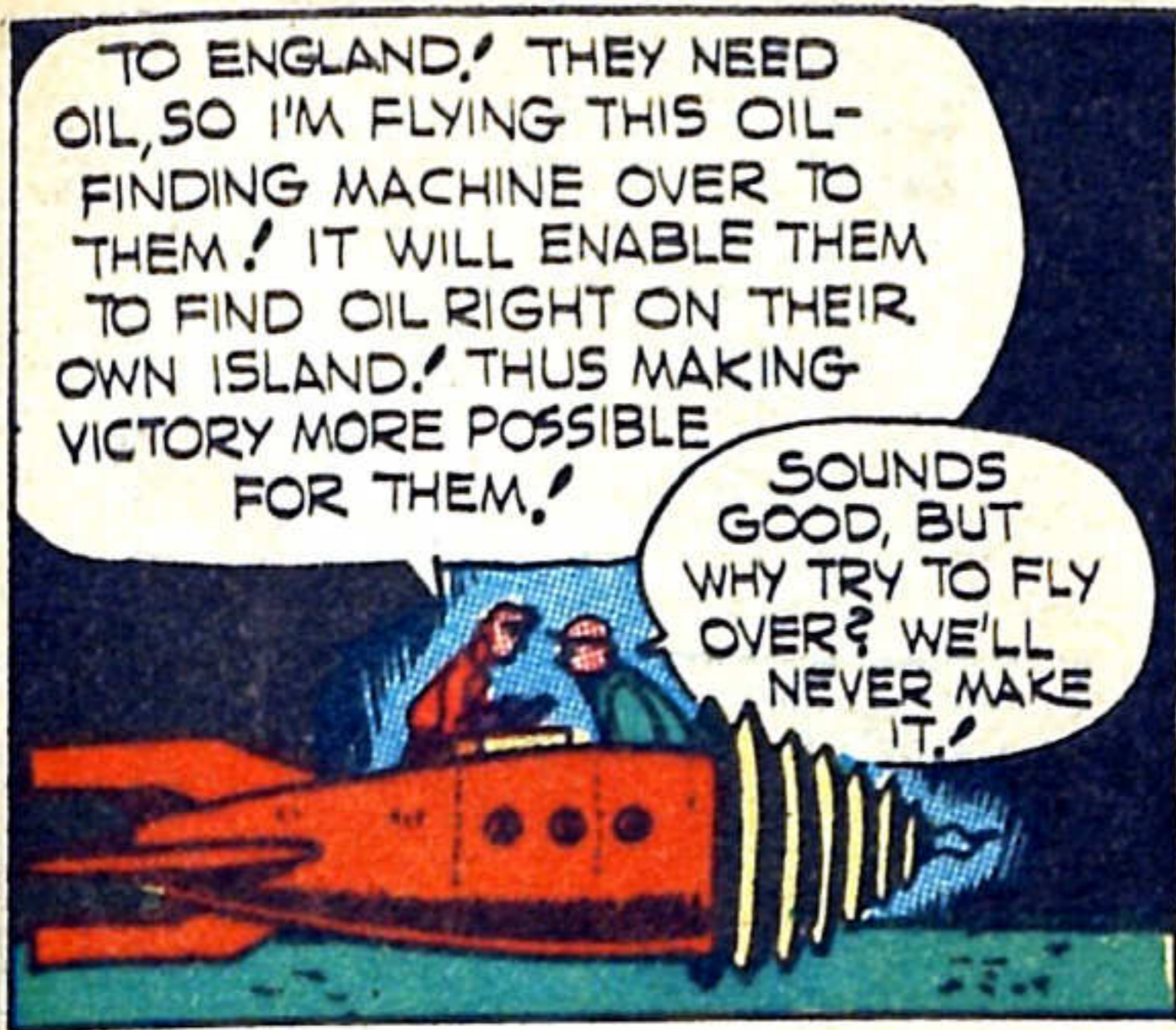
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT US -- WE'RE ACTIVE!

UH HUM--
-2-2-Z-Z-
-2-2-Z



WAKE UP, ZIP! -I'VE FINISHED MY INVENTION. SO LETS GET GOING!

UH? WHAT? WHERE TO?



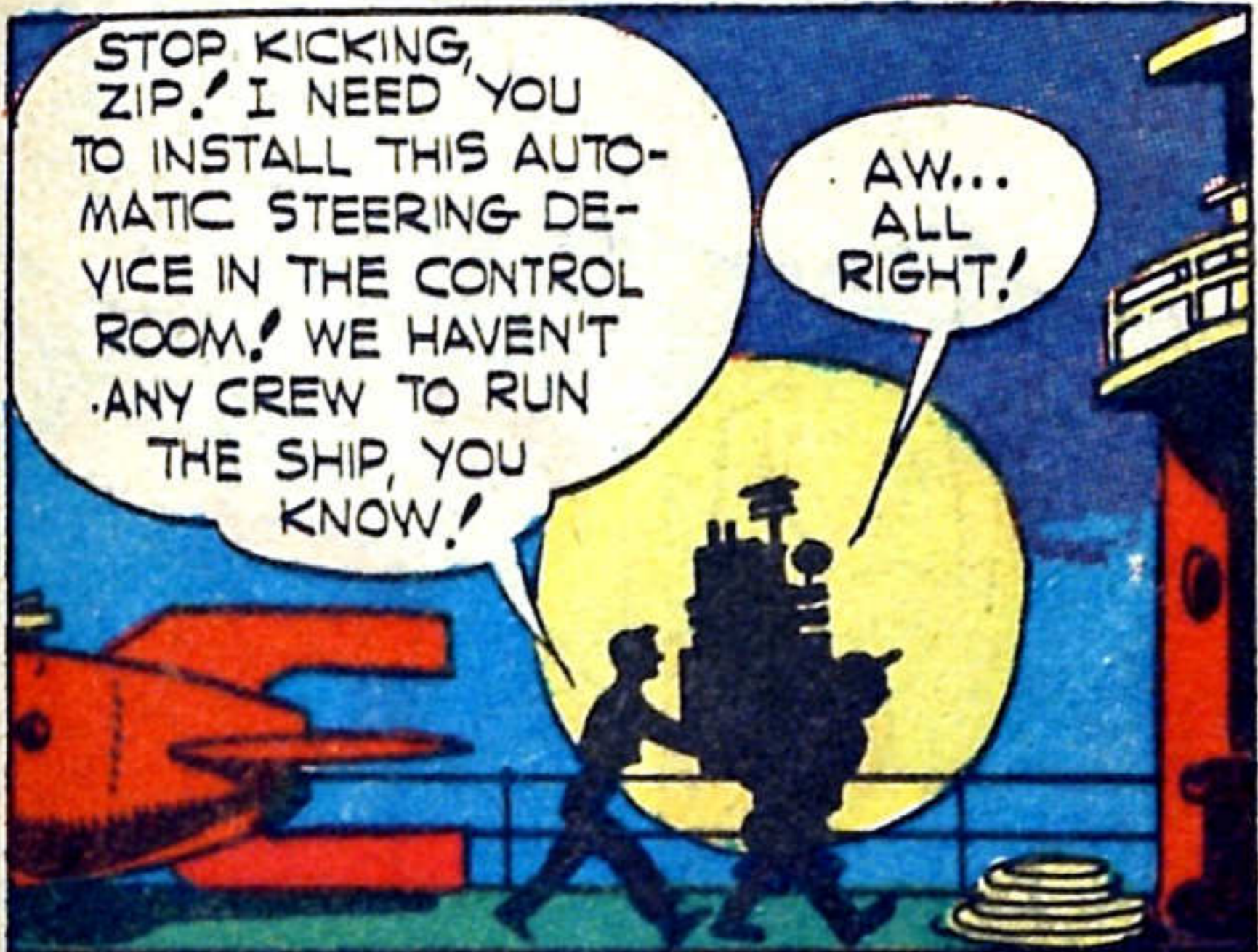
TO ENGLAND! THEY NEED OIL, SO I'M FLYING THIS OIL-FINDING MACHINE OVER TO THEM! IT WILL ENABLE THEM TO FIND OIL RIGHT ON THEIR OWN ISLAND! THUS MAKING VICTORY MORE POSSIBLE FOR THEM!

SOUNDS GOOD, BUT WHY TRY TO FLY OVER? WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



WE'RE NOT GONNA FLY THERE! WE'RE USING A GHOST SHIP! IT MIGHT GIVE US A CHANCE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

W..WHAT? SAIL ON A GHOST SHIP? AT NIGHT? LEMME OUT! I'M GOING BACK!!



STOP KICKING, ZIP! I NEED YOU TO INSTALL THIS AUTOMATIC STEERING DEVICE IN THE CONTROL ROOM! WE HAVEN'T ANY CREW TO RUN THE SHIP, YOU KNOW!

AW... ALL RIGHT!



WE'RE OFF! IT'S A 3000 MILE TRIP! LET'S HOPE THAT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN!

LET'S HOPE NOT!



TWO DAYS LATER...

THERE'S AN ISLAND OFF THE PORT SIDE, DICKIE!

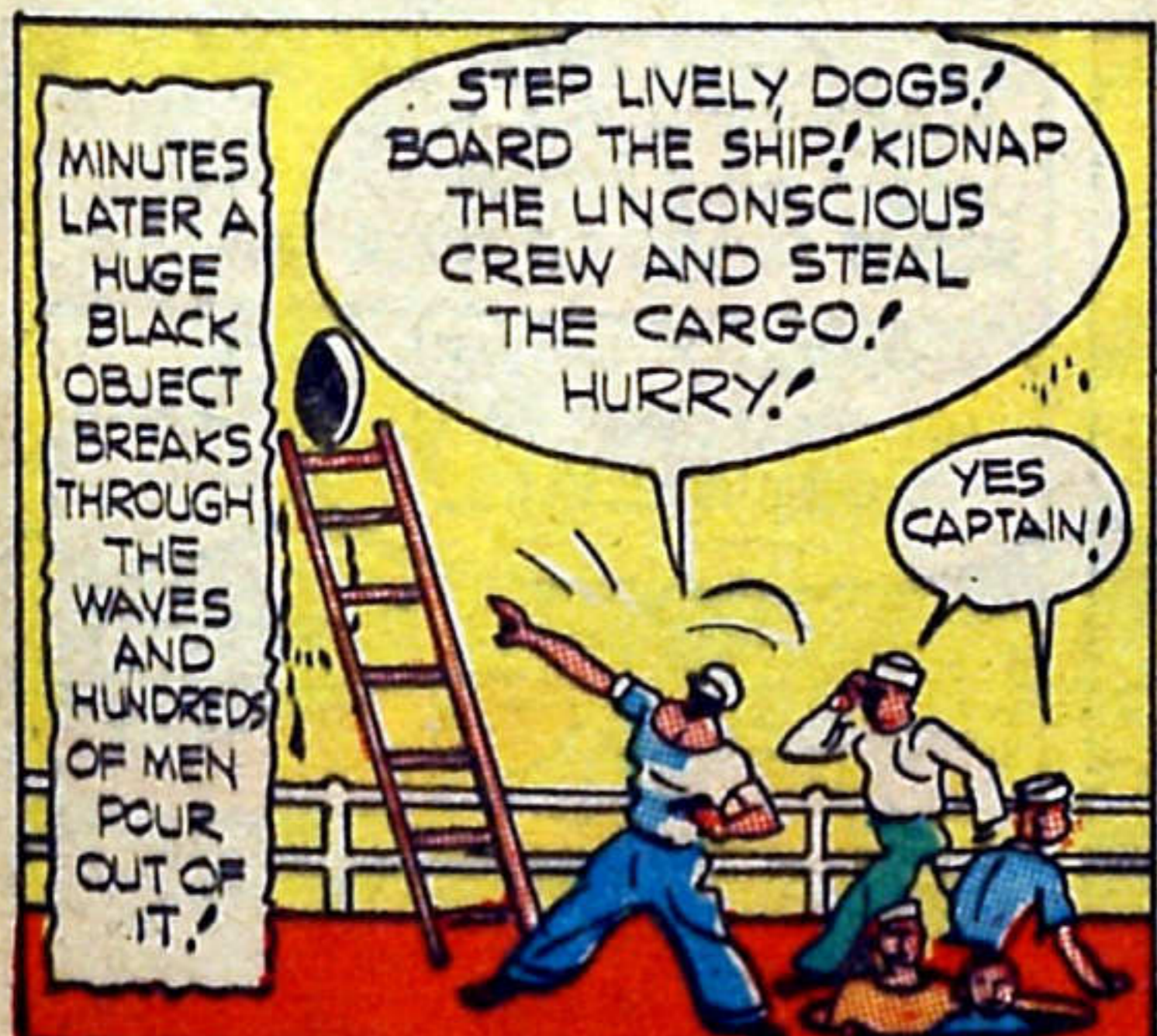
IMPOSSIBLE. THERE'S NO LAND IN THESE WATERS!!



UGH! W..WHAT'S THAT?

VIBRATIONS!! THERE MUST BE AN UNDERSEA EARTHQUAKE! IF IT LASTS MORE THAN A MINUTE, WE'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS!

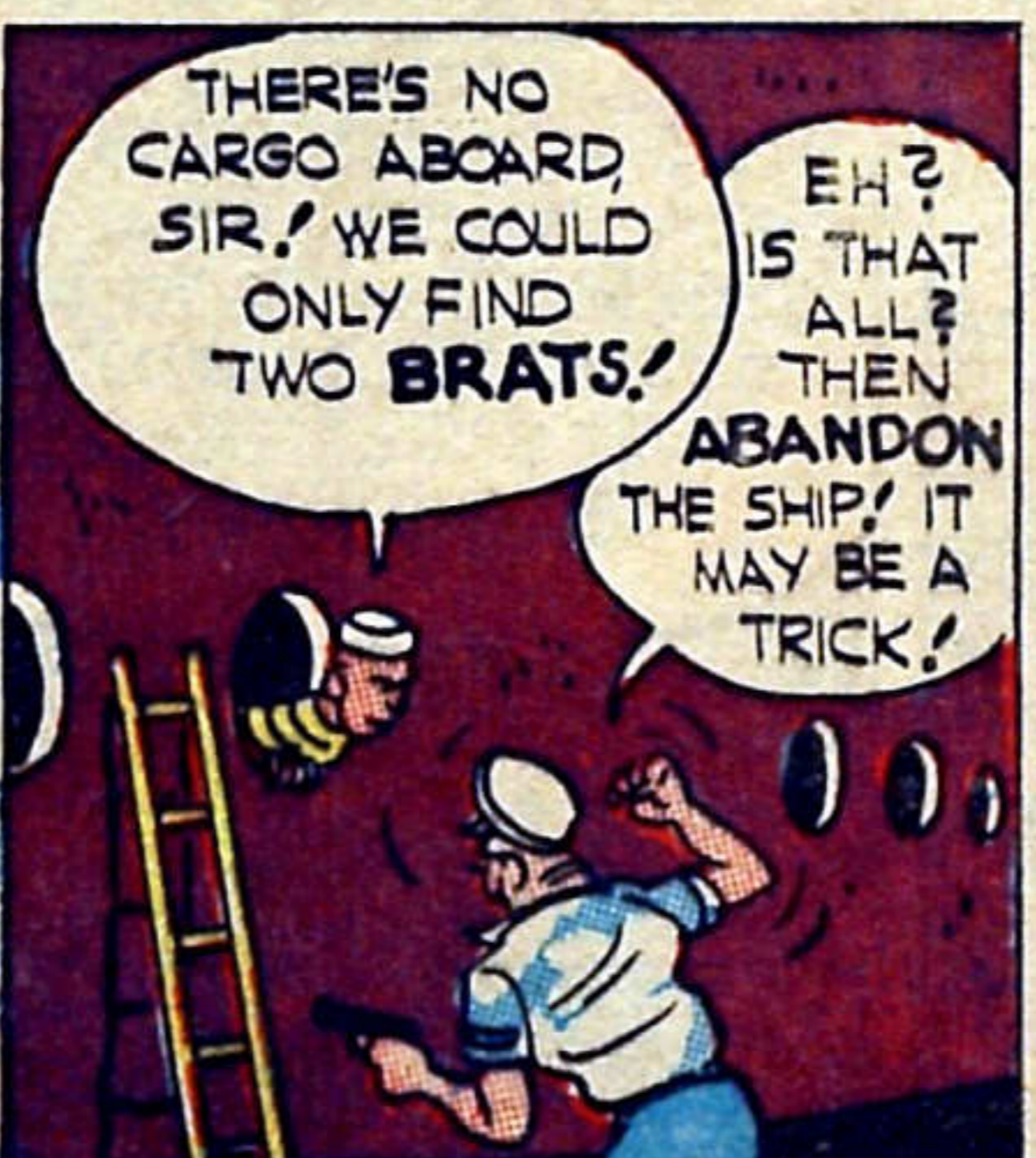
BRRRRR RRR



MINUTES LATER A HUGE BLACK OBJECT BREAKS THROUGH THE WAVES AND HUNDREDS OF MEN POUR OUT OF IT!

STEP LIVELY, DOGS! BOARD THE SHIP! KIDNAP THE UNCONSCIOUS CREW AND STEAL THE CARGO! HURRY!

YES CAPTAIN!



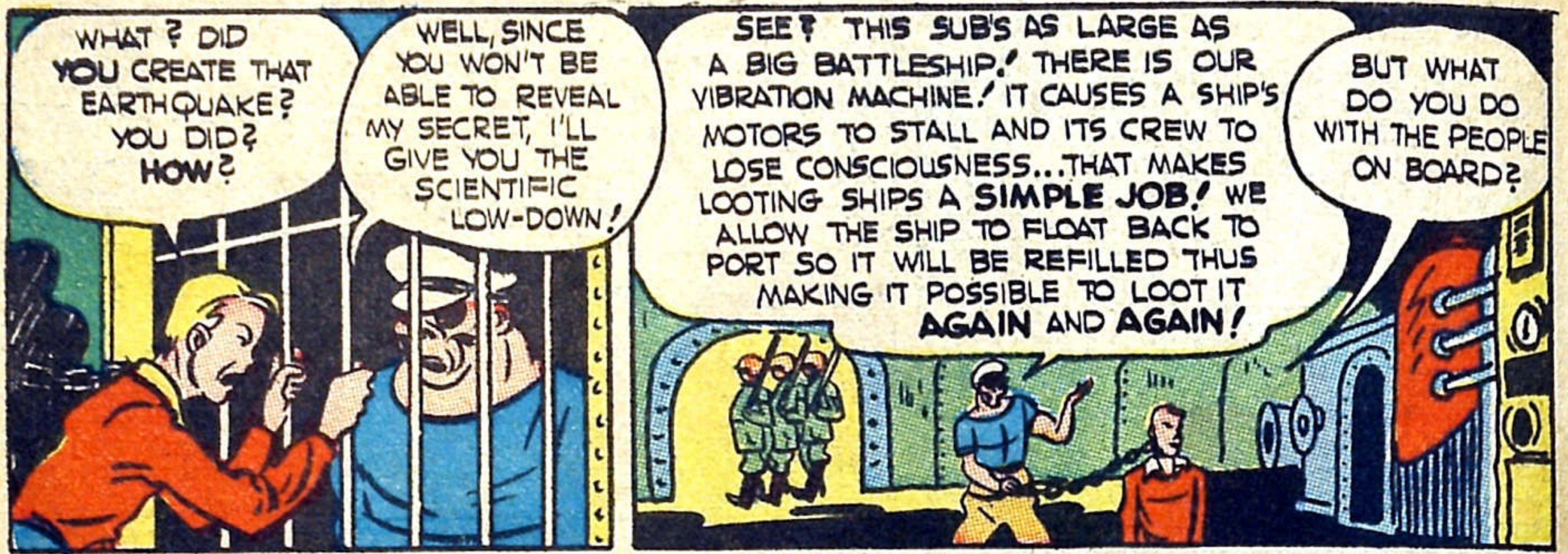
THERE'S NO CARGO ABOARD, SIR! WE COULD ONLY FIND TWO BRATS!

EH? IS THAT ALL? THEN ABANDON THE SHIP! IT MAY BE A TRICK!



UH... W..WHAT HAPPENED? WHO ARE YOU?

I'M CAPTAIN "SKULL-FACE"! YOU'RE ON BOARD MY SUB AS A PRISONER!



WHAT? DID YOU CREATE THAT EARTHQUAKE? YOU DID? HOW?

WELL, SINCE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REVEAL MY SECRET, I'LL GIVE YOU THE SCIENTIFIC LOW-DOWN!

SEE? THIS SUB'S AS LARGE AS A BIG BATTLESHIP! THERE IS OUR VIBRATION MACHINE! IT CAUSES A SHIP'S MOTORS TO STALL AND ITS CREW TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... THAT MAKES LOOTING SHIPS A SIMPLE JOB! WE ALLOW THE SHIP TO FLOAT BACK TO PORT SO IT WILL BE REFILLED THUS MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO LOOT IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!

BUT WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE PEOPLE ON BOARD?



BAH! WHO CARES ABOUT THEM! WE SIMPLY MAKE CORPSES OF THEM! YOU'LL BE A CORPSE TOO IN A FEW MINUTES!

YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK YOU BIG WALRUS! AND THANKS FOR BRINGING MY OIL DRILLER ALONG! Y'LL NEED IT TO ESCAPE!



ESCAPE? JUST TRY... UGH!

THANKS! I WILL!



WAKE UP ZIP! WE'RE BEING SHOT AT!

BANG! BANG!

UGH?



S'LONG BOYS! HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF WE BUILD OUR OWN EXIT!



QUICK! RETREAT TO THE NEXT COMPARTMENT OR WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS! THIS LEAK IS SERIOUS!

THEY RUINED THE VIBRATOR MACHINE TOO, SIR!



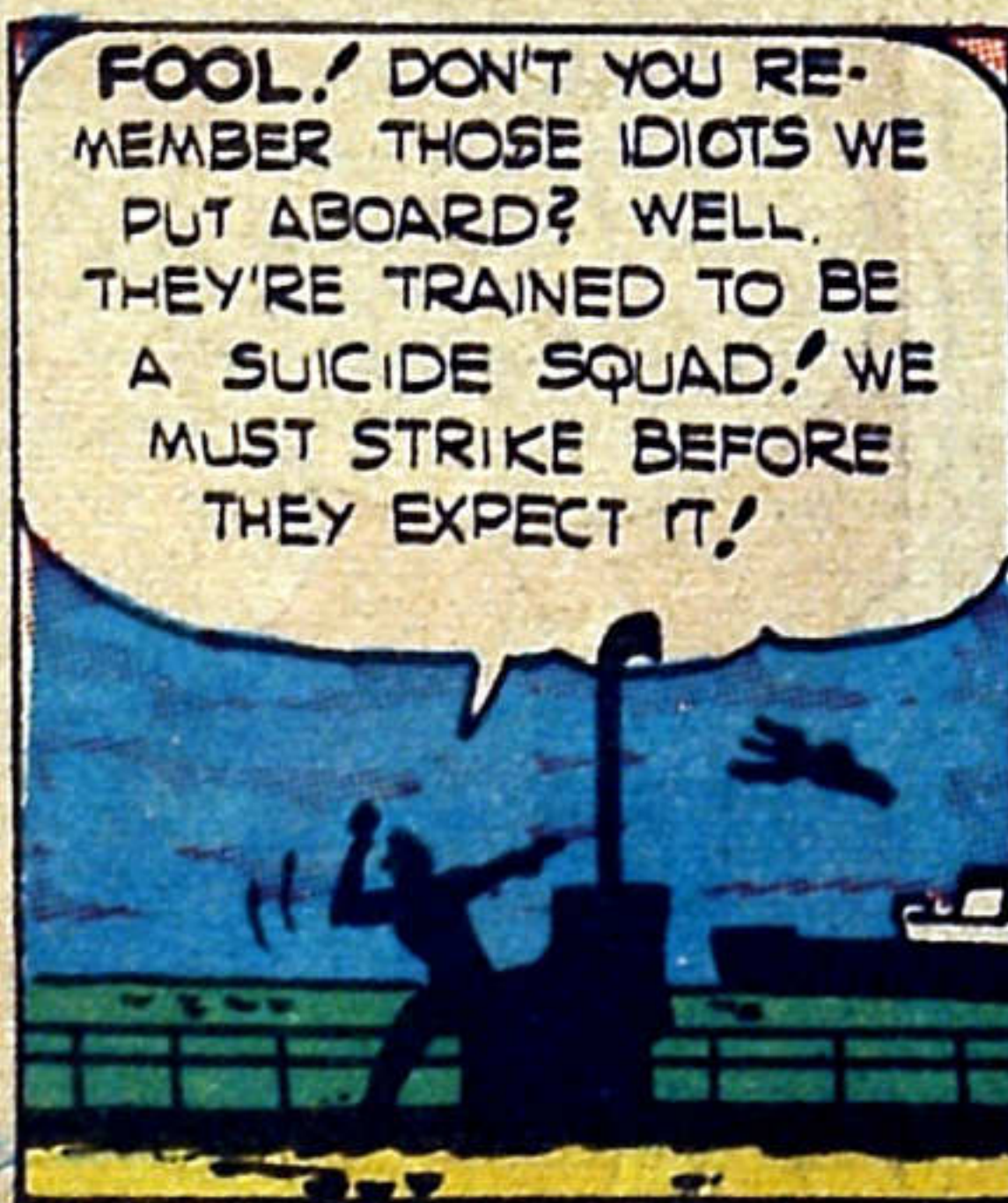
WELL, WITHOUT THEIR MACHINE THEY'RE HARMLESS! WE CAN GO BACK TO OUR SHIP NOW! THEY'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THEIR BASE!

I GET IT! WE FOLLOW THEM AND REPORT THEIR LOCATION TO THE NAVY!

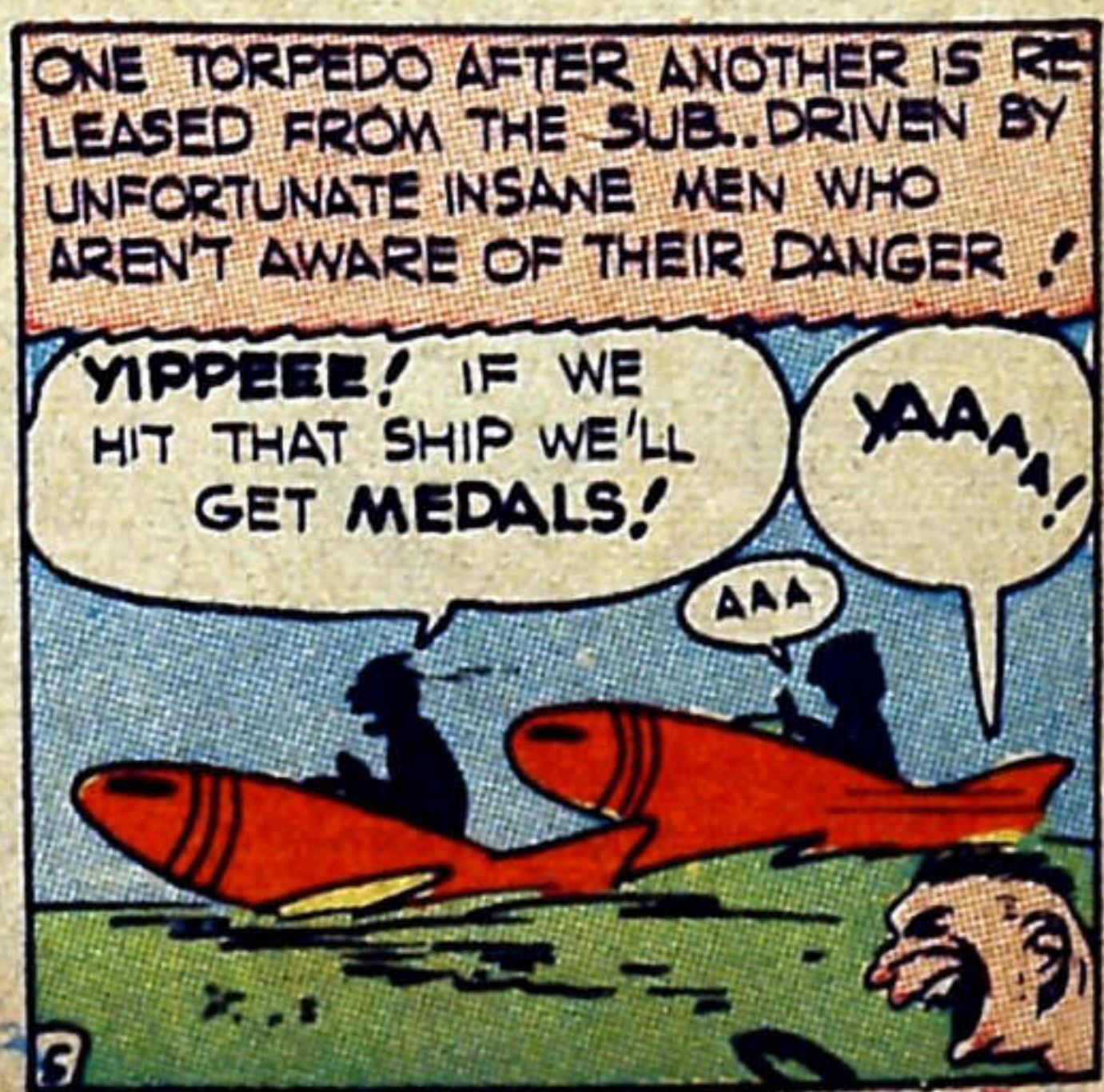


BEFORE WE LEAVE I'M GONNA SINK THAT SHIP! THEY'LL SQUEAL ON US IF WE DON'T!

BUT HOW CAPTAIN?



FOOL! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THOSE IDIOTS WE PUT ABOARD? WELL, THEY'RE TRAINED TO BE A SUICIDE SQUAD! WE MUST STRIKE BEFORE THEY EXPECT IT!



ONE TORPEDO AFTER ANOTHER IS RELEASED FROM THE SUB. DRIVEN BY UNFORTUNATE INSANE MEN WHO AREN'T AWARE OF THEIR DANGER!

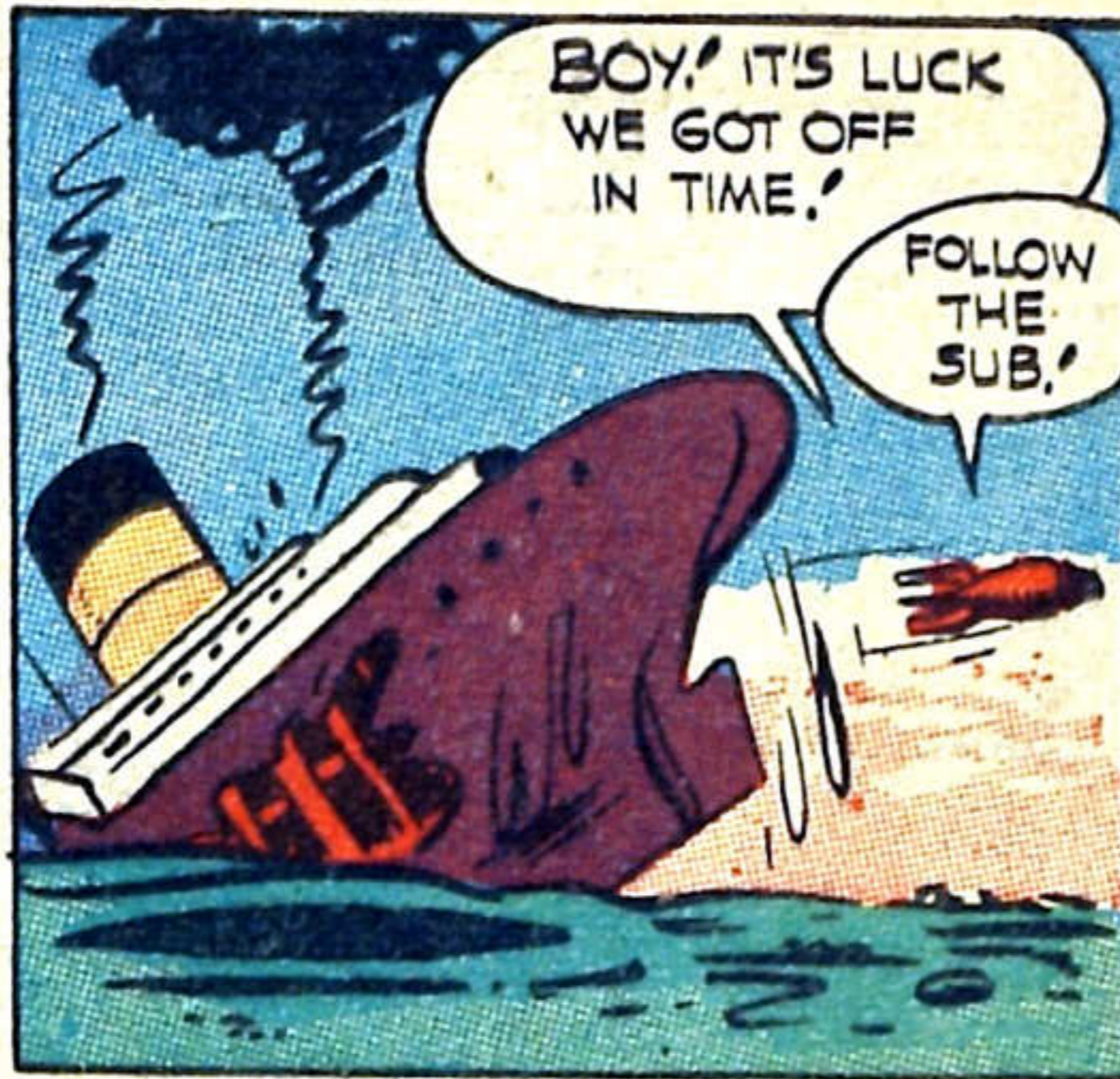
YIPPEE! IF WE HIT THAT SHIP WE'LL GET MEDALS!

YAAA!

AAA



THEY MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE STEAMER!



BOY! IT'S LUCK WE GOT OFF IN TIME!

FOLLOW THE SUB!

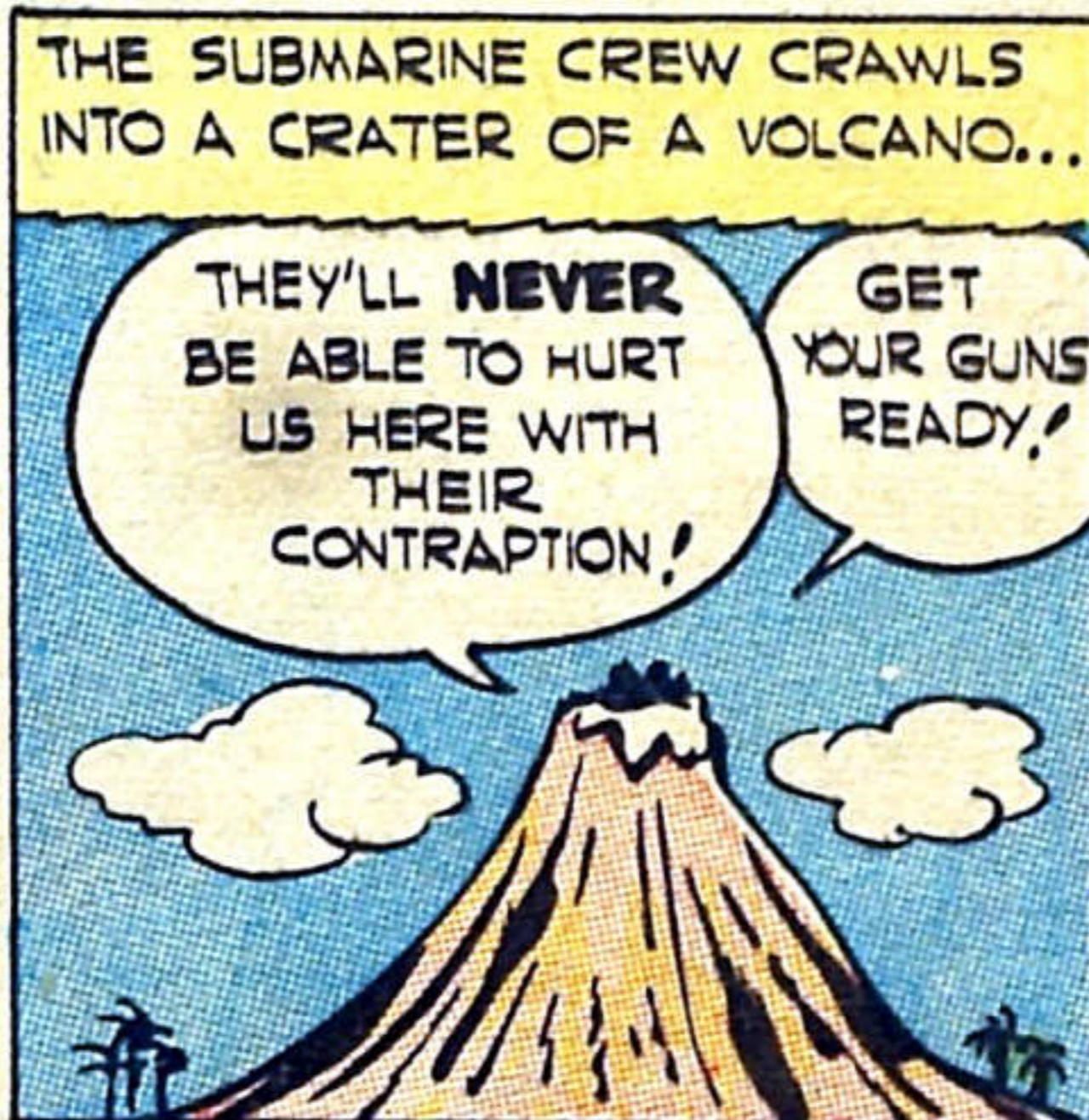


THEY'RE STILL ALIVE! THEY'LL DRILL MORE HOLES IN THIS TIN FISH IF WE DON'T BEAT THEM TO OUR BASE!



ZIP! THEY RAN THE SUB ON THAT ISLAND AND ARE ABANDONING IT! WHAT'S THEIR PLAN?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! LET'S LAND!



THE SUBMARINE CREW CRAWLS INTO A CRATER OF A VOLCANO...

THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HURT US HERE WITH THEIR CONTRAPTION!

GET YOUR GUNS READY!



HA! THEY'VE LEFT THEIR DRILL UNPROTECTED ON THE BEACH! WAIT HERE I'LL SNEAK DOWN AND CAPTURE IT!



HAW! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME YET! I'LL DESTROY THEIR MACHINE BY RUNNING IT AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN! HA, THERE IT GOES!



IT'S OUR DUTY TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES AND... HEY! OUR OIL DRILLER IS BEING STOLEN WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?



THE DRILL EATS ITS WAY INTO THE CORE OF THE VOLCANO AND DISTURBS THE LAVA! THIS CAUSES A VIOLENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION!



DICKIE DEAN'S INVENTION CONTEST

DEAR READERS: CAN YOU INVENT SOMETHING? IF YOU CAN, THEN MAIL IN YOUR IDEA TO:

DICKIE DEAN
INVENTION CONTEST
SILVER STREAK
COMICS
NEW FRIDAY PUBLICATIONS INC
114 EAST 32ND ST
NEW YORK CITY

WE'LL PRINT THE BEST IDEA EACH MONTH!

Dickie Dean

- MILTON PERKINSON
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
SENT IN THE BEST IDEA!
- OTHERS WHO DESERVE HONORABLE MENTION:
- HARRY BOISE, N.Y.C.
 - RICHARD MOORE, N.Y.C.
 - THOMAS SHELBER, WASH. D.C.
 - JOHN MICHELSON, N.Y.C.
 - ARNOLD T. VICTOR, MASS.
 - JACK MONROE, TEXAS
 - BILL ROSEN, PENNSYLVANIA

MILTON'S INVENTION—AN EASY-TO-BUILD PISTOL.....

RUBBER BAND

NAIL

8 INCHES LONG

3-INCH HANDLE

Here it is!

NAIL TWO PIECES OF WOOD TOGETHER AND FASTEN A RUBBER BAND TO THE BARREL OF IT TO SHOOT, SIMPLY HOOK RUBBER BAND ON BACK NAIL—STICK A PIECE OF CARDBOARD BETWEEN RUBBER BANDS AND RELEASE IT SO IT FIRES THE CARDBOARD.

DON'T FAIL TO READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS

FAR DOWN THE COAST
OF SOUTH AMERICA--

BAH! THOSE DUMBKOPFS
IN THE HIGH COMMAND!
HOW LONG ARE THEY
GOING TO KEEP US
HIDDEN HERE?

YOU WAX
IMPATIENT,
MY CAPTAIN!



NATURALLY! HERE WE
HAVE A PLANE CARRIER
AND ALL THE EQUIPMENT
FOR A SMALL BLITZKREIG,
AND STILL WE ARE TOLD
TO WAIT! WAIT...

ONE WOULD
THINK ONE
WERE IN THE
NAVY JUST
FOR A
PLEASURE
CRUISE!



THERE...NESTLING PEACEFULLY
IN THE NIGHT--THE LITTLE
TOWN OF COSTA MARIA, A
RICH BOOTY INDEED FOR
AN ADVENTUROUS CREW!

AYE!



SCHOEN! ARE YOU
THINKING WHAT I'M
THINKING?

IF WE BUT
DARED,
CAPTAIN!



WE DARE!
CLEAR THE DECKS
FOR ACTION!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!



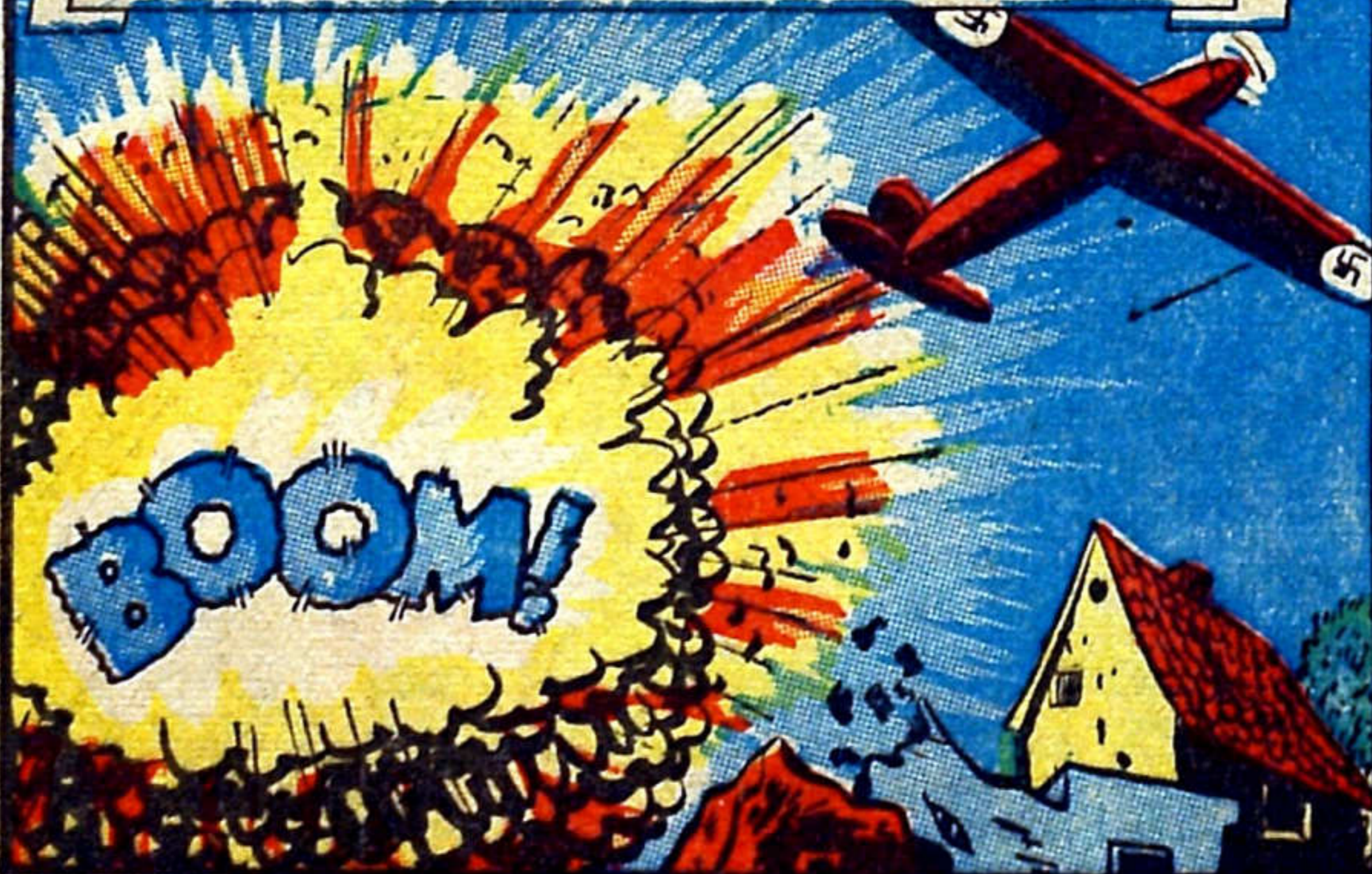
UNDER COVER OF THE
NIGHT...THE SLEEK, DEADLY
BOMBERS ZOOM UP FROM
THE DECK--

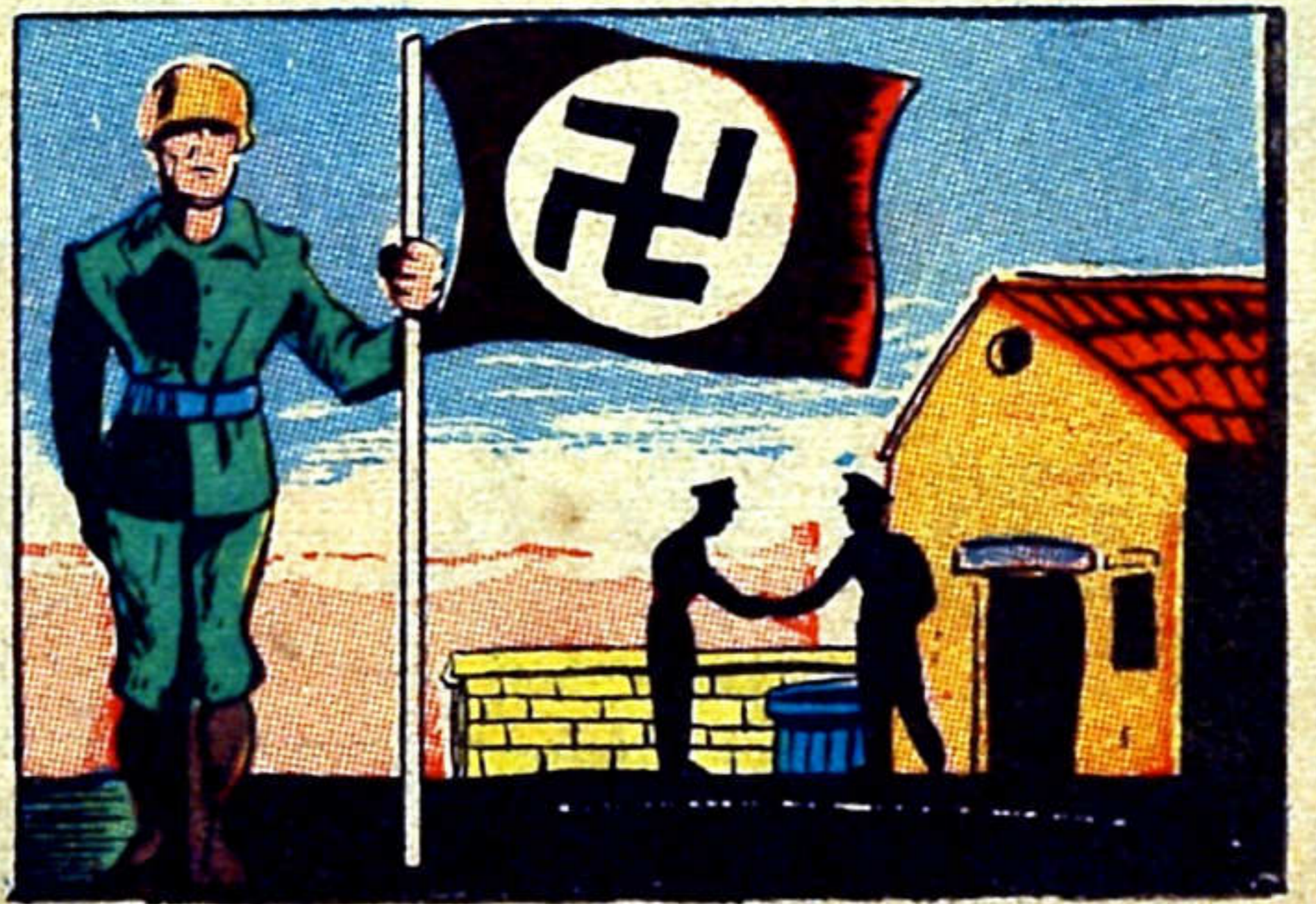
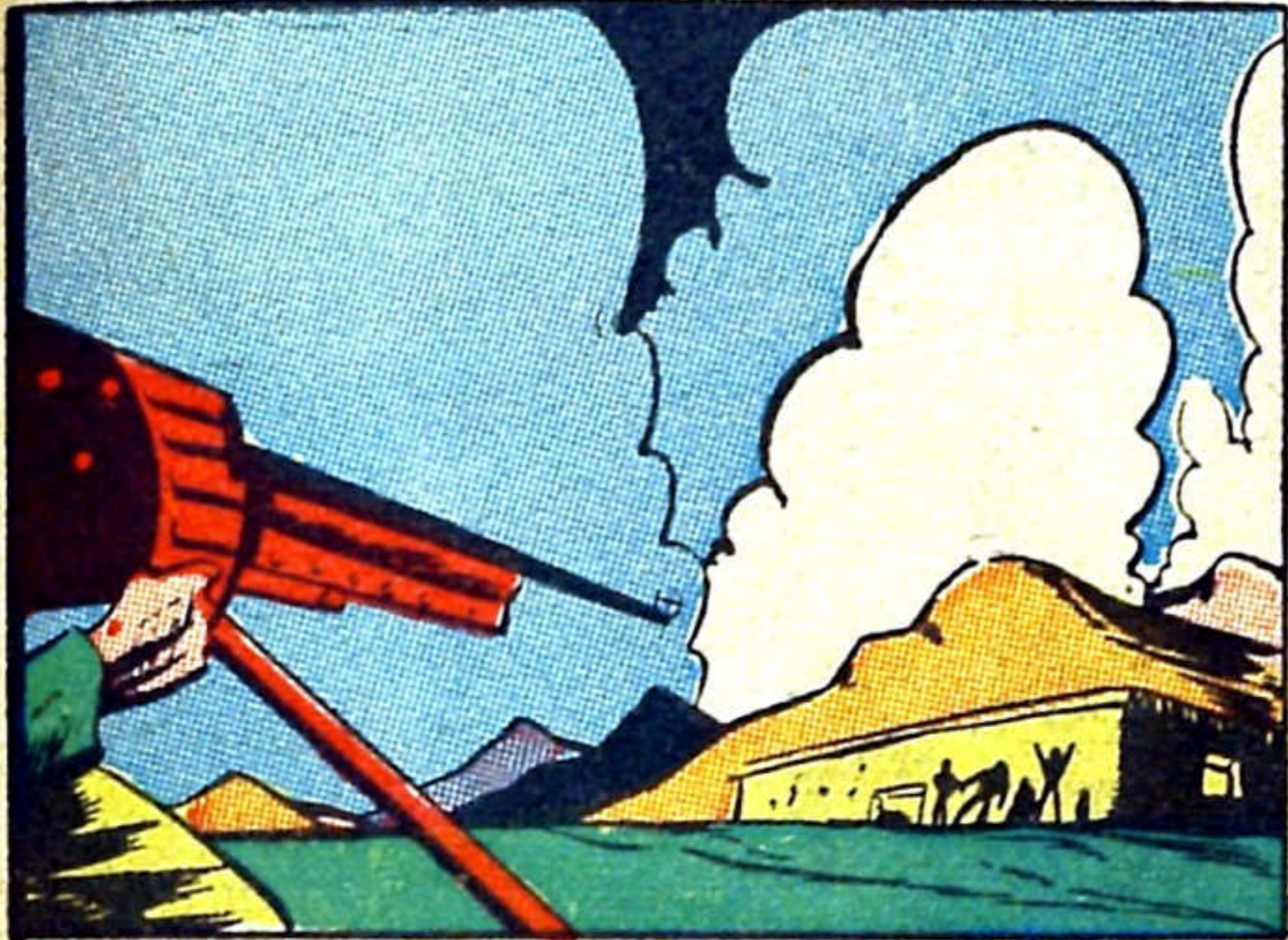
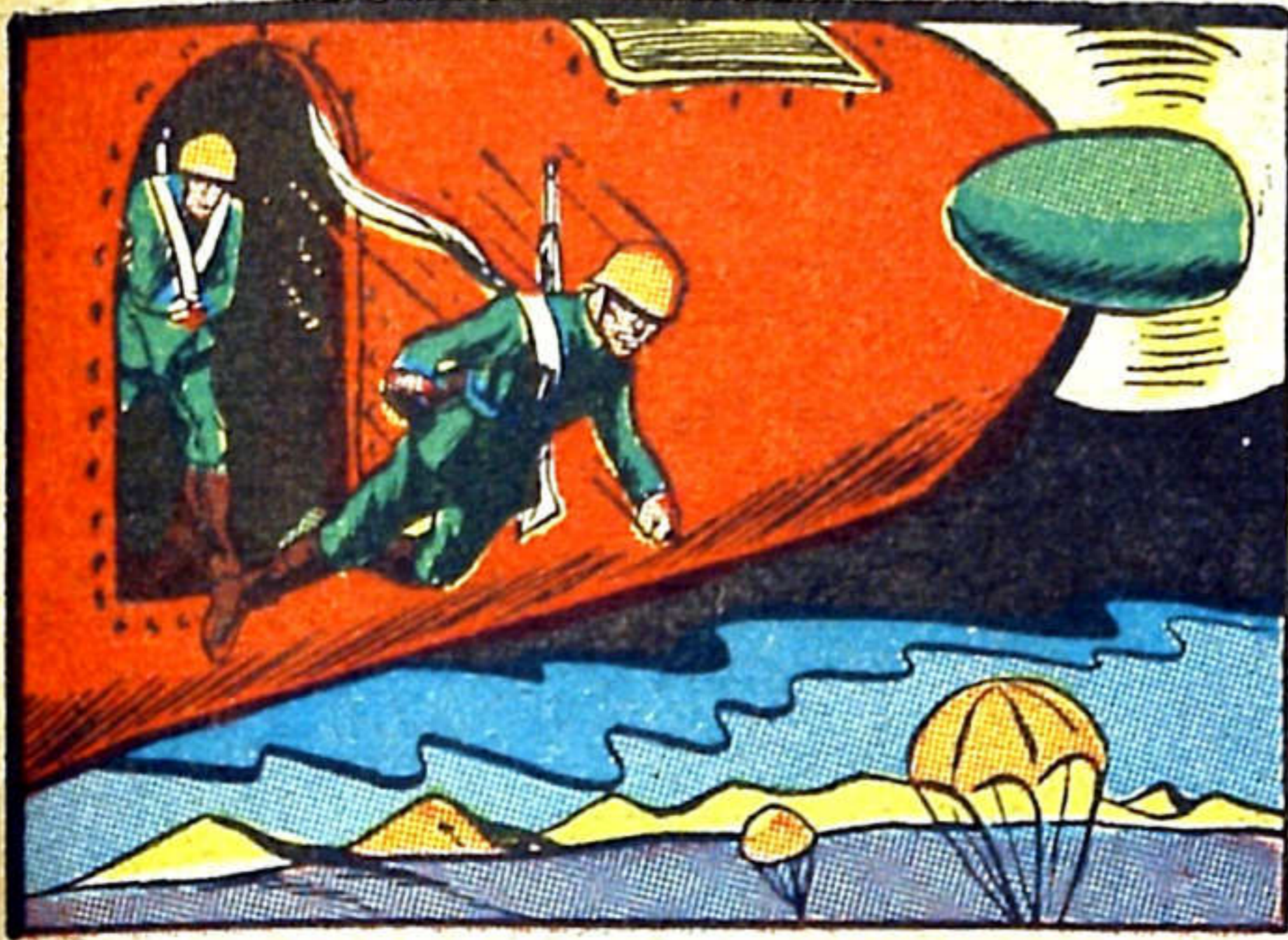


AH! WHAT A
PRETTY SIGHT
THIS IS!



AND IN A FEW MOMENTS THE LITTLE TOWN
HAS SEEN THE LAST OF ITS DAYS OF PEACE!





FILLED WITH GLEE AT THE SUCCESS OF HIS BLITZ, CAPTAIN DEUTCH INVADES THE SMALL TOWNS ALONG THE COAST!



IN THE LABORATORY OF SILVER STREAK..

METEOR! HERE'S A FLASH FROM SOUTH AMERICA!

WHAT'S COOKING NOW?



THEY SAY THEY'VE BEEN BOMBARDED AND PILLAGED BY A NAZI BATTLESHIP! HOLY CATS! THAT MEANS TROUBLE...AND PLENTY OF IT!

TIME FOR THE MARK OF "V" TO STRIKE AGAIN, EH?



YOU SAID IT! QUICK! GET INTO YOUR COSTUME---WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHOOPIE! ACTION AGAIN!!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE INHABITANTS OF NEW YORK ARE TREATED TO A STRANGE SIGHT.....

LOOK! TWO OF THEM--FLYING!!

HEAVENS! CALL THE POLICE OR SOMETHING!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

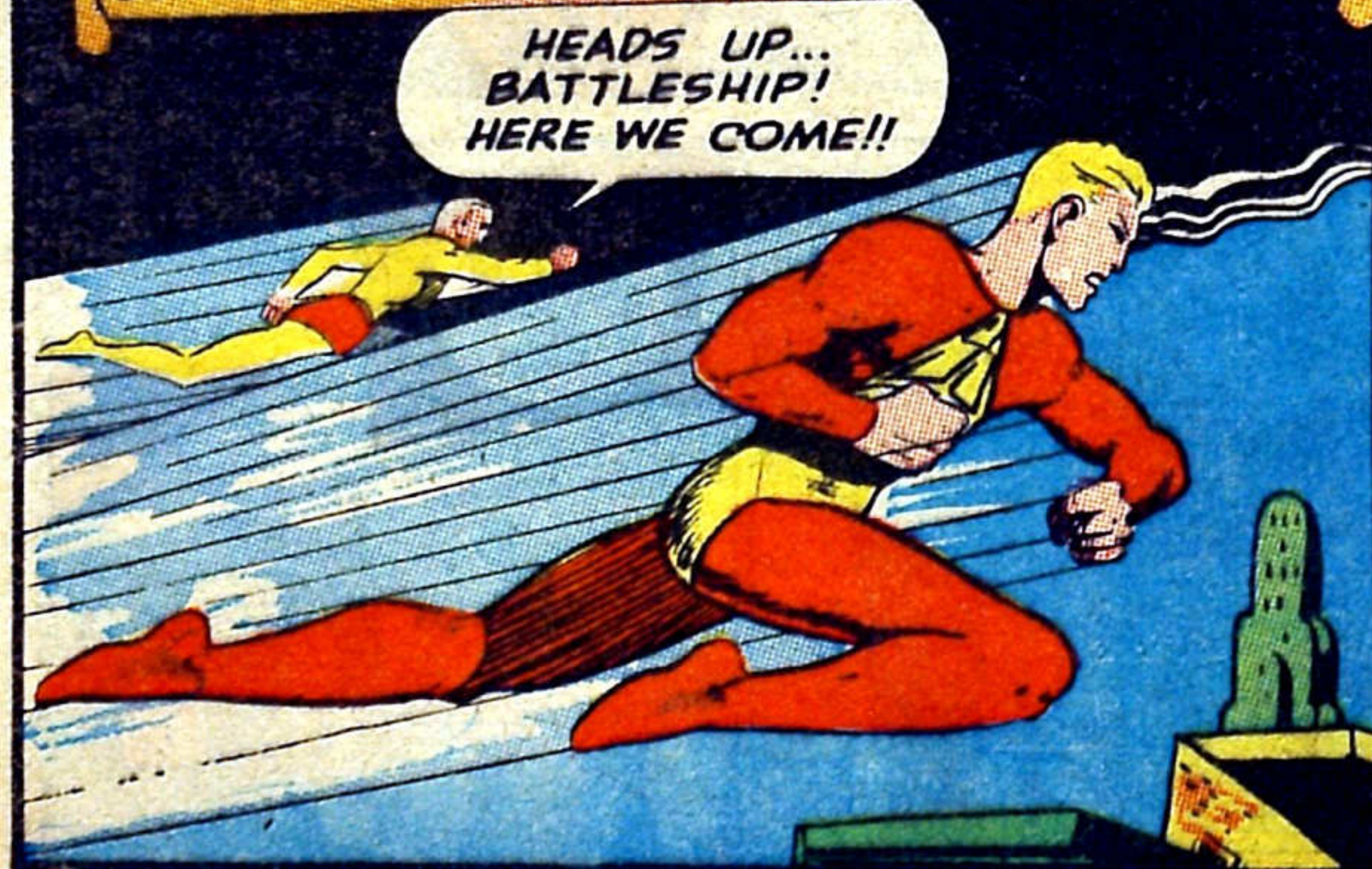
IT'S SILVER STREAK AND METEOR!

GREAT SCOTT!



FOR, FAR OVERHEAD...BOUNDED FROM ROOF TO ROOF...THE ACE OF SPEED MEN...SILVER STREAK AND METEOR, THE BOY SPEED KING!

HEADS UP... BATTLESHIP! HERE WE COME!!

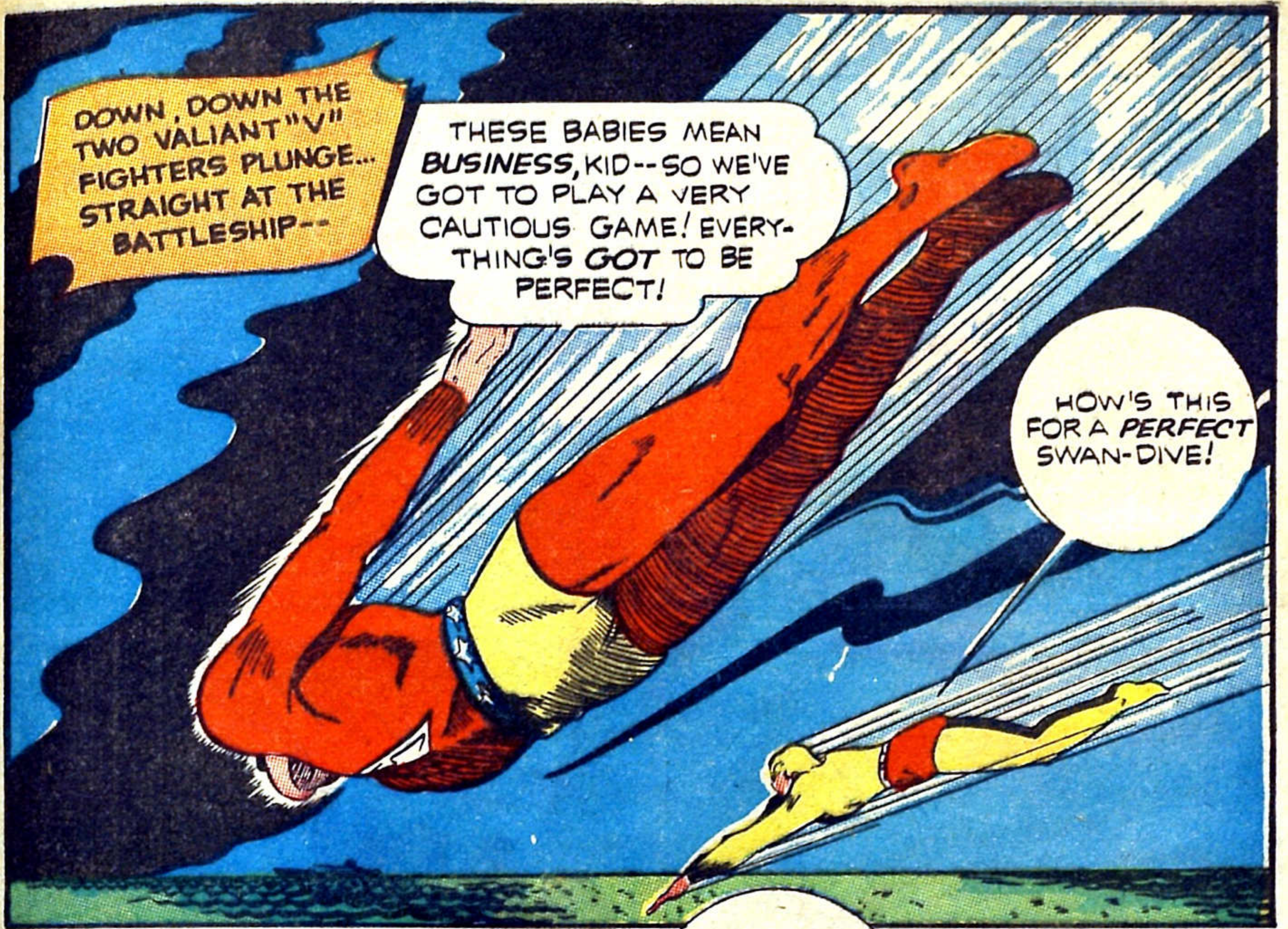


THEIR AMAZING SPEED QUICKLY CARRIES THEM TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE!

THERE THEY ARE... STILL AT THEIR MURDEROUS TASK!

LET'S LET 'EM HAVE IT!

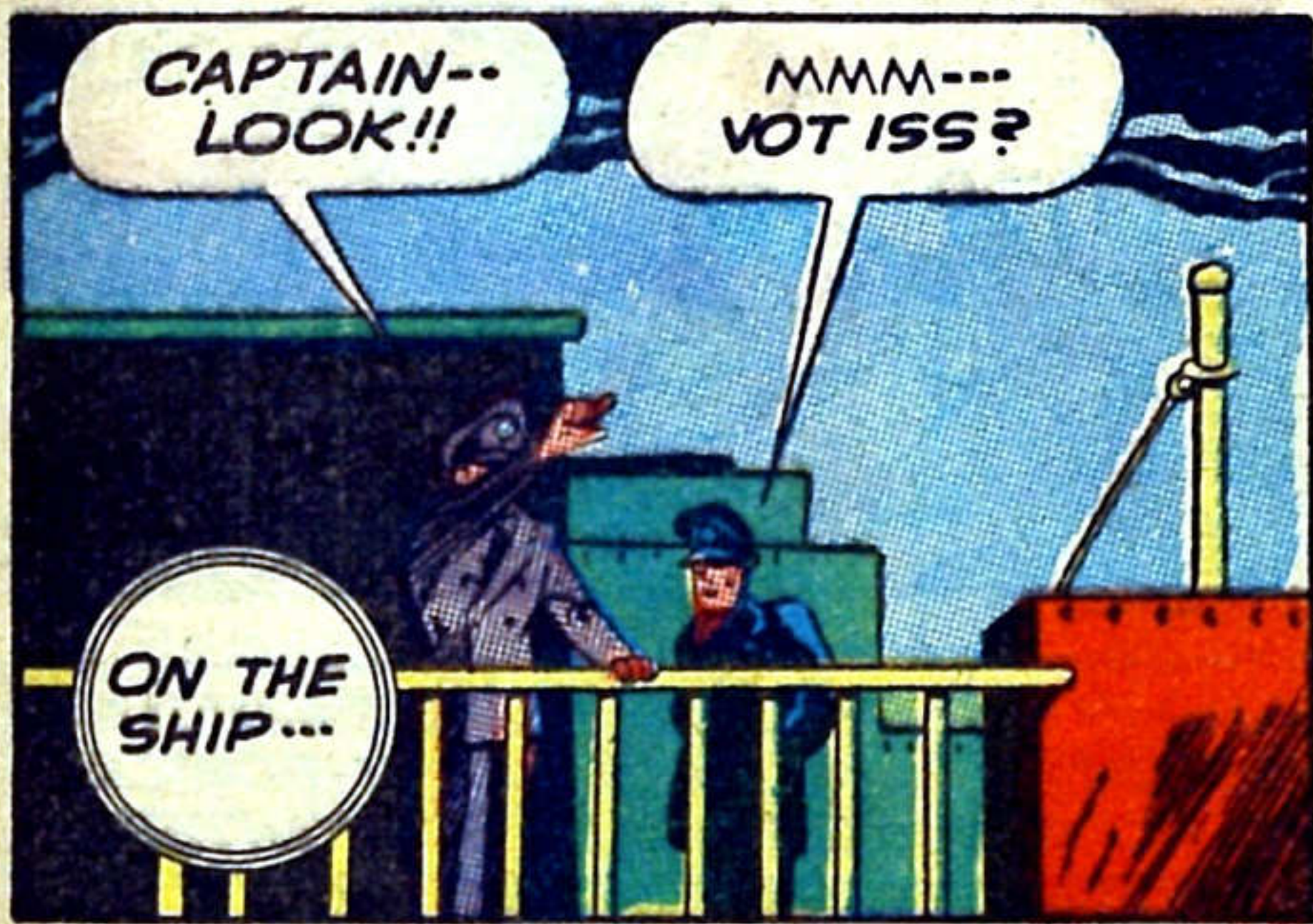




DOWN, DOWN THE TWO VALIANT "V" FIGHTERS PLUNGE... STRAIGHT AT THE BATTLESHIP--

THESE BABIES MEAN BUSINESS, KID--SO WE'VE GOT TO PLAY A VERY CAUTIOUS GAME! EVERYTHING'S GOT TO BE PERFECT!

HOW'S THIS FOR A PERFECT SWAN-DIVE!



CAPTAIN--LOOK!!

MMM---VOT ISS?

ON THE SHIP...



HIMMEL! FLYING MEN! VIT NO VINGS!! DOT ISS IMPOSSIBLE!

YAH... IMPOSSIBLE!



NEVERTHELESS... SEND A SHOT AT THEM---AND REMIND ME TO CHANGE MY BRAND OF WHISKEY!

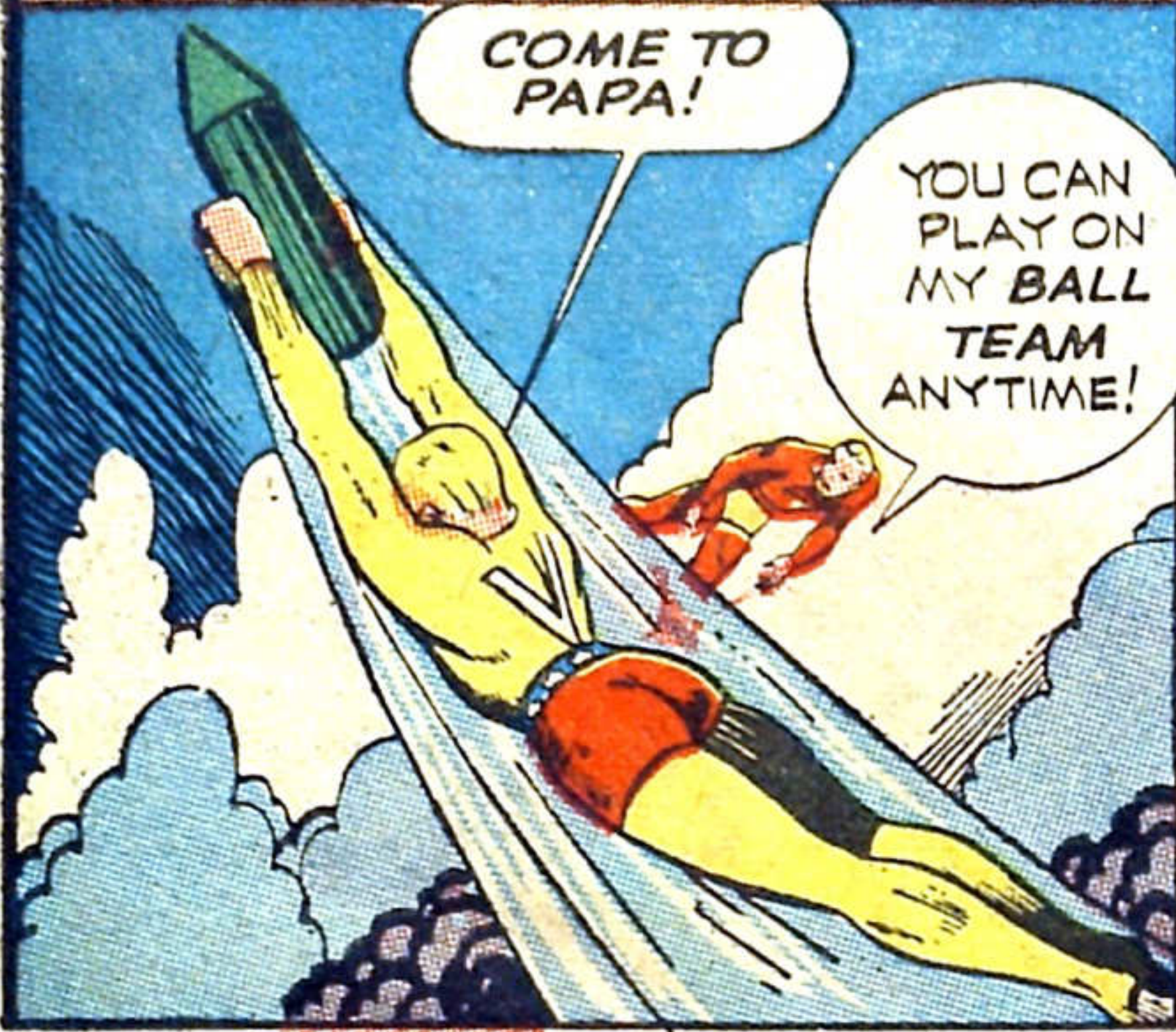
BOOM!



OH BOY! NOW WE'RE REALLY MAD! LET'S GIVE 'EM TH' WORKS!

AH-HA THEY PLAY ROUGH, I SEE!

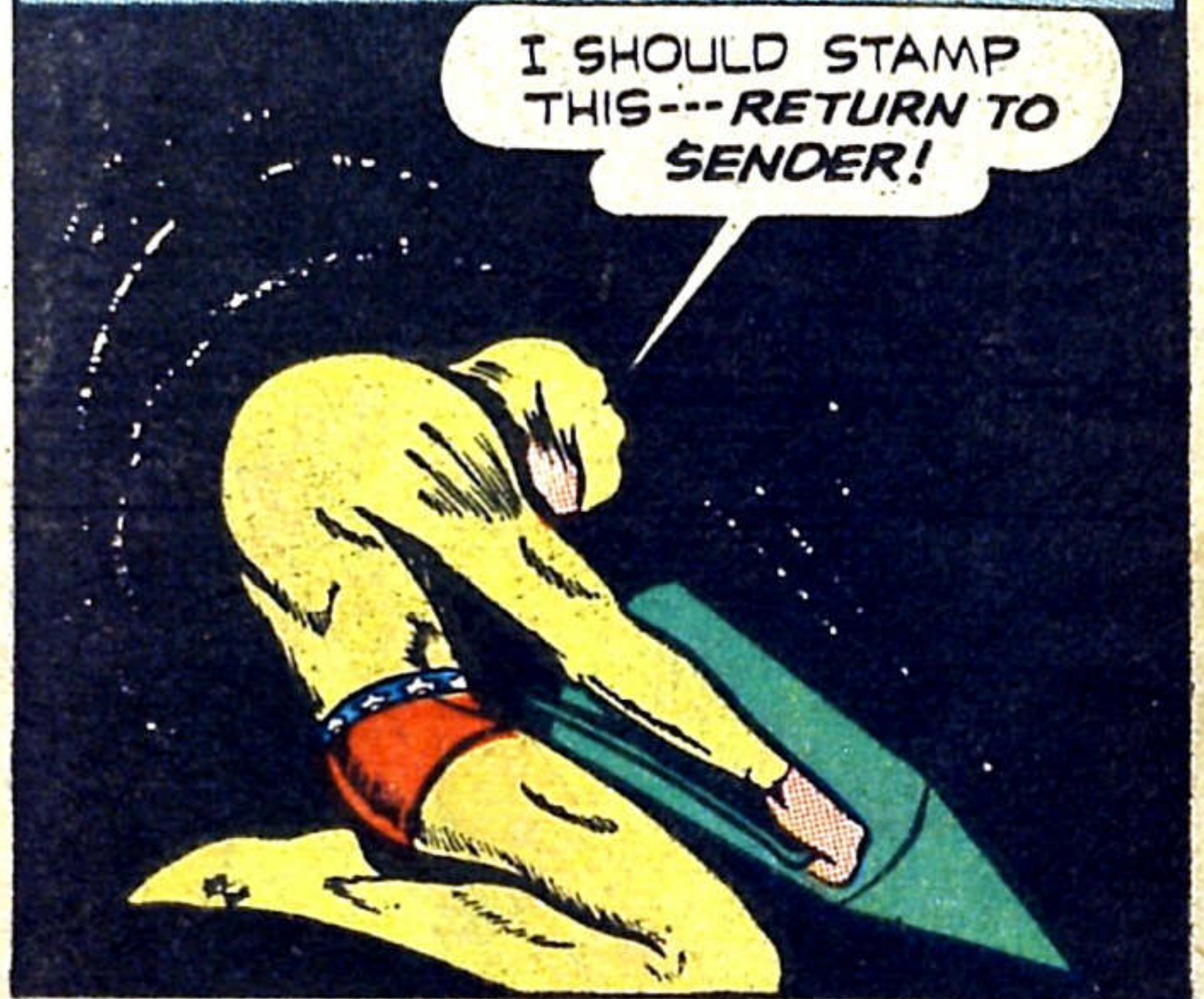
WITH A SWIFT LUNGE, SILVER STREAK GRASPS THE FLYING SHELL.....



COME TO PAPA!

YOU CAN PLAY ON MY BALL TEAM ANYTIME!

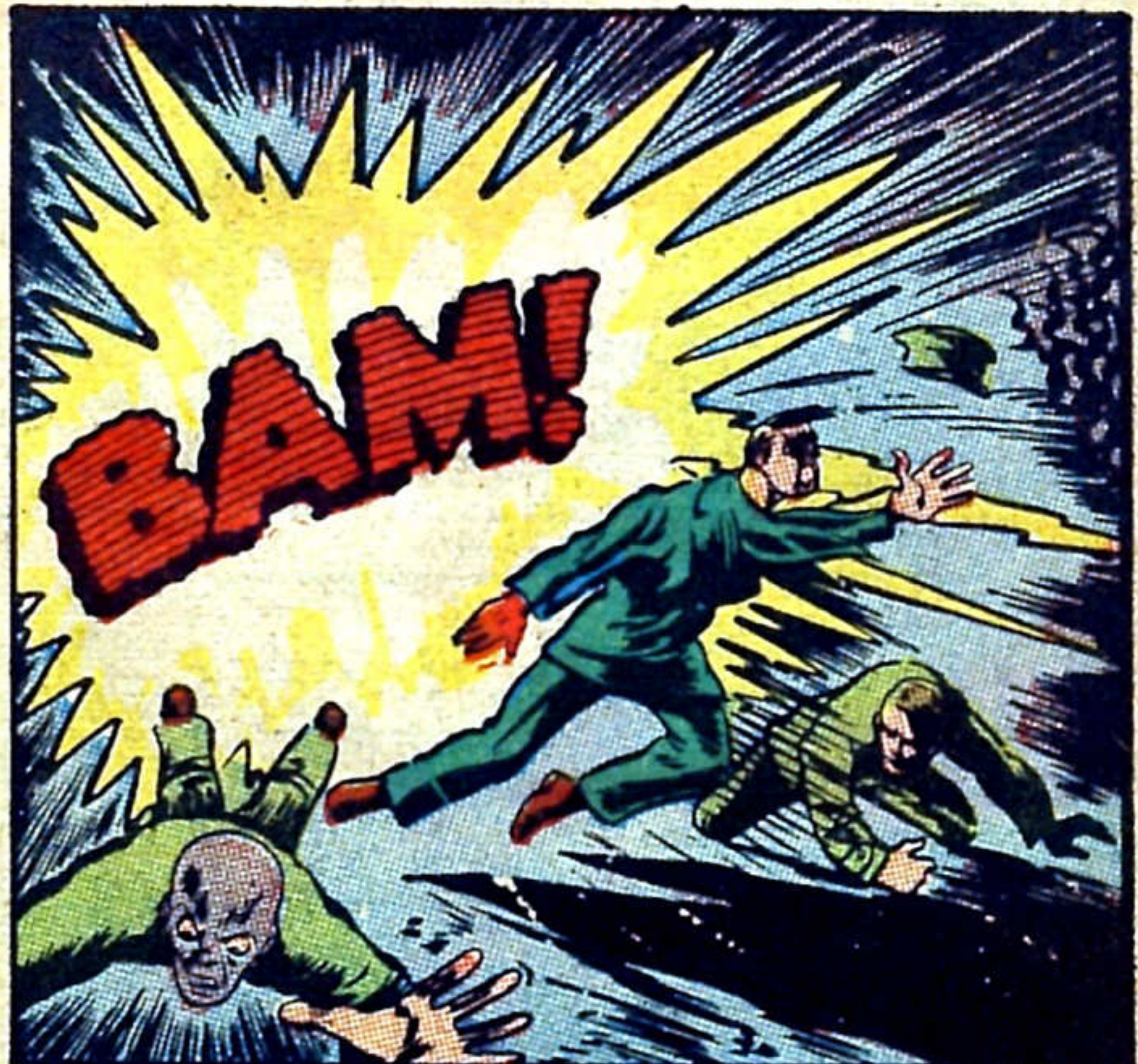
....AND TURNING A TUMBLE-SAULT, DEFLECTS ITS COURSE!



I SHOULD STAMP THIS---RETURN TO SENDER!

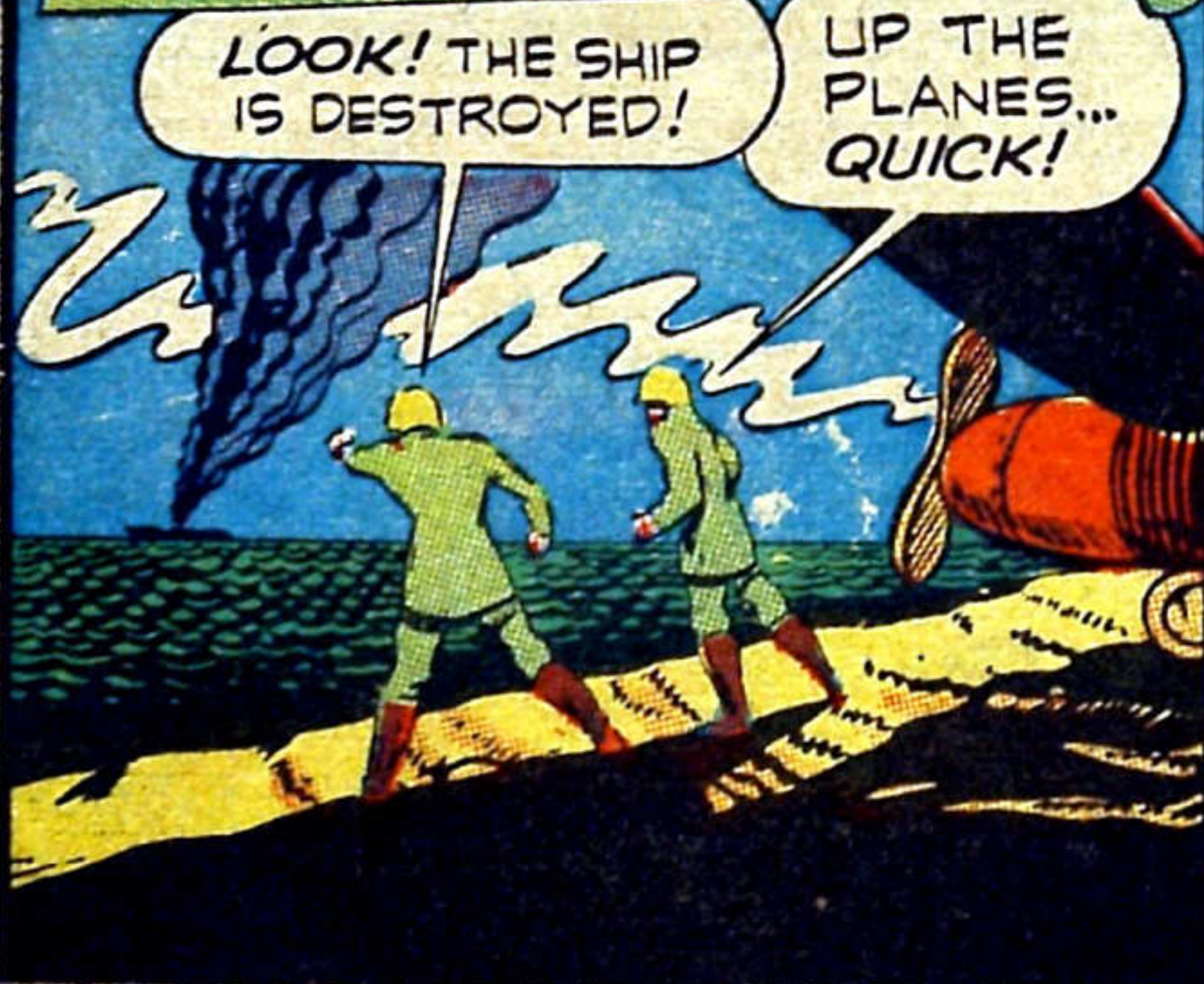


HIMMEL!!



BAM!

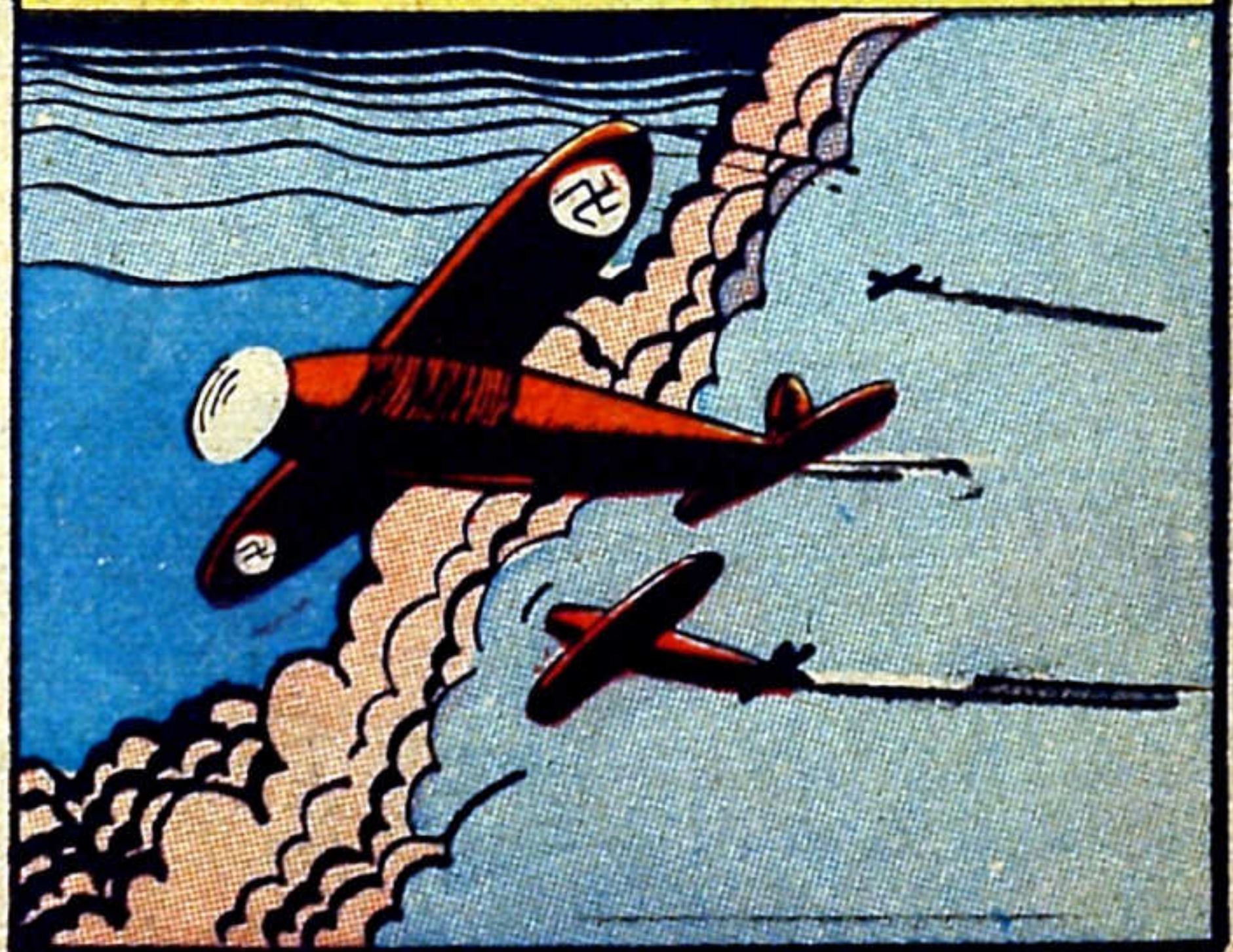
BUT FROM THE SHORE, THE CAPTAIN'S AIR-PLANE FIGHTERS SEE THE CATASTROPHE!



LOOK! THE SHIP IS DESTROYED!

UP THE PLANES... QUICK!

AND IN A FEW SECONDS THE ROAR OF MOTORS ANNOUNCES A NEW FORCE TO DO BATTLE TO THE "V" FIGHTERS!



HERE COMES THE REST OF THE MURDERING CREW! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO WIPE 'EM ALL OUT!

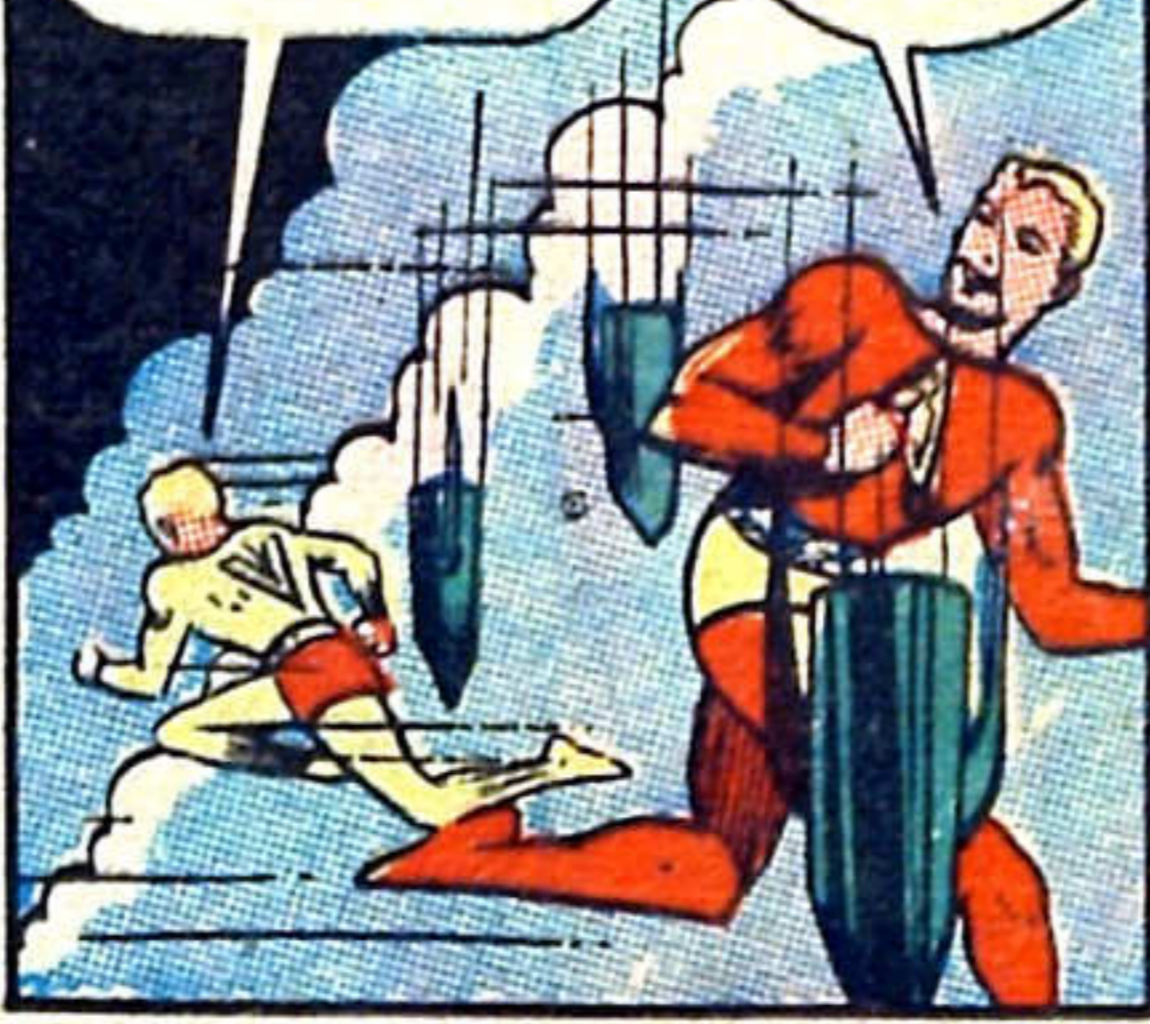
DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED?



BOMB AFTER BOMB IS DROPPED ON THE PAIR... BUT THEIR SPEED IS NO MATCH FOR THE FIGHTERS!

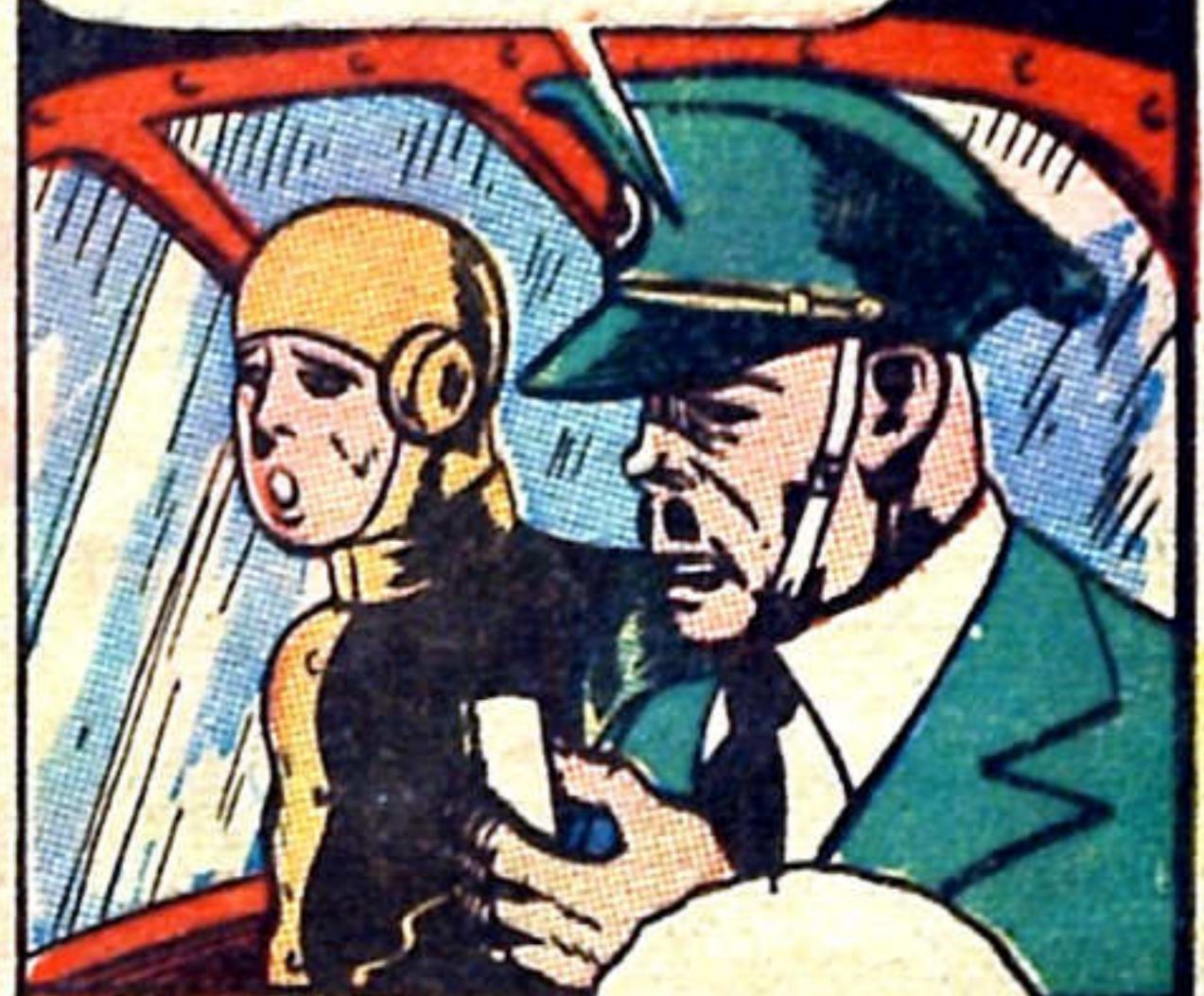
SKIPPING BETWEEN TH' RAIN DROPS!

HMM-- YOU SING, TOO!



IN THE CONTROL CHAMBER OF THE COMMANDING PLANE...

THESE UNHOLY TWO ELUDE BULLETS LIKE A PAIR OF EELS! UNLOAD THE PARACHUTE TROOPS!



GO!



AH...THIS IS BETTER! WE CAN AIM NOW!

ON YOUR MARK-- GET SET...



SWIFT AS TWO BOLTS OF LIGHTNING... SILVER STREAK AND METEOR ADMINISTER JUSTICE...

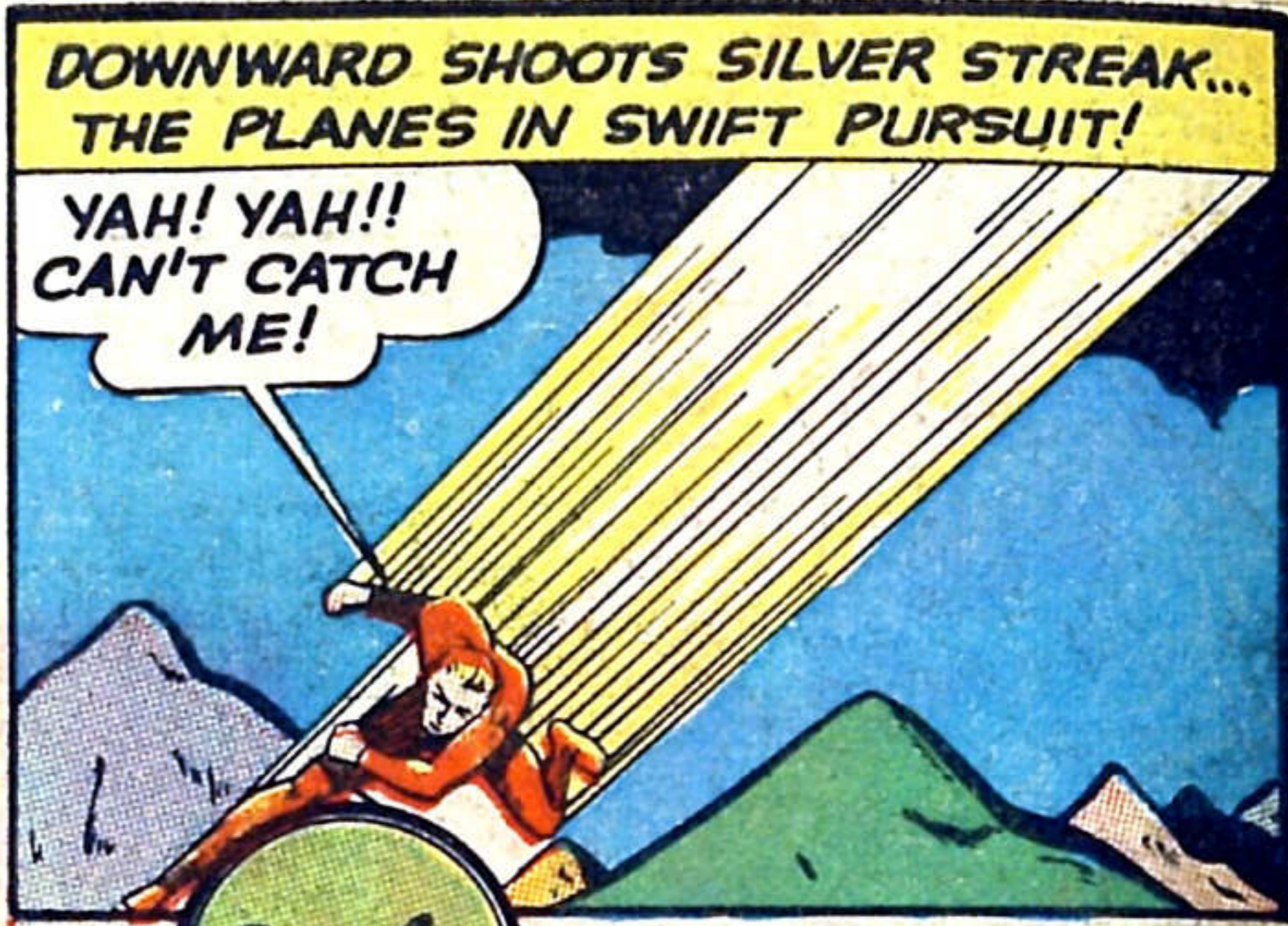


AND ON THE FACE OF EACH SOLDIER, AS HE FALLS TO HIS DOOM... IS A FAMILIAR MARK!



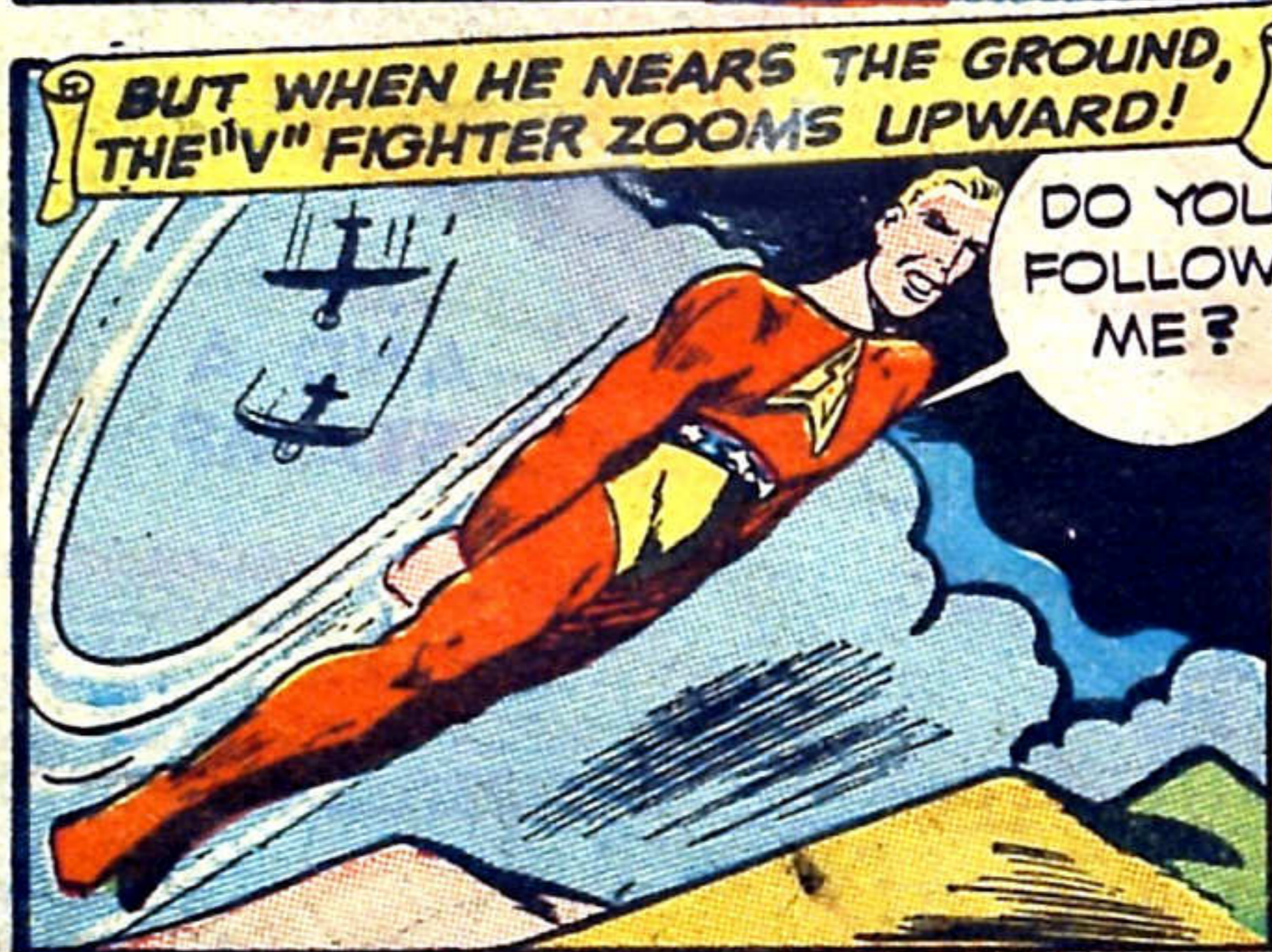


COME AND GET ME, YOU SNAILS!



DOWNWARD SHOOT'S SILVER STREAK... THE PLANES IN SWIFT PURSUIT!

YAH! YAH!! CAN'T CATCH ME!

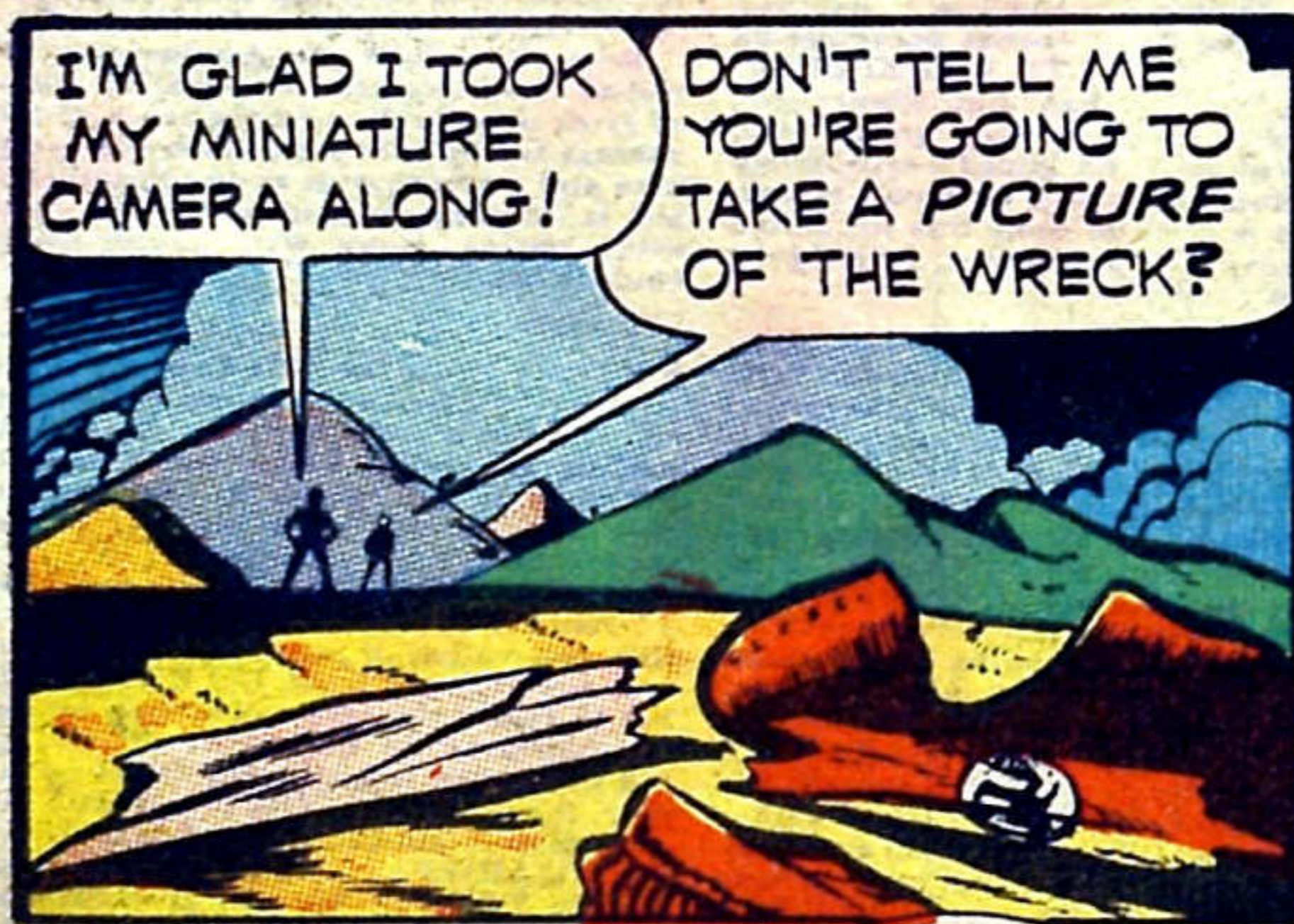


BUT WHEN HE NEARS THE GROUND, THE "V" FIGHTER ZOOMS UPWARD!

DO YOU FOLLOW ME?



and--



I'M GLAD I TOOK MY MINIATURE CAMERA ALONG!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE WRECK?



SURE! I'M GOING TO SEND A PRINT OF IT TO ADOLPH---

I GET IT!!



YEP! AND I'M GOING TO STAMP IT WITH A NICE BIG

V

NEXT MONTH..

SILVER STREAK AND METEOR RUN INTO TROUBLE GALORE, AS HITLER'S AGENTS TRY TO WIPE OUT THE ORIGINATOR OF THE "V" CAMPAIGN!

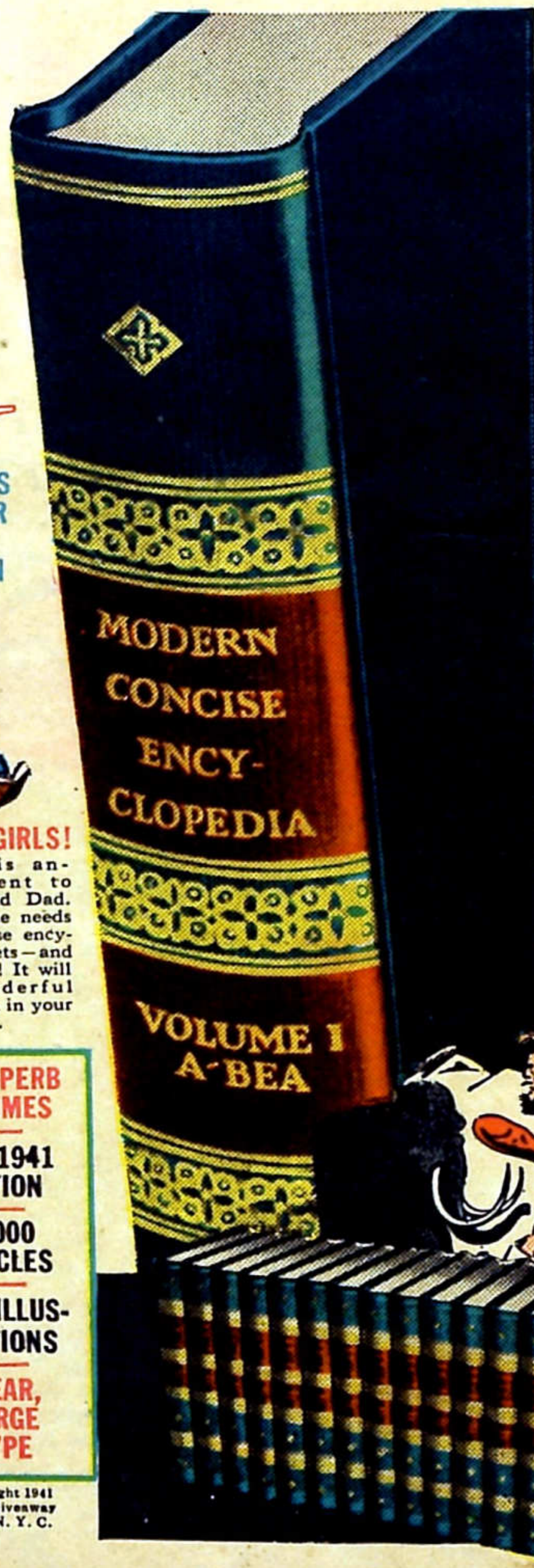
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STREAK

10¢
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COMICS

The great, the one and only
CAPTAIN BATTLE
and his courageous young pal
HALE

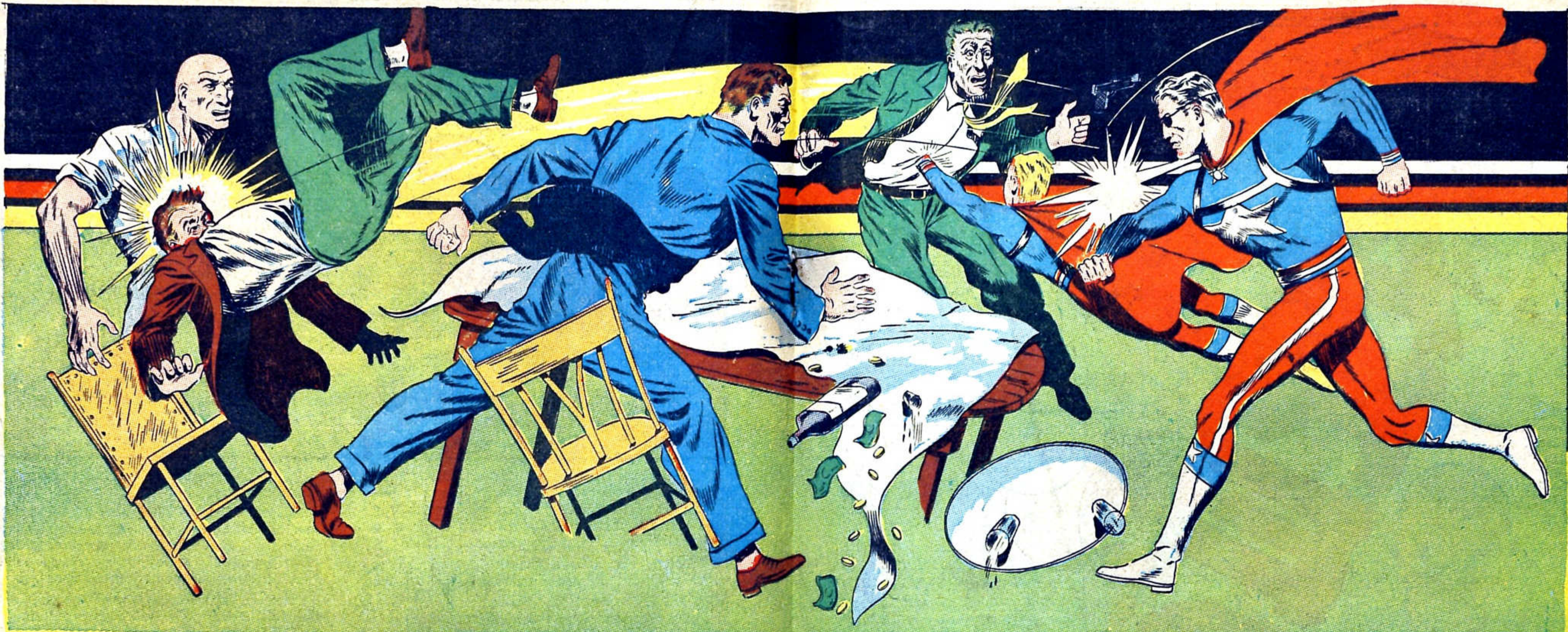
are called upon to free the nation from Nazi
plotters in a new hideous form. With unequalled
bravery, the mighty pair tear into the foe man
with flaming fury. SEE PAGE 11



SILVERSTREAK #17 NEWFRIDAY 12/41
 cover BINDER * 114E32
 CAPT BATTLE ^{+ the death name} " BUT NOT JWR IFC DBICOVET Giller
 PIRATE PRINCE BRUEKER *
 CLOUD CURTIS CHAMPLIN ^{SAMUEL PG 13 PROPIN ALA GORDEN}
 THE BRIMHAM BOYS DUN RICO RICHARDS *
 DAREDEVIL " " *
 PRESTO MARTIN BUB WOOD *
 DICKIE DEAN ① " " +/R BRUEKER
 SILVERSTREAK D RICO *
 ① Dick Wood = WRITER. Who's "Fred West"?



* SILVER STREAK AND METEOR *
* DICKIE DEAN * DAREDEVIL *
* PRESTO MARTIN * PIRATE PRINCE *
* and Others. * Every One a Lead Feature!



"Forty thousand dollars if you lose—hmmmm!" mused the gambler. "Okay, that's a sporting proposition. But I warn ya, Blaine—if ya lose and don't pay off, ya won't live to tell the tale! By the way, who's the brat with you?"

"Just my kid brother," Richard shrugged. He's deaf, so he can't hear anything that goes on."

The Shark's thugs gathered around in tense silence as the cards were dealt — by the snaky fingers of The Shark himself. Richard picked up his five cards with shaky hands. He held an ace and four worthless cards.

"Four cards," Richard breathed, wetting his dry lips.

"I'm taking four myself," said the Shark, dealing the cards

Richard pulled up the corners of his cards, one by one, breathlessly. He discovered another ace, that was all. Well, maybe it would win.

"A pair of aces," he stated, putting down his hand.

"You lose!" sneered the Shark, laying down three jacks, one after another. "You owe me \$40,000, chump!"

Richard stared and then suddenly shot out an accusing finger.

"I owe you nothing!" he cried. "I saw you deal yourself cards off the bottom of the deck—you cheat! And that's how you ran me into debt before. So I win—with a pair of aces!"

The thugs stiffened, as The Shark's face grew dark with rage. He whipped out a gun.

"You lose!" he snapped. "This gun says so!"

"YOU lose!" the young man contradicted evenly.

And then, before their amazed eyes, he ran a hand over his face, wiping away a smear of grease-paint. At the same time he whipped aside his civilian clothes, revealing a well-known costume of red, white and blue! And the "deaf" boy who had come with him was suddenly beside him, also in a colorful costume!

"Captain Battle says so!" finished the revealed figure, as he and Hale, the ace crime-busters of the age, stood before the dumbfounded gang.

"I disguised myself as Richard Blaine and took his place," Captain Battle went on steadily, "to see what sort of rotten way he'd been taken in. This racket is illegal. Now I'd advise you to quietly accompany me to the police station . . ."

"Oh yeah, wise guy?" At the same moment The Shark spoke, he fired his gun. A bullet moves too fast for the eye to see. The same could be said of Captain Battle — except that he moved faster! The Shark gasped in disbelief at the blurr that Captain Battle suddenly became.

Then a hand touched The Shark's shoulder, in back.

"Pardon me, I'll take that gun!" said a grim voice, and a hand snatched the weapon away. The Shark turned clumsily, swinging his fists at the costumed figure who had appeared so miraculously back of him.

"Stand and fight like a man!" The Shark raged.

"Okay," agreed Captain Battle, as the gambler's fist struck his chin with all the power he could

command—with as much effect as if the fist had struck a stone statue.

"My turn!" grinned Captain Battle, driving out his arm like a sledge-hammer. The Shark thudded against the far wall and slumped to the floor, his eyes glassy.

All this had taken only seconds. Now the gangsters recovered from surprise and whipped their guns out to mow down the costumed crime-fighter.

"Forgotten me, boys?" chortled a boyish voice, and a flying form hurtled among them feet-first, knocking their guns away. Cursing, they all swung on Hale at once, thinking him easy pickings. Hale ducked their blows, and then rammed his head up against one chin, his fist against another, and his elbow against a third. Three thugs sank to the floor with scarcely a grunt.

The two remaining thugs threw up their hands in surrender, cowering in a corner.

"You win! You win!" they yelped.

"Right, with a pair of aces!" grinned Captain Battle, throwing his arm across Hale's shoulder and surveying the wreckage of the gambling den.

[THE END]

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